THEY WERE GIANTS

CHARLES REYNOLDS BROWN

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
OCT 18 2006
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

CT214 .B7 1934
Brown, Charles Reynolds,
1862-1950.
They were giants /

With the wish that this book
will give you as much pleasure

Miss Taylor.

as it gave me.

E.E.T.

299 Gate Street

THEY WERE GIANTS

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · DALLAS
ATLANTA · SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
LONDON · BOMBAY · CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED
TORONTO

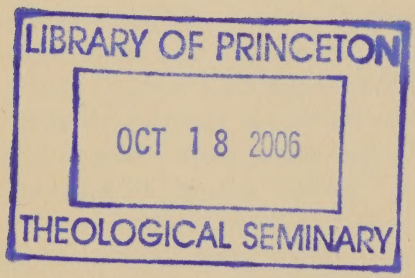
THEY WERE GIANTS

BY

CHARLES REYNOLDS BROWN

DEAN EMERITUS OF THE DIVINITY SCHOOL
YALE UNIVERSITY

"There were giants in the earth in those days."
GENESIS.



NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1934

enduring than that of some of the men listed here. Even so, if there were any such thing as a "Select Society of Giants," I have the feeling that these ten men would be able to qualify for membership in their respective fields of achievement.

Four of them I have known personally, and the gracious friendship with which they were generous enough to honor me has been a lasting source of inspiration in my own life work.

The influence of any man who is at once strong and good is like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" on a hot day. It refreshes and renews the human spirit to press on with a surer stride toward some worthy goal.

I have written these pages with the younger people more especially in mind. Praise God from whom all blessings flow, they have not to any considerable extent bowed the knee to Baal and the other false gods of the sneering, cynical cult. In spite of all the frantic efforts of the dejected and defeated authors of mud-stained biography in these modern times, the young people for the most part are still ardent hero-worshippers. I would respectfully commend to them these ten men as patron saints of the full and radiant life.

The material in the last chapter has been taken in the main from my little book, "Abraham Lincoln, The Greatest Man of the Nineteenth Century," published eleven years ago by The Macmillan Company, New York. It is used here by their generous permission. In chapter five, there are a number of quotations from "The Life and Letters of Edward Everett Hale" by Edward E. Hale, Jr.,

published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; in chapter seven, there are quotations from "The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks" by Alexander V. G. Allen, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; in chapter eight there are many quotations from "The Days of a Man," the autobiography of David Starr Jordan published by the World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson; in chapter nine, there are quotations from "Recollections" by Washington Gladden, published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston—all these quotations are used here by the generous permission of the publishers in each case. I wish to express my most hearty thanks to all of these publishing houses for the courtesies which they have extended to me in the preparation of these sketches.

C. R. B.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	BENJAMIN FRANKLIN The Man Who Stood Foursquare	1
II.	HORACE BUSHNELL A Prophet Born Out of Due Time	35
III.	ANTHONY TROLLOPE The Best of the Victorian Novelists	54
IV.	PETER COOPER "Diligent in Business, Serving the Lord"	80
V.	EDWARD EVERETT HALE The Man with a Country	103
VI.	SILAS WEIR WITCHELL Wise and Kind in the Art of Healing	129
VII.	PHILLIPS BROOKS A Herald of Good News	148
VIII.	DAVID STARR JORDAN Naturalist, Educator, Public Servant	179
IX.	WASHINGTON GLADDEN A Man of Faith and Hope and Love	211
X.	ABRAHAM LINCOLN The Greatest Man of the Nineteenth Century	241

THEY WERE GIANTS

I

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

THE MAN WHO STOOD FOURSQUARE

We are all acquainted, more or less, with Uncle Sam. He is a kind of lay figure who is supposed to embody the qualities essential to a typical American citizen. Uncle Sam stands before us representing in concrete form the spirit of the United States. And if we should undertake to find an actual historic figure competent to play the rôle of Uncle Sam, in some great international drama or in the preparation of a film for a moving-picture show, I have the feeling that we could scarcely do better than to take the man who stood foursquare—Benjamin Franklin.

He took the first steps requisite for a typical American career. He began right—he was poor. He was turned out into the world at an early age with his own way to make. He succeeded in making it in right royal fashion. He was aided mightily in his achievements by the fact that he had that mother wit, that homely common sense which most commends a man to the rank and file of our American people. He spoke always the language of the man in the street and he entered sympathetically into the thoughts and ways of *hoi polloi.*

Benjamin Franklin had a certain shrewd and worldly honesty. He was by no means an angel or even a finished

saint. He was not righteous overmuch; he was never caught up into "the third heaven" of holy experience, whatever that may mean. He was never in any sense too good to be true, but he was good enough—good enough at least to win and to merit men's confidence.

He had also a certain free, independent, original manner about him. There was an absence of starch and of red tape and of frills, which commended him strongly to his fellow countrymen. He was thoroughly alive, and he was intensely interesting in all his movements. He was able, successful, and, generally speaking, as reliable as the multiplication table. What more does anyone want for a typical Uncle Sam? He looked the part, and he acted it. In all of his essential qualities, he was a visible embodiment of the American spirit.

Franklin was born in Boston, though he never seemed to be unduly aware of the fact, and he seemed to recover from it very early in life. He was born in 1706, in ample time to take an active part in those events which were to mean so much in the formation of our country. He was number fifteen in a family of seventeen children, so that in his early life he never had to leave his own door-yard to find somebody to play with. He was the tenth son, and his father, having in mind perhaps the scriptural principle of tithing, decided to give Benjamin to the service of the church and to train him to be a minister of the Gospel.

One can scarcely imagine anything more droll than this hard-headed, free-thinking, unconventional Franklin in an orthodox pulpit in Puritan New England. If he had ever

gotten into one of those pulpits, I am sure he would have caused the Pilgrim fathers, and perhaps even the Pilgrim mothers, to turn over in their graves. They might indeed have been moved to come forth and put up their hands in pious protest.

The very practical and unusual quality of Franklin's piety was suggested by an incident which occurred one winter when his father had just bought a barrel of salt fish. When the family had the first fish for supper, and his father was about to ask the blessing at the table, Benjamin, a boy of eight, promptly suggested that his father had better ask his blessing over the whole barrel of fish, "in bulk," so to speak, and thus save time at future repasts of salt fish. It was very soon apparent that this young Saul was not to be numbered among the prophets.

Franklin ran away from home when he was seventeen years old. He boarded a sloop bound for New York, and after three days in a storm, when he narrowly escaped being drowned, he was in Manhattan. He had very little money in his pocket, and, finding no employment in New York, he set out for Philadelphia, walking most of the way. He finally marched up Market Street, Philadelphia, all but penniless, munching a penny roll which he had purchased for his supper, thus laying in a most orderly way the proper foundations for a typical American career.

I will not stop to sketch his further history in detail. The whole world knows of his first unlucky trip to England, and of his return again to the City of Brotherly Love. He there became a printer, and then the publisher of a successful newspaper, and then the postmaster. As a

result of these various activities, he was ready at the age of forty-two to retire from active business with a competence, to the end that he might devote himself entirely to the study of science and philosophy. He "put it across," as men say, and he was not very long about it. Before he died, he had come to be one of the best-known and most-honored figures on two continents. He stood before kings and was acclaimed and accredited by venerable academies of learning.

Benjamin Franklin's autobiography has become a veritable classic. It has been translated, like Shakespeare and the Bible, into all the leading languages of earth. The literary critics rank it with the "Confessions of Rousseau," with the "Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini," and with Boswell's "Life of Johnson." It is so full of the man's own life, that if you cut into it anywhere, it will bleed. He tells a plain, unvarnished tale about himself without blinking the facts, even when some of those facts were anything but creditable. He wrote it after he had "arrived," and he seemed to feel (with some show of justice, indeed) that his fame was sufficient to bear the weight of those youthful misdeeds without breaking. He called spades spades, and clubs clubs, and designated all the other suits, in that same straightforward fashion which was characteristic of him. When you read it, you do not feel that you have been merely handling another bit of printed matter—you have been wrestling with flesh and blood. The experience has been most stimulating.

Thomas Carlyle, at one time looking upon a portrait of Franklin, remarked, "There is the father of all the Yan-

kees." Franklin did, indeed, through his shrewd sayings in "Poor Richard's Almanac" and by his splendidly successful public service, impress himself upon our country at a time when its principles and ideals were in the gristle. His influence, therefore, became something more than formative; it became, as Carlyle said, generative. He was the mental and moral father of a vast number of shrewd, successful Yankees.

He was like Abraham, father of the faithful, in whose descendants, after the flesh and after the spirit, all the nations of the earth have been blessed. Franklin's wit, his work, and his worth, enabled him to beget a great company of kindred minds and souls which have become like the sands of the sea for multitude. That cheerful habit of facing and mastering obstacles, that homely common sense, that everyday sort of honesty which will wash and wear well throughout the whole week, that unflagging spirit of initiative, that unconstrained liberty which renders a man "free to think and act, free to look at fact, free to come and go," have all become national characteristics. If the office of Uncle Sam therefore were vacant, I should instantly nominate for that position, Benjamin Franklin.

He stood four-square, like the city John saw descending out of Heaven from God. He stood four-square, like that ideal social order which is forever descending out of the realm of fancy into the realm of accomplished fact. He faced north, south, east, west, fronting directly on most of the more vital interests of human society in his day. He was a writer, a scientist, a statesman, and a phi-

losopher. In this sketch I shall study the life of this remarkable man on these four sides.

I. *He Was a Writer*

Here was a man who was put out to work when he was only thirteen years old. He had enjoyed but a very few years of "schooling" before that time. He lived a busy life from start to finish, occupied at first with his own affairs in making a living and in accumulating what was then a substantial fortune, and then in his maturer years occupied with affairs of state. Yet he found time to acquire knowledge and to develop a literary skill which gave him a recognized place among men of letters.

He was made an Honorary Master of Arts by both Yale and Harvard, though he had no college diploma of his own moldering in its grave. He was made a Doctor of Laws by the University of St. Andrews in Scotland, and, afterward, he received the same degree from Oxford University in England. His own sheer ability and achievements brought him this recognition, and brought him also into intimate contact with the leading men of science and of literature in both England and France.

He first tried his hand in writing a few vagrant articles for the *New England Courant,* a paper published in Boston at that time by his own brother. He wrote at first with more valor than discretion. He undertook in his youthful enthusiasm and courage to correct the religious ideas of those older New England worthies by instilling into them some of his own free-thinking, deistical notions about religion. He might as well have tried to induce the

well-bred hens of Beacon Street to jump into the Charles River and experience the joys of a swim. The speculations of this clever young duckling, whose name was Franklin, were not for the pious people of Boston—not as yet.

His "indiscreet disputations about religion" (as they were called by one of his worthy critics) caused him to be "pointed at with horror," the account says, by all good people, as being an atheist and an infidel. But he had tasted the joy of seeing his own productions in print, and to most men that is a joy which never quite grows stale. He kept on writing until he could put his ideas in fine form and then lodge them in the minds of men to stay.

Franklin won his first fame as a writer by his terse, meaty, sententious sayings in "Poor Richard's Almanac." The yearly almanac at that time was regarded as an indispensable article of intellectual furniture in every house. The little pamphlet with the melancholy figure of that poor man standing on the title page, exposed to the fire of all the twelve signs of the zodiac turning their guns upon him from various directions, and with the collection of useful information as to the rising and setting of suns and moons and to the annual harvest of eclipses was then held in high esteem.

Franklin made his almanac still more acceptable by including in it a collection of shrewd observations upon life and things generally under the *nom de plume* of "Richard Saunders." He made almost as many proverbs as Solomon. If they are not all as good as Solomon's best, there are scores of them which would be worthy to take their seats in the General Assembly of that wisdom literature

found in the books of Ecclesiastes, Proverbs, and Job. Here are some of Franklin's best,—they may not be twenty-dollar gold pieces, but they would at least serve well as the small change of our moral currency:

"Experience is a dear teacher, but fools will learn from no other."

"The rotten apple spoils its fellow,"—that is quite as good as Paul's "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

"The cat in gloves catches no mice."

"Three moves are as bad as a fire."

"Keep your shop and your shop will keep you."

Franklin's whole idea of life is embodied in this one—"If you want a thing done, go; if not, send." He always went himself in person, and he got an amazing number of useful things done.

He was never trammeled by any of the literary conventionalities of the period. He said just what he thought, and he said it in his own way, regardless. He had not a speck of pretense or affectation about him. Bernard Shaw likes to say that one will always find, at any symphony concert or performance of grand opera, a considerable number of people weary and bored who go, not because they like classical music, but because they know they ought to like it, and that it is the proper thing for them to be there. In the same way, he says, there will be a good many people in Heaven, not because they have any particular taste for that sort of thing, but because they feel that they owe it to their social position to be in Heaven.

You may be sure that we shall not find Benjamin Frank-

lin there on any such grounds. If he did not like classical music, he would never go to a symphony concert nor pretend that he liked it. If he did not find Heaven well suited to his own taste, he would be setting out promptly for the other place. And if Heaven were indeed a place where stupid saints spend an entire eternity playing on harps and singing psalms, we may be sure that Benjamin Franklin has been in the other place some hundred years now, engaged doubtless in some sort of undertaking to improve the conditions of existence in that underworld. He was one of those free, brave spirits whose minds reject the hobble skirt and all the rest of it, no matter what the current fashions may decree.

He was able, therefore, in his own literary efforts to offer an effective opposition to that stilted, pompous style of writing so much in vogue in his day. If he had written the Declaration of Independence, for example, the first sentence in it would not have contained, as it does now, seventy-one big words. He would have let his voice fall long before reaching the end of that cumbrous statement and have taken a fresh start. He would never have begun that immortal document in this stilted fashion—"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth that just and equal station to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitle them"—and so on. Compare the English of that statement with the English in Lincoln's First Inaugural or in his Gettysburg Address!

Franklin had a way of going straight for the main point without beating about the bush. He had the art of saying something without using up too much of the English language in doing it. Here are some of his own directions given to a young man regarding English composition: "Use short sentences, made up in the main of short words! Show great clearness, great force, and great good humor. Let your style be apt, pointed, and full of common sense." The man who would write to-day cannot do better than to take these injunctions seriously to heart.

Franklin was nothing if not practical, and he wrote always with the idea of accomplishing something useful for his readers. The titles of some of his essays on moral subjects sound like the headings of chapters taken from Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation": "On True Happiness"; "On the Waste of Life"; "On the Rules and Maxims Which Make for Perfection."

Because of his undaunted courage along this line he occasionally got in where the water was over his head. For example, he once undertook a modern paraphrase of the "Book of Job" with the idea of making it more readable. It takes a master hand to improve on the English of the King James' version of the Bible or upon that of Shakespeare's plays. It is a rather significant fact that both of these permanent monuments of English expression came into existence at almost the same time. The King James' version of the Bible was issued in 1611. Shakespeare retired from the theater in 1611 and went to Stratford, where he died in 1616. The English language was then in its very prime as an organ of vigorous expression.

It was rather fool-hardy, therefore, for this Philadelphia printer to undertake to better the language of William Tyndale as found in the Authorized Version of the Bible. Unless a man feels competent "to gild refined gold," or "to paint the lily in lovelier hues," he would better let "Hamlet" and the "Book of Job" alone.

But Franklin had something to say, and he learned how to say it. He could put English words together with vigor, with clearness, and with charm—and that made him a writer. Two of his productions may certainly be ranked as classics. One of them is his "Autobiography," to which I have already referred. It has been translated into all the principal languages of earth and will be read, no doubt, to the end of time. The other is "Father Abraham's Address to the People at an Auction." This piece appeared at a time of widespread discouragement. The French and Indian War was in progress; Braddock and his regulars had been slaughtered in the woods by the redskins; Washington had been driven back; the sea was dotted with French and Spanish privateers; trade was poor; and taxes were high. The people of the Colonies were grumbling like so many bears with sore heads.

Then in "Poor Richard's Almanac" there came out this sermon on industry, thrift, and good cheer as furnishing the way to success. Franklin packed into it all the terse, meaty, sententious sayings he had at his command. It was read everywhere, and it sold like the last edition of a Hearst newspaper on a day when some great public calamity has taken place. It was like a trumpet-blast calling upon people to stand on their feet and face the future

without whining. It, too, has been translated into ever so many languages, adding greatly to the fame of Franklin as a writer. His place in the world of letters is secure, and whenever the roll of American writers is called, Benjamin will be there to answer to his name. And we may be sure that he will not respond with any stilted "Adsum," —he will be more likely to say in sturdy Saxon, "Here." He was an effective writer of English prose.

II. *He Was an Inventor*

He was a Yankee by birth, and he was a Yankee in his facility for finding some better way of turning the trick. He lived in the days of the open fireplace. Stoves were not. Hot air furnaces and steam radiators and hot water systems were as far from the minds of those people as wireless telegraphy or radium. It was the open fireplace or nothing.

Now an open fire is all very well for poetic fancy. It serves the purpose of some Ik Marvel who is spinning such airy nothings as are to be found in "Reveries of a Bachelor." It seems entirely satisfactory to ardent young lovers who do not need artificial heat to keep their interest in each other at the boiling point. But for solid prose comfort, the open fire is a poor excuse when the thermometer is in the neighborhood of zero. The heat for the most part goes up the chimney, reddening the faces of those who sit near, but leaving their backs in a shiver and the rest of the room bitterly cold.

The Franklin stove, which endures to this day, was Benjamin's way of getting the fireplace out into the room where the people could sit around it and where the heat,

through the surface of the stove and the stovepipe which carried off the smoke, would, in great measure, be retained in the room. It was not so startling a discovery as wireless telegraphy or radio, but it did more to bring comfort and pleasure to the rank and file of the common people than do these marvelous inventions which enable ships to whisper to each other across the wide stretches of open sea.

Franklin was also the first man to identify lightning with electricity. He sent his famous kite aloft during a thunderstorm, and by the pricking sensation which came down to him along the imperfect conductor of a wet kite string, he had sensations akin to those which men experienced in rubbing glass tubes with silk. He thereby learned the nature of this strange, jagged, zigzag fire which flashes across the heavens. He learned something about that useful form of energy which in our day is moving, lighting, and heating our street cars, toasting our bread and boiling our breakfast coffee, and performing all sorts of useful tasks, as a kind of maid of all work set to do our bidding.

His work along this line led to his invention of the lightning rod, which became a real protection against those angry thunderbolts which Jupiter Pluvius now and then hurls at the haunts of men. His work seems crude and imperfect when set beside that of Edison and Steinmetz, but Franklin furnished the A B C's in that alphabet by which these men have spelled out words for the instruction of the whole world in the use of this subtlest and mightiest form of energy.

Franklin invented bi-focal glasses. It was his combina-

tion of romantic gallantry and of practical sense which led him to introduce this contrivance. He had to resort to spectacles in order to read. He also wore them at table that he might see what it was he was eating. But he found that the lens best adapted to seeing what was on his plate was not the lens which best enabled him to behold and admire the beauty of the ladies who so often sat across the table from him at the dinner parties in fair France. He, therefore, had a double set of lenses inserted in his spectacles. Thus equipped he could look at his food with a discerning eye and could also behold those beauties of nature in the other sex, of which he was extravagantly fond. Browning used to say that every man ought to have two faces, one to confront the world with, and the other to show a woman when he loves her. Franklin combined in one pair of spectacles the two sets of lenses for much the same purpose. He achieved it by his clever invention of bi-focals, for which I am personally indebted to him at this very moment.

He made a careful study of hygiene and sanitation. He knew so much about those matters that, layman though he was in medical science, he was invited to become a member of the royal medical societies in both Paris and London. He sang the praises of sleeping in the open air nearly two hundred years before these sleeping porches of ours became a fad. He once invented a humorous story as to the method of Methuselah, who attained some distinction by being long-lived. He never did anything else so far as we know. The Biblical record says "Methuselah begat sons and daughters: he lived nine hundred sixty-

nine years, and he died." It was a long, narrow, uninteresting life of one dimension.

Franklin's story ran something like this. When Methuselah was five hundred years old, an angel came to him and said, "Methuselah, build for thyself a house and thou shalt live for another hundred years." But Methuselah said, "If I have only a hundred years more to live why should I trouble myself to build a house? I will continue to sleep in the open air." So Methuselah slept in the open air and lived for four hundred sixty-nine years more. Thus Methuselah lived to be nine hundred sixty-nine years old. Franklin also gave a set of rules by which people could insure the enjoyment of pleasant dreams. I shall not name these, however, for the heads of a great many people are already full of all manner of foolish dreams as it is.

He studied the whole subject of draughts and currents of air. His work along this line enabled him to make two valuable contributions to the knowledge of that day. He had seen how quickly street lamps smoked the glass, causing them to give an imperfect light. He first introduced the idea of having the glass surrounding these lights open both at the top and bottom, which enabled them to give a steadier light and to avoid being clouded by smoke. He also made a great improvement in the science of ventilation, carrying off the impure air from crowded audience rooms where hundreds of pairs of lungs were consuming the life-giving ozone. His work in this direction was so successful that he was selected by the authorities in the English government to give advice for installing a new

system of ventilation in the Houses of Parliament. His system was introduced, to the great comfort of the men who were making the laws for Great Britain.

His science was all "applied science": he had scant regard for "pure science," as it is sometimes called,—for that learning which never gets its feet on the ground with the intention of rendering any useful service to the needs of the race. He found out why the water in the ocean is salt, while that in rivers and lakes is fresh. He made a study of the Gulf Stream, of its properties and its direction. He made a chart of it which was carried for decades on all well-equipped sailing vessels on the Upper Atlantic for their guidance. There was nothing in the heaven above, nor on the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth, which did not interest the mind of this versatile man. He in turn made it still more interesting as he brought to bear upon it his own clever ability.

He even made a study of the New England weather, providing the rude beginnings of a science of meteorology. Human ability could scarcely be more daring. It was Mark Twain who wrote that delicious bit on the unreasonable vagaries and the general depravity of the New England weather. "Old Probabilities has an easy time out on the Pacific Coast, where they have climate and not mere weather. He gets along fairly well in the Middle West, where all signs do not fail more than twice out of three times. But when he strikes New England, you ought to see his tail droop. Here the weather man, if he is prudent, gets out something like this: 'Forecast for the next twenty-four hours—rain, snow, sleet, thunder and

lightning, accompanied by periods of extreme drought. Wind from northeast to southwest, swinging to and fro meanwhile to all points between. P. S.—The entire program may be changed if there should be any variation in the temperature."

It would take too long to discuss all of Franklin's useful inventions. He introduced the use of plaster paris in making strong fertilizers. He advertised it by having an inscription planted in his own field which read, "This has been plastered," and the vivid green of the growing letters carried conviction to all beholders. He carried on a correspondence with Sir Joseph Banks on the subject of the navigation of the air. His broad mind swept that vaster horizon where zeppelins and airplanes are now moving.

He discovered the method of producing cold by evaporation. He did it by placing ether on the ball of his thermometer and then watching the mercury fall. This discovery lies at the basis of the manufacture of artificial ice in all those tropical countries where the supply cannot be conveniently secured from an adjacent mill pond. He maintained that it would be possible to freeze a man to death on a hot day by having him stand unclothed where the wind was blowing freely upon him and sprinkling him meanwhile with a spray of ether. And he was scientifically correct.

He had all the pride of a physician of high standing in making public at once any discovery that would be of value to the world without asking for any financial reward. He was urged to take out a patent on his Franklin

stove. It would have meant a fortune for him, but he declined. His brains, he said, were not for sale. Yet he was so successful in his proper business that he was able, having started as a poor printer's devil, to sell out his business at the age of forty-two for seventy thousand dollars, which was affluence in those simple times, in order that he might retire and have more leisure for the pursuit of science and philosophy. He was not destined to enjoy that coveted leisure—the demands of public service were too great. And that brings me to the third side of this four-square man; his responsible service to the government of his country.

III. *He Was a Statesman*

Let me observe at once that the only other man of that period, besides Washington, whose face would be instantly recognized anywhere in this country to-day would be Benjamin Franklin. In the important service rendered to our country at the inception of its independent life, the work of Franklin is worthy to be ranked alongside that of Washington.

If Washington fought the successful battles of his country and then fathered its unfolding life as its first President, Franklin financed the Revolution through its darkest, hardest hours. He rendered services less conspicuous, but no less gallant and essential than those of Washington. Borrowing large sums of money from reluctant bankers and from doubtful governments to finance a war between thirteen struggling colonies and a well-established country like England was not so interesting or picturesque

as riding at the head of advancing troops, but it was quite as necessary. For weary months and years together, Franklin, as our representative in Europe, seemed compelled to make bricks without straw. To his undying credit, he made them. He somehow managed to deliver his tale of bricks until Pharaoh was willing to give up the struggle and let those thirteen tribes of doughty Israelites go free at last to enjoy their own land of promise.

Franklin began his public service as Commissioner of Indian Affairs in the Province of Pennsylvania. He found then, as we find to-day, that one of the besetting sins of the Indian lay in his inclination to the intemperate use of the white man's intoxicants. On one occasion Franklin had met with a delegation of Indians who had been committing some depredation when they were under the influence of liquor. He was remonstrating with them regarding their evil behavior, but they, too, had learned something of our Holy Scriptures. The spokesman of the party on that occasion responded to Franklin after this fashion: "The Great Spirit made all things for some use. He made the herbs bearing seed and the fruit trees bearing fruit for food. When he made whiskey, he said, 'Let this be for the Indians to get drunk with.' And it was so." But the patient kindliness and the good sense of Franklin had value in dealing with these natives. He aided mightily in the development and maintenance of those Indian policies which led to results so much happier in Pennsylvania than was the case in many of the other colonies.

Franklin was sent abroad by the Province of Pennsylvania in 1767 to secure better terms for that Colony in the matter of taxation. He was an unknown man representing a province whose value for the future was imperfectly understood even by the English statesmen of that period. He remained in England nearly six years, and while he did not secure all he sought, he gained enough to win a royal welcome when he returned to his own beloved Philadelphia. He was given a vote of thanks by the Assembly and fifteen thousand dollars toward defraying the expenses of his mission. He had also been chosen unanimously, while he was yet upon the sea, a member of that Assembly. His detractors had been busy while he was abroad, but they could not blind the eyes of the people to his real worth, or to the important service he had been able to render by his skill as a diplomat.

He was sent abroad again at the time when the question of the American Colonies had assumed vaster proportions. The war with France had been brought to a close by the Treaty of 1763, and it gave immense advantage to the British possessions in America. But the ability of the colonies to raise large sums of money by voluntary taxation had been revealed. The English in shortsighted fashion at once proceeded to tax the colonies in a way that developed irritation and alienation in a people hitherto loyal on the whole to the British crown. The seed, which brought its natural harvest in the War of Revolution of 1776, was being sown with a free hand.

The colonists had been angered by the Stamp Act, and they retorted with the policy of non-importation. No

lamb was eaten, to the end that by the increase of the number of sheep the supply of home-grown wool might be increased. Homespun became the fashion, for no patriot would be seen wearing English cloth. It was what we would call to-day a "boycott" of English goods, and it caused the Stamp Act to react unfavorably upon the mother country.

During the agitation which followed, Franklin was summoned to appear at the bar of the House of Commons in England to be questioned by the House sitting as a committee of the whole. It was a most interesting situation. He was there confronted by the cleverest and most experienced statesmen in England. Singly he might be a match for any one of them, but there they were in a mass. A score of them could be thinking while one of them was hectoring Franklin with all manner of questions, and then be ready with their own skillful interrogations when the right moment came.

Franklin showed himself equal to the situation. He knew his facts. He never for one moment lost his head or his temper. He had wonderful facility in clear, cogent statement. He had that wit and skill in repartée which can place an antagonist at a disadvantage without angering him or losing the sympathy of the audience. And above all, he had justice and reason on his side. He was as placid and as unassuming through it all, even when he was steadily getting the best of them, as some modest nun at vespers. He had that fine quality which "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." When it was all over, Edmund Burke, who knew a man when he saw one, said the whole

proceeding of hailing Franklin to the bar of the House of Commons "was like the spectacle of a headmaster being examined by a parcel of schoolboys."

His most notable service as a diplomat, however, came later when he was sent as our Minister to France. Things had been going badly for us at Paris. Congress recognized the gravity of the situation and by unanimous ballot chose Franklin to go to France as our Minister. When he was selected, he whispered to Dr. Rush, "I am old and good for nothing, but as the storekeeper says of a remnant of cloth, 'This is only a fag end, and you may have it for what you please.' "

He was past seventy, but he bravely set out for France on a small vessel which was liable to be captured by the British cruisers, to the end that he might serve his own struggling nation. He was received with open arms by the French. He could speak the French language with facility and with charm. He understood the genius of that delightful people. He was an effective man in a conference touching matters of state, and he was equally effective at a dinner table surrounded by men of wit and culture and by the beauties of the gayest capital in Europe. Presently things began to go our way under the skilled leadership of this man among men.

He never asked for the impossible, after the manner of some. They ask for the sun, the moon and the seven stars, knowing that this celestial order will never be filled. They do it with the idea that when the order is scaled down to more manageable proportions, the final result will be about what they had in mind. Franklin saw the

unwisdom of all this beating about the bush. He asked only for what he regarded as entirely feasible.

He was successful beyond all the other men who were sent abroad in securing money to carry through the War of Independence. France had in its possession long and valuable stockings. These were not always filled with the natural and graceful contents which primarily belong there. They were filled oftentimes with the savings of that thrifty people, and Franklin had a way of persuading peasants and bankers alike that this American Republic was a fairly good thing as an investment. He was able, therefore, to float our bonds in that country when they were actually sinking through lack of takers in less friendly waters. In his personal popularity and in the confidence the French people felt in him, he had a key to unlock the coffers of Paris at a time when no other man did have it.

He was exposed to criticism by some of his own fellow countrymen. He suffered from fire in the rear. The Adamses, of Massachusetts, were never friendly to him. Samuel Adams was a man, forcible and intense, but he was never designed by nature to fill the rôle of a statesman. He was narrow where Franklin was broad. He was violent when Franklin was calm,—and the latter qualification had much higher value in those troubled times. John Adams had many admirable qualities, but he never understood nor appreciated Benjamin Franklin. John Adams wrote a narrow, nasty letter to Samuel Adams which came out later to trouble the honorable house of Adams, as Banquo's ghost did the heart of Macbeth. This

famous letter does not reflect any particular credit on the wisdom or on the temper of the man who later became the second President of the Republic. The tongue of John Adams "bit shrewdly," as Hamlet said of the night air. It was "a nipping and an eager" tongue. But Franklin lived to laugh his detractors to scorn by the signal service he rendered to his country.

He was constantly hectored by a swarm of French and other European military officers thirsting for blood and glory, and for other more substantial commodities. They were very ready, for a consideration, accompanied by rapid promotion in rank, to be sent over here to take command of our Continental armies in the war against England. His predecessors had already sent over many of them with fulsome recommendations—so many as to make them a genuine embarrassment to the Continental authorities.

But Franklin was a man of the world; he knew what was in men and needed not that others should tell him, even when the sample was done up in brilliant uniform with gold lace and epaulets. He had a way of putting them off without offending them, and without embarrassing his home government by sending them across. His model of "a letter of recommendation for a person you are unacquainted with," is a gem. In these days when every man who is supposed to have a bit of influence in political life, in commerce, in education, or in the sacred affairs of the church, is constantly solicited for recommendations by aspirants seeking positions for which they are not fitted, we sometimes wish that Franklin's letter

might be gotten out in circular form for general use. Here it is:

> Model of a letter of recommendation
> for a person you are unacquainted with.

DEAR SIR:—The bearer of this, who is going to America, presses me to give him a letter of recommendation, though I know nothing of him, not even his name. This may seem extraordinary, but I assure you it is not uncommon here. Sometimes, indeed, one unknown person brings another equally unknown to recommend him, and sometimes they recommend one another.

As to this gentleman, I must refer you to himself for his character and merits, with which he is certainly better acquainted than I can possibly be. I recommend him, however, to those civilities which every stranger of whom one knows no harm has a right to; and I request that you will do him all the good offices and show him all the favor that on further acquaintance you shall find him to deserve.

I have the honor to be, faithfully yours,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

He had to deal with all sorts of difficult, intricate questions connected with the privateering which was being vigorously carried on in those days on the high seas. He issued commissions; he settled questions of prize money; he patched up personal misunderstandings; he advised in the purchase of ships. He soothed the outraged feelings of mutineers when they came ashore and clamored in no uncertain terms for their share of the booty. In those days, as in "Treasure Island," it was often "fifteen men on the dead man's chest, yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum." Benjamin Franklin, as our envoy to France, was the only

American government which these reckless sailors knew, and he did the business.

He was a whole Navy Department in the days of John Paul Jones when that doughty commander dared to sail right into the narrow seas which surround Great Britain and harry His Majesty's merchant marine, and capture prizes until he was fairly embarrassed by his riches. John Paul Jones actually landed at one English harbor, spiked the guns of the fort, set fire to the English ships, and then audaciously sailed away unhurt. He dared the *Serapis* to come out and fight him. When she did, he captured her by desperate fighting from his own ship, the *Bon Homme Richard,* which had been named for the "Poor Richard" of Franklin's Almanac.

We have to trace Franklin's career in some detail to appreciate fully the true magnitude of his services. He did not write any of the memorable state documents of that period. One of his biographers, James Parton, says of him, "Franklin was not asked to write any of the great state documents, though he had the ablest pen in America at that time. It would not have done. If he had written it, he would have put a joke in the Declaration of Independence."

We could almost wish that he had—it would have greatly enlivened the proceedings at an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration in the country, where the Declaration of Independence is still tediously read by some high school teacher. But perhaps it would not have been fitting. Mark Twain once said, "When I arranged for my trip around the world, two members of my family imme-

diately decided to accompany me, also a carbuncle which appeared on my neck just at that time. When I looked in the dictionary to see just what a carbuncle was, the first definition given was this,—'Carbuncle, a kind of jewel.' It seems to me that humor is out of place in a dictionary." Perhaps humor would have been equally out of place in the Declaration of Independence.

But if Franklin did not actually write the great documents, he had an honorable part in putting them forth and in causing them to stand fast and bear fruit. His name is the only name that one finds appended to all four of these important state documents—the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the Treaty of Alliance between France and the Colonies, which contributed so much to our victory over England, and the Treaty of Peace between England and the United States, which insured the lasting independence of this country. He wrote his name in many high places in those stirring times, and it will go down in history as the name of a man who served his nation with wisdom and courage, and with an efficiency which brought results. His genuine statesmanship furnishes a noble façade for this third aspect of his four-square life.

IV. *He Was a Philosopher*

He never had much to say about Plato and Aristotle. I am not sure that he had ever read those ancient worthies to any great extent. He was gone before Kant and Hegel became names to conjure with in philosophy, though both of these men lived in his century. But Franklin was none

the less a philosopher. He thought deeply upon those things which are fundamental. He was not content to live, as so many men do, merely in phenomena. He wanted a starting point for his beliefs. He insisted upon having an interpretation of human experience which would stand before the bar of reason. His philosophy, like everything else in his repertoire, was intensely practical. His metaphysical conceptions, such as they were, had as much to do with everyday life as the Franklin stove or a better pair of spectacles for a man who is nearsighted. He was a pragmatist before that school came into any real existence, almost before the word was fairly invented.

He used to say that he had three fundamental articles in his belief: "First, I have never doubted the existence of the Deity who made and governs this world of ours by His providence. Second, I believe that the most acceptable service to God lies in doing good to men. Third, I believe that the souls of men are immortal, and that crime will be punished and virtue will be rewarded both here and there."

This brief creed is not so detailed as the Athanasian Creed or the Westminster Confession, but it makes a good start in the right direction. General Grant used to say, "As many times as I have attended the Episcopal Church, I have never been able to remember any more of the Apostles' Creed than this, 'I believe in God the Father Almighty.' That much I can remember and that much I do believe with all my heart." If any man believes that much and lives it, he will be a religious man.

Franklin was not very much of a churchgoer—he went

off and on. He contributed regularly toward the support of public worship, but his preference was for those sermons which laid their entire emphasis upon the practical, livable sort of morality. He tells us that he once went for five Sundays in succession to a certain Presbyterian Church. It seemed to him that the purpose of the preacher was not to make good citizens of the people so much as to make Presbyterians of them. The minister preached for those five Sundays on this splendid text, taken from Philippians: "Finally brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things." The text was all right, but the five cardinal duties which the preacher urged upon the conscience of the people, according to Franklin's report, were these: "First, keep the Sabbath; second, read the Bible regularly; third, attend public worship every Sunday; fourth, take the sacrament whenever opportunity offers; fifth, show respect to God's ministers." As these matters did not seem to the practical mind of this stirring soul the most vital things in life, he attended that church no more.

He never bothered his head in his mature years about the doctrine or the history of Christianity, either in the way of acceptance or of rejection. Christianity seemed to him a good system of morals based upon what he did not personally care a great deal about. But one particular doctrine did come in for his special abhorrence. It was a time when the doctrine of future rewards and punishments was preached with a certain rigid, fiery literalism

which would be out of the question in these days. Franklin said bluntly that the difference in the deserts of men here was in no case sufficient to make such an astounding and eternal difference as that between Heaven and Hell, as they were then portrayed. He often said that a man who would expect to receive a good farm as a reward for giving a cup of cold water to a thirsty fellow on a hot day would be modest in his demands when compared with the man who looks for Heaven as a reward for his own poor performances in the moral world.

Franklin had the defects of his virtues—as most men have. His intensely practical nature blinded him somewhat to the beauty and value of worship, and to the ethical significance of a wholesome mysticism. He said of the liturgy of a certain church that, "long prayers filled with flattery and compliment which would be nauseating to a man of sense must at least be tiresome to the Deity." This is shrewd, but it leaves a good deal to be said on behalf of dignified, impressive worship.

He undertook to draw up a new version of the Lord's Prayer according to his notion of what should be prayed about daily, and, to say the least, it was not an improvement on the original. He drew up thirteen commandments in place of the familiar ten which were taught us in our childhood. The character of them may be judged from the first and the last. The first commandment in his Decalogue was "Eat not to dulness, drink not to elation." This is a useful bit of counsel, but hardly vital enough to replace "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." The thirteenth commandment was "Imitate Jesus and Socrates."

He had a feeling that to combine attention to the shrewd, practical, moral teachings of the great Athenian with an interest in the more delicate, mystical teachings of the Man of Nazareth would more nearly round out a counsel of perfection for this workaday world of ours here under these western skies.

His gospel, if we can call it an evangel, was the gospel of common sense. He would have openly rejoiced to hear St. James say, "Pure undefiled religion before God the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world." He would have uttered a fervent "Amen" to Micah's great words, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" He would have bowed in reverent assent when those great words fell from the lips of the Master, "Come, ye blessed of My Father; inasmuch as ye have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the sick and imprisoned, ye have done it unto Me. Inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Franklin's main desire was to see men and women comfortable, happy, advancing in their possession of useful knowledge, and in the practice of those homely virtues which lie at the basis of honest industry, good homes, and a secure nation. And he believed that all these qualities are steadily promoted by an adequate philosophy of life clearly understood and strongly held.

He was no soft, indiscriminate sentimentalist in his religion. He was as rugged and as rigid as John Calvin or Jonathan Edwards in his detestation of all dishonesty,

cruelty, and cowardice. He "saw the dead, small and great, stand before God" to receive what might appropriately come to them. He said of a certain rascal in the Revolutionary War, who had embezzled funds with which he had been entrusted, "If that fellow is not damned at last, then it's not worth while for us to keep a devil in our theology." But he took men and women as he found them and endeavored to leave them on a higher level of thought, feeling, and purpose, rather than attempt to make of them forthwith white-robed angels. He was a concrete, rather than an abstract, idealist. He urged men not to rush forward, even in the way of righteousness, so rapidly as to topple over headlong and thereby endanger their further progress in the line of duty.

Franklin had, however, great capacity for making personal response to any spiritual appeal, if only it was real. He tells us himself of his experience in going to hear George Whitfield in the days of his power. He wanted to hear the man who was so much talked about on both sides of the water. But he said in his own practical fashion, "This emotional revivalist will not get any money out of me when the collection is taken." But as Whitfield went on preaching, Franklin decided to give him the coppers in his pocket, as is the manner of some people to-day when the hat is passed. By and by, as Whitfield warmed up to his subject, Franklin decided to give him the silver he had with him. Then when the preacher had finished, Franklin felt that the gold pieces, of which he had a few in his pocket, were none too good. When the plate came to him, he put in all he had, gold, silver, and

copper alike. He felt that the noted evangelist, with all his mediæval theology which Franklin openly rejected, and with all his emotional fervors which Franklin could not personally share, had the root of the matter in him, and he made his own complete and generous response to the appeal for funds.

This land of ours is a better place for all hands to live in because of the influence of such a man as Benjamin Franklin. If the sweet, ascetic piety of Francis of Assisi has its place; if the far-reaching, overwhelming evangelism of John Wesley has its place; if the spiritual insight and potent appeal of such men as Frederick W. Robertson, Horace Bushnell, and Phillips Brooks, have their place, we may say also that the homely, practical virtues of Benjamin Franklin, finding their scriptural basis in the book of Proverbs, have also their appropriate field of usefulness.

It is good to remember where the climax of spiritual attainment is placed in that ancient promise: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings like eagles"—their spiritual aspirations taking their rightful place among the stars. "They shall run and not grow weary"—their outbursts of moral fervor carrying them swiftly in the way of the divine commands. Then, last of all and best of all, "They shall walk the quiet ways of duty and not faint." Franklin was not strong on flying nor on running, but he could walk, and walk with high purpose to noble ends.

Here, then, is my four-square man, Writer, Inventor, Statesman, and Philosopher. His life was solid, substan-

tial, symmetrical, fronting squarely upon all these varied interests. He lived twelve years beyond the allotted threescore years and ten. He used to say of himself, in those latter days, that he seemed to have entered into the company of posterity, when he ought to have been abed and asleep. I cannot better close this sketch than by quoting the epitaph which he composed and which might worthily adorn his own tomb:

"Here lies the body of Benjamin Franklin,
Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out and stripped of its lettering.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will, as he believed, appear once more
In a new and more beautiful edition
Corrected and amended by the Author."

II

HORACE BUSHNELL

A PROPHET BORN OUT OF DUE TIME

HORACE BUSHNELL was born in Litchfield, Connecticut in the year 1802, one hundred and thirty-two years ago. How many men and women now living in the city of Hartford (to which he gave all the best years of his life —and it is a much larger city now than it was then), will be remembered and honored as Horace Bushnell is to-day, one hundred and thirty years from this time? How many —I wonder!

He was a great Churchman, in his own communion and in the Holy Catholic Church. He was a great citizen, there in his own beloved city of Hartford and in the State of Connecticut which gave him birth. He was a great patriot, a lover and a faithful servant of his own land and of all lands, for his influence went out through all the earth, and his words to the end of the world. In his theological thinking, in his philosophy of Christian nurture for children, in the methods of religious activity which he advocated, and in his wider plans for the advancement of Christ's kingdom on the earth, he was away in advance of his age. I would give you, "Horace Bushnell, A Prophet born out of due time!"

He lived in the country until he was twenty-one years

old. The deepest impressions upon his early life did not come from books nor from contact with men, but from nature. "And nothing was ever quite real to him," as Theodore Munger, his biographer, once said, "until it had been submitted to that test."

In those early years he worked with his hands, as did that Other Minister whose home was with a carpenter in Nazareth. He liked to recall the fact that he had done the full work of a man for at least five years before he attained his majority. And for him, there was no "restriction of output" due to the pressure of an eight-hour day. He was like those saints of old who restored the walls of Jerusalem. "So built we the wall, for the people had a mind to work; and they labored together from the rising of the sun until the stars appeared." How natural it was for him in later years to write that book called "Work and Play"—the opening chapter in it being his Phi Beta Kappa Address before Harvard University. He believed in work as a divine appointment, and he would have scorned the idea that it is "the curse of God" that men should eat their bread by the sweat of their brows.

He grew up in a home where religion was not something strange, foreign, an alien importation for the saving of one's soul in some dim, distant, unknown future. He grew up where religion was an atmosphere to be breathed, a genial presence to be enjoyed, an unfailing source of motive and stimulus to make life full and fine and glad. Has his tribute to his mother, as an expression of filial affection, ever been surpassed! "She was the only person

I have ever known in the close intimacy of years who never did an inconsiderate, imprudent, or excessive thing. In this attribute of discretion she rose to a kind of sublimity. Praying earnestly for and with her children, she was discreet enough never to make it unpleasant to them by too great frequency. She was a good talker, often spoken of as the best Bible teacher in the congregation, yet she never fell into the mistake of trying to talk her children into religion. She spoke to them at fit times, but not nearly so frequently as many mothers do who are far less qualified. There was no atmosphere of artificially pious consciousness in the house. Yet she was preaching to us all the time by her sacrifices for us, scarcely to be noted without tears. She stayed for the most part upon the level of habit, as her humanly allotted field, keeping visibly only an upward look of expectation that what she was preparing in righteous habit would be a house builded for the occupancy of the Spirit."

His mother had been brought up in the Episcopal Church, so that whatever grace may be transmitted by "the laying on of hands" which claim the added sanctity of an Apostolic Succession, young Horace had the benefit of it. His father was a Congregationalist who listened with a sturdy protest in his heart to the tough doctrines of Calvinism dealt out in those days and to the teaching of a total depravity which left this human nature of ours a thing so poor that none would do it reverence. I speak of all this, because here, in quiet, indirect ways, the foundations were being laid for the future development of that free, brave spirit which, in the days of its power, refused

to be hedged in by the metes and bounds of a narrow, rigid orthodoxy.

He grew up, not down, in that home of gentle, natural, reasonable devotion, increasing steadily in stature, in wisdom, in favor with God and man. How inevitable it was that, when the hour struck, he should write that book which became a classic, on "Christian Nurture." He felt it in his bones. He had been reared upon it from the first hour. It was the bread of Christian nurture which had been blessed and broken for him at the family table. It was the cup of Christian nurture from which he drank, not alone when he took the sacrament, but at every meal. "The child," he said, "should grow up a Christian and never know himself as otherwise." All this seems to us a simple, natural statement of the truth. But in those days of violent revivals of religion and of overwhelming emotional disturbances, there were many pious souls who felt that this bold, bad man had upset the Ark of the Covenant, and spilled out the Ten Commandments and the Westminster Confession, Aaron's Rod and the Pot of Manna, and everything else.

I have sketched in this brief, inadequate fashion something of the background of this great man's life. Let me speak more intimately of Horace Bushnell as a religious leader, as a writer, and as a citizen.

He was an outstanding religious leader. From start to finish he gave men a full-page, life-size illustration of the fact that "preaching," as Phillips Brooks once said, "is the communication of religious truth through personality." God so loved the world that he gave us the good

news of redemption in the person of His Son. His Son so loved the world that He took upon Himself the form of a servant, and was found in fashion as a man—the word of truth was made flesh and dwelt among us. The whole idea of religion became alive, and the life was the light of men, the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. This personal method, Jesus said to His disciples, was to be perpetual. "As the Father hath sent me, I send you. He that receiveth you, receiveth me; and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me." The whole way between the highest form of divine help and the farthest reach of human need was to be bridged by consecrated flesh and blood. Truth through personality!

Horace Bushnell's sermons were alive to their finger tips. They have never been printed. No one can print a real sermon. All he can do is to print the words the man used—and we are grateful for this goodly record of Bushnell's words. But the sermon itself must be heard, seen, felt, experienced. The words, forceful and fitting though they may be, are only a small part of it. The preacher's face, his voice, his bearing, his sympathy for human need, his aspiration on behalf of his hearers, his firm trust in the One who inspires that whole exercise—all these factors are operating steadily upon the religious sensibilities of his congregation. It is from first to last a vital process. Horace Bushnell stood there communicating religious truth through a vigorous, winsome personality which was functioning on the highest levels he knew anything about. He might have said, as his Master said be-

fore him, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

It was all done in quiet, thoughtful fashion. There was none of that pompous, boisterous oratory which sometimes defiles the sanctuary of God like a bull of Bashan. It was clear-cut, incisive, vital. He was never commonplace—something was going on wherever he found himself. Simple and direct though it was, the preaching of Horace Bushnell had so much of stimulus in it, that the people felt they must do something about it. "I have just heard a great sermon," a man in his congregation once remarked as he came down the broad aisle, "now I am going out to make this week mean something."

"Is the service over?" one man said to another as he saw a large congregation pouring out of the church. "No," was the reply, "it has just begun. He said it, and we saw it. Now we are going out to do it." Happy the congregation which enjoys such a ministry!

Read that sermon of his on "Every man's life a plan of God!"—"I have girded thee, though thou hast not known me." A widely quoted article in the *New York Tribune* once referred to that sermon as one of the three greatest sermons in print in the English language. The other two were Canon Mozley's sermon on the "Divine Reversal of Human Judgments"—"Many that are first shall be last, and the last first," and Phillips Brooks' sermon on "The Fire and the Calf." Aaron had received the gold which the people brought, and then a little later he said, "I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf." He disclaimed all responsibility in the matter—the fire did it.

They are all great sermons, but most of us would give Bushnell's sermon on "Every man's life a plan of God," the first place.

The power of his spoken word lay in the fact that there before men's eyes, as they sat and listened, was a great, beautiful soul. He was a man of God, a lover of his fellows, a benign, sympathetic spirit reaching out a hand of help that he might lift them up. It was truth finding its way out through the medium of a radiant personality. "Deep calleth unto deep." The best that was in him was calling out to the best there was in men. He was bringing up from profounder sources of motive and stimulus those fresh impulses which led men to put away the sins which so easily beset them and to run the race set before them with a firmer and a finer purpose. And that is religious appeal at its best.

He was a great religious leader, yet he was never conspicuous on platforms. He said near the close of his life, "I was almost never the president or the vice-president of any society, and almost never the member of a committee." "Heaven be praised," he might have added—I wonder if the Apostle Paul ever had to serve on committees. Bushnell furnished material, inspiration, and guidance for all the committees. He was very modest about it all. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him quite early in his ministry by Wesleyan University. He cared little for the honor but accepted it rather than seem to slight the courtesy of a young and neighboring college. He afterward received the same degree from Harvard University and the degree of Doctor of Laws

from Yale. He was indeed the outstanding religious leader of his day in this whole country.

How he impressed himself upon the minds and hearts of the younger men in the ministry and upon men of affairs! Washington Gladden was a man as cautious and reserved in manner and in speech as some well-seasoned banker. He was a very young man when Horace Bushnell, in his generous kindness, went up to preach the sermon at his installation in North Adams, Massachusetts. It was a great occasion for the two young people in that modest parsonage, for Bushnell stayed with them and remained over through most of the week. When Washington Gladden looked back upon that experience and upon all that had followed, thirty-five years later, his gratitude overleaped his ordinary reserve. "I could not have remained in the ministry an honest man," he wrote, "but for him. If I have had any gospel to preach during the last thirty-five years, it is because he led me into the light." Bushnell was like the Good Shepherd—he went about calling his own sheep by name, one here, one there, and many more farther on. They knew his voice, and they followed him into larger life and wider usefulness.

He was a thinker and a writer, who aided mightily in molding the mind of his own time. In the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* the article on Horace Bushnell says that the religious world needed help just then at these four points.

In his book on "Christian Nurture," he opposed the noisy, feverish, erratic revivalism of that day, which largely ignored the law of Christian growth, turning the

mind of the church back to the young. In his book on "Nature and the Supernatural," he lifted the minds of men into a more just interpretation of the world about us and into a conception of the miracles of Christ which did not imply a suspension of natural law. In his "Vicarious Sacrifice," he set forth a philosophy of the atonement which was not irrational nor immoral, as some of the penal and governmental theories had been. By his book on "God in Christ," he drew the mind of the church here in New England back from a doctrine of the Trinity which looked like a belief in three separate and distinct Gods. His thought, as expressed in those four books, has been so far taken up into the common consciousness of the churches here in the United States that people, generally, have almost forgotten that we ever believed anything else.

He owed much of his influence to that vein of comprehensiveness which runs like a bright red thread through all his writings. "The purpose of my preaching," he said, "has not been to overthrow one school and set up another, nor has it been to find a position of neutrality midway. It has been rather to apprehend the truth contained in both positions."

He was always insisting that it was much easier to be violent and partisan than to be just and true to whatever truth might attach to the other view. It was not "either—or" with him; it was "both—and." Like Frederick W. Robertson, he claimed that the truth as a rule does not lie with either extreme, nor does it lie, as many soft-hearted, soft-headed people like to think, with the golden mean, the halfway position, the compromise which misses all the

strength of both the extremes. The truth lies rather in the recognition of those deeper, underlying principles which make possible the strength of both extremes. In that quality of insight, which recognizes the deeper implications of any massive truth, Horace Bushnell was a past master.

He was the first New England theologian to admit into his scheme of thought the modern sense of nature. He really anticipated that better understanding of the world order which is being brought out to-day by the newer physics of Millikan and Eddington. It led him to a spiritual interpretation of nature, like that of Wordsworth and Coleridge, who were his contemporaries. He lived always in two worlds, his head among the stars and his feet firmly planted on the solid earth, moving along the ways of common life. He saw the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, and he coupled with that vision a very practical insistence upon those modes of life which belong to "the age of homespun." To him they were all of a piece; they all belonged to that seamless robe which ever clothed the world order wherein he dwelt.

He was roundly scolded and sometimes openly branded as "a dangerous heretic," for taking that more comprehensive view. For all that, he cared not one whit. How easily he might have said to some of his long-since-forgotten critics

> He drew a circle which shut me out—
> Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
> But Love and I had the wit to win:
> We drew a circle which took him in.

How friendly he was to men who did not state their conceptions of the truth exactly as he stated his! "I just look at the truth from another corner of the room," he would say. "We agree to differ, but we insist upon our right to love one another just the same." He had a unifying habit of mind. His task was not the cold, critical analysis of the water of life into H_2O, or of the air we breathe into oxygen and nitrogen. His synthetic method enabled him to offer cups of cold water to thirsty souls and fresh air to those who were being suffocated by technical definitions.

He was like Bishop Welcome, of whom it was said that when he attended a meeting of the clergy he made them uneasy. They acted as if someone had come in and left the door open, or had broken out a pane of glass, so that they felt a draft. Horace Bushnell was like that—whenever he spoke, disturbances were noticed in many a valley of dry bones.

He took up the great questions of philosophy and theology, not because they were in the air—they were, and the air was sometimes thick and heavy because of that fact. He took them up, not because he found them in the books. He took them up because he felt the need of those vaster truths in his own life. "When I apply logic to the doctrine of the Trinity," he would say, "I am blown every which way. But my heart wants the Father, and it wants the Son, our Elder Brother, and it wants the Holy Spirit," the unseen presence of the divine in the depths of one's own soul.

How he would have delighted in that short story by

Ian MacLaren! There came to the little church, in the village of Drumtochty, a young minister from the University of Edinburgh. He had a great deal to say from his pulpit about the influence of "Semitic environment" and the peril of holding "anthropomorphic conceptions of the Deity" and about the importance of "the modern historical method of interpreting holy scripture." The old elder, Lachlan Campbell, sat there in his pew in an attitude of protest, trembling for the safety of the Ark of the Covenant.

During the opening months of that pastorate, the two men had many a theological bout, and one night they met at the elder's house to talk it out, from shore to shore and to the very bottom. After several hours of tense theological discussion they got down on their knees to pray over it. And it was noticed that the only difference in the prayers of the two men was that the young man prayed earnestly that they might keep the faith once delivered to the Saints, while the older man prayed, no less fervently, that the spirit of truth might lead them into all truth. Bushnell would have had a place in his scheme of things, both for the young theolog with his load of technical phraseology and for the old elder who walked the ways of God as one who dreamed.

Here is an appraisal of his preaching by Charles Loring Brace, the eminent philanthropist. "The writer holds it as among the especial blessings of his life that his boyhood and youth were passed under the pastorate of Horace Bushnell. Those were the eager and powerful days of the great preacher. He seemed to stand before us as a prophet, directing us to things unseen and eternal. Truth,

independence, humanity, under an overpowering faith in God and Christ, were the principles stamped into youthful minds by his preaching and life. He showed himself in all his intercourse what he was, a large pattern of a man. He left on all the youth who came under his influence an indelible mark."

In the third place, Horace Bushnell was a great citizen. How fitting it is that the city of Hartford, which he loved and served, has at the very heart of its busy life, Bushnell Park! It owes that splendid public utility to the wise foresight and skilful planning of the man whose name it bears. When I visited that city for the first time, many years ago, I stood at the entrance of that wide open space. They said it that summer with flowers. There it was, spelled out in letters of beauty before my eyes, "Bushnell Park." I had never seen him—I was only a boy of thirteen on an Iowa farm when he went to his reward. But when I stood there, a young divinity student, groping my way toward a more valid faith, I had come to know him through his books. When I saw that name, I took off my hat and there under the open sky thanked God for the help he had brought to my life and to the life of that city and to the Kingdom of God at large.

He loved the wide open spaces. When he built his first home, he selected a lot where there could be a garden, and where there was an open view of the country reaching off to the distant hills. He wanted always a horizon bounded by nothing nearer than the stars and the being of God.

When he went to North Adams to preach that instal-

lation sermon for Washington Gladden he came in from a walk about that lovely town in the Berkshires saying, "I have found the place for your park!" Alas, their eyes were holden, and North Adams has no Bushnell Park.

He was a born engineer, like Herbert Hoover, the former President of the United States. He was intensely interested in good streets and in good roads, knowing that they were the arteries through which the life blood of the Republic circulated. He took the initiative in having the water power of the Connecticut River brought down to his city from Windsor Locks by the canal, thus greatly increasing the manufacturing facilities of Hartford and affording an abundant water supply for municipal uses. He was back of all the best interests of the city, and he taught the people to think large thoughts. He knew how to work with other men and how to induce them to co-operate in achieving the wider purposes of social organization.

When he went to California in 1856—thirteen years before they had a railroad to the Pacific Coast—he saw the way it would naturally take in getting across the Sierra Nevada Mountains and through the Coast Range. When those four pioneers in railroad building over high mountains, Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins, and Charles Crocker, built the Central Pacific Railroad through from Ogden, Utah, to San Francisco, they followed almost exactly the route which Horace Bushnell had suggested thirteen years before.

He saw at that earlier day the necessity for common

school education in a republic where the plain people are the court of last appeal. He gave a mighty impulse to our public school system which was destined to bring within the reach of every child, rich or poor, native or foreign born, the elements of an education.

He saw the work of education also in its higher, wider aspects. He was ever a loyal son of Yale, and he was a stimulating, helpful speaker in the various colleges of his day. He was offered the presidency of Middlebury College in Vermont, which he refused. He was offered the presidency of the University of California, which he also refused. But he helped to select and to secure the site for that great university in Berkeley. He left an enduring impress upon that institution, whose influence now reaches all the way across this continent as well as out through the Golden Gate to an awakening Orient on the farther shores of the Pacific. To this day, his name is remembered and loved there at Berkeley. It is altogether fitting that in the Yale Divinity School there should be a "Horace Bushnell Chair of Christian Nurture" established and endowed by the generosity of his own daughter for the better training of leaders in the work of religious education in the churches.

He saw life steadily, and he saw it whole. He looked always beyond the limits of his own dooryard and of his own parish. He had a community mind. He was a citizen of the state, as every child of God should be, because "the powers that be are ordained of God" for the high ends of order and justice. He would have provision made for the health and the joy, for the education and the culture,

of the people, as well as for the training of their hearts in ways of righteousness.

He loved music and would have the ears of the people taught to know and to enjoy the best. It was most appropriate that when the Horace Bushnell Memorial Hall was opened and presented to the city of Hartford by his daughter, Dotha Bushnell Hillyer, two of the evenings given to those exercises of dedication should have been devoted to that melody and harmony in which his nature rejoiced.

On the first of the three evenings there was a brief organ recital followed by the prayer of dedication by Doctor Warren S. Archibald, the presentation of the beautiful building to the city by Mr. Charles F. T. Seaverns, the President of the Memorial Hall Corporation, whose wife is a granddaughter of Horace Bushnell, the receiving of the Hall on behalf of the people of Hartford by Walter E. Batterson, Mayor of the City, and the Memorial Address, which I had been asked to give, on "Horace Bushnell—A Great Man."

How many different forms of ministry to the higher life of that community that splendid structure represents! Upon them all, Horace Bushnell would have invoked the blessing of God, the Father of man, and of Christ the Son of Man, who came that we might have life and that we might have it more abundantly.

He had a passionate regard for the dignity of human life. His well-known dislike for monkeys and for dolls (to which he sometimes playfully alluded) was grounded in that feeling. Woe to the hand-organ man who came

with his familiar little companion to grind out his travesty on music under Horace Bushnell's window! And the rich display of dolls in some store window at Christmas time—dolls that can sleep and wake, walk and talk, and do almost anything except to eat and grow—would never have won from him a single look of interest. He felt that human nature, even "in its ruins," as he once phrased it in the theme of a sermon, had such high significance that he could not bear to see it in effigy or in caricature. "What is man that Thou art mindful of him? Thou hast made him a little lower than God. Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor." And Horace Bushnell would have added, "Let the provision for man's highest development and culture be made correspondingly rich!"

When Yale University held its Commemoration Service in honor of the Alumni of Yale College who had given their lives in the Civil War, Horace Bushnell gave the address on "Our Obligations to the Dead." It struck the note of sacrifice (which is a much profounder note than that of ordinary heroism), as did Lincoln's address at Gettysburg. "It is the ammunition spent that wins the battle, not the ammunition brought off from the field. These dead are the spent ammunition of the War, and theirs above all is the victory. Upon what turned the question of the war but the dead that could be furnished, upon the life which could be contributed for that kind of expenditure! These grim heroes therefore that have strewed so many fields with their bodies are the price and purchase money of our victory. Many of us were ready to live, but

these offered themselves to die; and by their cost, the victory is won."

His service to the cause of the Union, in those dark days of the Civil War, was of tremendous significance in New England. When the hearts of many were failing by reason of the long-drawn-out struggle, he preached courage and hope and good cheer. He recognized the worth and the genius of Abraham Lincoln at a time when the eyes of many loyal people here at the North were still holden. They saw only the rough exterior and an unconventional manner, but Horace Bushnell saw the man. Early in his administration, he said of Lincoln, "He is destined to be one of the best and ablest Presidents we have ever had." How abundantly his prophetic words were fulfilled by the march of events!

He saw beneath the surface and far beyond the transient issues of the hour. He saw that it was no mere political squabble over some question of States' rights. It was a struggle to maintain the integrity of our country, to keep all our stars together in one common field of blue, and to make our flag too pure to float again above a slave. A free and united country may well give thanks for the work of Horace Bushnell, a great citizen.

Many men and women of renown have made the city of Hartford their home. Among them all—and it is a goodly company—has there been one whose impress upon the higher life of the world would equal that of the man whom I have here named as "a prophet born out of due time." He was always looking ahead—"Trust God! See all! Nor be afraid! The best is yet to be. The last of life for which the first was made."

He finally went out at the age of seventy-four as he had lived, nobly and well. He went out from his own city of Hartford into that city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God. His loved ones were gathered about him and his last words were these—a parting benediction to those who were to carry on the torch which he had lighted and had borne so royally. "Now we are all going home together. I say, the Lord be with you in grace and peace and love. And that is the way I have come along home."

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest!

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again and arms are strong.

III

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

THE BEST OF THE VICTORIAN NOVELISTS

It is quite the fashion these days to pour contempt upon things Victorian. Next to a firm belief in the omnipotence of inferiority complexes, or the steady use of such terms as "motivated" and "intriguing," nothing is supposed to be quite so thoroughly "emancipated" and up to date as this open scorn for the poor Victorians.

This particular fad does not give the more thoughtful part of the world any particular concern—it amuses the children and does not in any way injure the Victorians. When this self-confident period of ours has shown itself able to produce a list of names equally eminent in letters, in the fine arts, in science, in statecraft, and in the work of religion, to be set alongside the list of undeniably great names in those sixty years between 1840 and the end of the century, there will be time enough for it to indulge in a bit of superciliousness toward the Victorians without making itself ridiculous. Until that time comes, these aspersions upon one of the great creative eras in the history of civilization will not in any way interfere with the quiet and usual transaction of our business.

What a splendid showing that period made in the pro-

duction of wholesome, entertaining, and enduring fiction! Thackeray, Dickens, Anthony Trollope, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Bulwer Lytton, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Robert Louis Stevenson, Walter Besant, and all the rest! It is a goodly company. I have made bold to call Anthony Trollope "the best of them all," for reasons which I shall develop in this brief sketch.

He came of literary stock. His father was a lawyer who died when Anthony was only a boy, and the task of supporting and educating the whole brood of six children fell upon his mother. She did it, and did it fairly well, by her own writings. She produced in all one hundred and fourteen volumes—much more than a five-foot shelf of books—and while none of them stood anywhere near the front rank in literature, they served to keep the Trollope pot boiling with something edible in it and the wolf at a safe distance from the door. The mother remarked once, that it was difficult for the Trollope family to get the ink off of its fingers for any length of time.

The modest income of the mother made it necessary for young Anthony to go to work, and at the age of nineteen he became a junior clerk in the General Post Office at a salary of four hundred and fifty dollars a year. It was a modest beginning, and he moved ahead slowly but steadily. "Immer langsam," as the Swiss guides say! At the end of seven years he was earning seven hundred dollars, and when he went to Ireland as Post Office Inspector, he had advanced to a salary of two thousand dollars. He continued in the government service until he was fifty-two

years old. Thirty-three years of monotonous work for the Post Office!

He spent six years in Ireland, riding his horse for hundreds of miles, visiting all the out-of-the-way places to ascertain how Her Majesty's mail service was being carried on, and incidentally making observations and collecting material for his set of Irish stories. He wrote a lot of them in those early years. "The McDermotts of Ballycloran," "The Kellys and the O'Kellys," "Castle Richmond," "The Three Clerks," and all the rest! He served later in the eastern district of England, riding horseback through six of the counties, until he knew English country life from the ground up. He had "wintered it and summered it." He had eaten with it and slept with it year after year.

He supported himself and his family by his work for the Post Office during those years when his early novels were either being refused by the publishers, or else yielding so little in royalty as to make no substantial addition to the family budget. He formed that habit of writing regularly and steadily, whenever and however he could, which is one of the interesting facts of his literary career. He says in his "Autobiography" (which is one of the frankest and most naïve confessions in literature), "While I was engaged on 'Barchester Towers,' I adopted a system which I have found serviceable. My time was greatly occupied in travel, and I passed many hours on the railroads. I made myself a small tablet and after a little practice found that I could write as quickly in a railway carriage as at my desk. I worked with pencil, and what I wrote, my wife copied afterwards. The only objection

came from the appearance of literary ostentation when going to work before four or five fellow passengers, but I got used to it.

"I found it expedient to bind myself by certain self-imposed laws. When I commenced a new book, I prepared a diary divided into weeks and carried it through, so many pages a day, for the period I had allotted for the completion of that work. I have been told that such methods are beneath the notice of a man of genius. I have never fancied myself to be a man of genius, but had I been, I am sure that nothing is so potent as a law which must not be disobeyed. A small daily task if it be really 'daily' will beat the labors of a spasmodic Hercules. The tortoise always catches the hare, while the latter is losing time in preening himself for a quick spurt. Never a day without a line, has been my rule." *Non vi, sed saepe cadendo,* the Latin proverb has it. Not by violent outburst, but by continually dropping, the water wears away the stone.

"Those who are impatient of taskmasters may think that a man who works with his imagination should wait until the inspiration comes. When I hear such doctrine preached, I can scarcely repress my scorn. Does the shoemaker wait for inspiration before making another pair of shoes, or the tallow chandler for the divine moment of melting? Does a housewife wait until the spirit moves, before she bakes another good loaf of bread or cooks a chicken which her family can eat with relish? The surest aid to the writing of a book is a piece of cobbler's wax on the seat of one's chair. Young men who look forward to

authorship as the business of their lives had best avoid enthusiastic rushes with their pens. Let them seat themselves at their desks day by day as if they were lawyers' clerks and sit there until the allotted task is accomplished."

When Trollope had resigned from the Post Office and could be master of his time, he did most of his writing at daybreak. "It was my practice to be at my desk every morning at 5:30. An old groom called me and brought me my coffee. By beginning at that hour, I could complete my literary work before I dressed for breakfast. Three hours a day will produce as much as a man ought to write. But he must train himself so that he will be able to write continuously for those three hours, not nibbling at his pen or gazing at the wall until he finds words to express his ideas.

"It has been my custom to write with my watch before me requiring from myself two hundred and fifty words every quarter of an hour—a thousand words an hour. I always begin my task by reading the work of the day before, weighing with my ear the sounds of the words and phrases. And when I finish one story, I begin the next one on the following day." He finished "Dr. Thorne" on Wednesday and began "The Bertrams" Thursday morning. He finished "The Prime Minister" one day and wrote the opening chapters of "Is He Popenjoy?" the next morning. Were ever such delightful novels written according to such a mechanical method! "It's dogged as does it," was a favorite proverb with Trollope, and it was certainly true in his own case.

Several of his Irish stories were accepted and published, but his first real success was "The Warden," and that was a very meager success. "The novel-reading world did not go mad about 'The Warden,'" he says, "but I felt that it had not failed as the others had failed. There were press notices, and I could see that people around me knew that I had written a book." A thousand copies were printed and, in the first six years, seven hundred of them were sold. When the other stories in the Barchester Series were published, "The Warden" had a further sale. In ten years it had earned for the author just ninety-five dollars, which was not princely affluence.

The frank way in which he discusses all this in his "Autobiography" is like that delicious chapter about a young author in Barrie's "When a Man's Single." The literary aspirant was at an evening party, when a gushing lady of uncertain age breezed up to him and told him how greatly she had enjoyed his last novel. "Did you buy the sixth copy?" the author asked. The lady was rather nonplussed and felt compelled to say that she had not bought it, she secured it from a circulating library.

"There were just six copies sold," the author said. "I bought three myself; my uncle to whom I dedicated it bought two more, and that left one which I have never been able to account for—I thought perhaps you had purchased that copy. It came very near selling a seventh copy," he went on to say. "They published it in two volumes at fifteen shillings. When only these six copies had been sold, they marked it down to ten shillings and then to five. When that was not productive of results,

they put it out in front of a large second-hand bookstore on Oxford Street with this label: 'Published at 15 shillings marked down to 2/6 for the two volumes.' I used to stand near the shop and watch to see if any one looked at it. One day an elderly gentleman with spectacles stopped and picked up the first volume and read in it for some time. He hesitated a good while between my novel and a trigonometry—but he finally went off with the trigonometry."

Trollope made his first ten strike with "Framley Parsonage," the fourth story in the Barchester Series. From the time it appeared, his name had a pleasant sound in the ears of publishers. In thousands of English homes his picture of Lucy Roberts, who is the charming heroine of the story, had won him a host of friends. "The story is thoroughly English," he says. "A little fox hunting and a little tuft hunting, no heroism and no villainy. There was something of the Church and more love-making. And it was downright honest love-making, in which there was no pretense on the part of the lady that she was too ethereal to be fond of a man, no half-and-half inclination on his part to pay a certain price and no more for a pretty toy. Each of them longed for the other, and they were not ashamed to say so." One of the finest gifts to our modern civilization is the home life of England and no man has described it so well, taking it by and large, as Anthony Trollope.

He followed up "Framley Parsonage" with a long list of successes—the Barchester Series, the best-known of all his work, with its six stories, the Parliamentary novels

with six more, and the Manor House Series with another half-dozen. In most of these, the same characters appear and reappear until they become like old friends. The reader who takes them in order is able to trace the working out of the family strain in the second and even in the third generation. Lady Glencora, after she married Plantagenet Palliser, who later became the Duke of Omnium, led him a merry chase during the early years of their married life. Then in later years their son and daughter gave their titled father many a bad quarter of an hour in the story called "The Duke's Children."

We are told by experts who ride to hounds and like to read about it afterwards, that Anthony Trollope has written the best stories about fox hunting to be found anywhere in print. He loved that sport himself with a passionate devotion. He was ill-fitted to enjoy it. He was heavy, weighing about two hundred pounds, and he was so nearsighted that he had to wear spectacles even on horseback. When he had a fall (as he did many times) and his spectacles were knocked off, he was so blind that he could not find them, until some friend rode up to pick them up for him. His eyesight became worse as years drew on, until he could scarcely see whether he was putting his horse at an unusually high fence or at the side of a barn.

But still he kept at it. Here, as in his literary work, he felt that "It's dogged as does it." He kept it up as long as he could stick on, and he became a very good sportsman. He used to say that between a man and the horse he rode, there was a real understanding, a genuine sym-

pathy. I grew up myself on a farm and was accustomed to ride horseback from the time I was six years old. I would say that no man has learned to ride until he feels a certain centaurlike sensation, as if he and the horse under him were all of a piece. Trollope acquired that sense, and he wrote with accurate knowledge and personal enthusiasm about all the various hunts.

He cherished his admiration for womankind in a distant sort of way. His lonely work as a Post Office official, his later life in the London clubs, his fox hunting, all tended to throw him constantly into the society of men. But he developed a rare skill in analyzing the feelings which possess a woman's heart and influence her actions. One of his feminine admirers, a woman of real discrimination, once wrote him, "Mr. Trollope, how do you know just what we women say when we get alone in our rooms?" His portrayal of the various changes, psychological and affectional, which went on in Alice Vavasor in "Can You Forgive Her?" in Clara Amedroz in "The Belton Estate" and in Mary Lowther in "The Vicar of Bullhampton"! Is there anything better of that sort in English literature?

He gave scant attention to the matter of a plot. Some of his stories show little more of plot than would be found in the lives of a lot of respectable people who inhabit the streets leading off Madison Avenue, New York, or off Main Street in Gopher Prairie. In some of his later stories, however, he showed more craft in the use of his materials and more of an eye for situations truly dramatic. Lady Mason's confession of forgery in the mak-

ing of her husband's will, Lady Eustace's fantastic career in spiriting away that heirloom known as "The Eustace Diamonds," the accusation of bigamy in "John Caldigate" and the murder case of "Phineas Redux" actually border on melodrama. All this is wanting—if one really wants it—in the Barchester Series.

But for the most part Trollope takes the sort of people who travel the ways of common life and, without drawing strongly upon his imagination, allows them to act, talk, and think as they naturally would if they were not, as we say, "making history." Even so highly imaginative a writer as our own Nathaniel Hawthorne has this to say about Trollope. "It is odd enough that my own individual taste is for quite another class of works than those which I myself am able to write. If I should meet with such books as my own by another author, I do not believe that I should be able to get through them. The novels of Anthony Trollope suit my taste precisely. Solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and on the inspiration of ale! Just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case with all the inhabitants going about their daily business and not suspecting that they were being made a show of. These books are as English as beefsteak."

Trollope tells us in his "Autobiography" just how much money he got for each one of his stories. The receipts are all set out like the items in the price list of some mail order house. He scoffs at the idea that an author, a painter, a sculptor, or a composer, should not in his art show any regard for the financial rewards which may come from

his creations. There may be high-flying sons of genius who feel that money is either too delicate, or too sordid, a subject for them to talk about, or even to think about. But inasmuch as they have to eat and wear clothes and pay their way generally, like the rest of us, that celestial attitude of theirs seems to the world at large like a bit of insincere posing. Trollope was not afflicted in that way.

His first Irish story which was accepted and published brought him all told only two hundred and forty dollars. I am putting the amounts in our own currency, both because they are more quickly apprehended when one does not have to go through the process of exchange and because the returns sound much more imposing in dollars than they would in pounds sterling. Even in the days when the French franc was at par, the income of a college professor, for example, stated in francs gave one the temporary feeling of being almost in the millionaire class.

"Dr. Thorne," the first real financial success Trollope achieved, published when he was forty-three, brought him two thousand dollars. "Framley Parsonage," to the popularity of which reference has already been made, paid five thousand dollars. "Orley Farm," which has the most exciting plot of any of his stories, fifteen thousand six hundred dollars. "The Small House at Allington," which Trollope himself regarded as the most enjoyable story he had ever written, brought fifteen thousand dollars, and "The Last Chronicle of Barset," which he regarded as the best story he ever wrote, the same amount. "Can You Forgive Her" tops the list, bringing him seventeen thousand

six hundred and twenty-five dollars. The total amount received was sixty-eight thousand nine hundred and thirty-nine pounds, just short of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the coin of this realm and a very tidy sum for a man to earn with his pen. It is all the more tidy, when we recall the fact that he never wrote a shoddy, sensational story for the sake of a wider circulation, nor an unclean line to make a more effective appeal to the groundlings.

This last point might well be emphasized because, in these times on which we have fallen, there are many writers of whom that cannot be said. We have a horde of novelists to-day, male and female, like the animals Noah took into the Ark (and the resemblance does not quite end there), working diligently and indecently at the sex appeal as if their study of human anatomy had never led them beyond the knowledge of a single set of impulses. To read the stories of some of these writers, one would suppose that about all that the average man thinks about is having unlawful relations with the other sex. The decent-living man feels like getting up on some high platform and calling out to that whole unclean horde, "Good Lord, we are not all like that! We have other things to think about besides sex!" But that is another story, as Kipling would say, and not nearly so pleasant a story as any one of Anthony Trollope's.

One of the main tests of a good novelist is to be found in his ability to create characters which live and move and have their being in such a way as to become the common possession of all who read his books. Here Trollope

showed himself a past master of his art. The dear old Warden himself, Archdeacon Grantley, his son-in-law, and Mrs. Proudie, the wife of the bishop; Plantagenet Palliser and Lady Glencora, Phineas Finn, the Irish Member of Parliament, and Lady Eustace, who was so crooked that she could hardly tell anyone truthfully what day of the month it was, Chaffenbrass, the lawyer, Dr. Thorne, who healed human hurts of all kinds, and Lily Dale, who loved and lost and never could quite bring herself to love again!

How familiar all of them are to every reader of Trollope! We know just how they looked and what they would say, if we happened to meet them at the corner of the next street. We know them as well as we know Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover, A. Lawrence Lowell, and William Lyon Phelps.

When I was on a train recently and my eyes were tired from reading, I sat back and entertained myself by counting up how many characters from Trollope's stories had remained clear and distinct before my mind's eye. I found that there were seventy-eight of them who stood out as definitely as if they had been sitting in the seats around me. I could see them and hear them talk. I could love them or hate them according to their varying deserts. To all intents and purposes they were there with me. If any of them had come into the car at Providence or New London, as I journeyed along toward New Haven, I should have recognized them instantly. If Lucy Roberts and Eleanor Bold had come in, I am not sure but that I might have gotten up at once to greet them as long-lost cousins.

He created them all, and they are real people to me and to every other lover of Trollope.

He was fortunate in having many of his stories illustrated from drawings made by Sir John Millais, one of the leading artists of those great days. Sir John made eighty-seven drawings to illustrate Trollope's novels, and the author says that he does not think that more conscientious work was ever done by man. There are two ways of illustrating—one is to make a pretty picture regardless, the other is to study the work of the author from whose writings the artist takes his subject, until he can and does "throw light" (which is the literal meaning of the word illustrate) upon the character in question. It need not be said to which group Sir John Millais belonged.

There is a pretty story told of a picnic party which came upon a young artist who was sketching at the edge of a wood to which they were bound. Sir John was of the party. He looked over the artist's shoulder at the picture and said to him in a friendly way, "You have your light wrong." He took the brush from the artist's hand and with half a dozen deft strokes made another thing of it altogether (to the artist's infinite delight), and then hurried on to join his party.

"He ought to know who did it," one member of the group remarked, and he ran back to tell him that it was Sir John Millais. When this man came up with the rest, a young lady said, "He ought to know also that it was Anthony Trollope who ran back to tell him." And then, without further ado, she ran back to tell him that. Inas-

much as the young lady, who felt that she was putting the finishing touch to that scene, was Miss Thackeray, the daughter of the great novelist, the telling of the young man might well have been carried one step further. What a scene it was with Sir John Millais and Anthony Trollope and the lovely daughter of William Makepeace Thackeray all in the picture!

It reminds me of a story told me by a California friend when I lived there. She was a Vassar graduate and a woman of wide culture. She was present one evening at a dinner party in London, when the conversation turned upon the difference between English and American humor. She made bold to contribute this incident to the discussion:

On a summer day, she said, two men went into Delmonico's Restaurant in New York for their lunch. They saw a table for two by an open window which attracted them and were about to seat themselves, when the head waiter hurried up (very apologetic but very resolute), to tell them that that particular table had already been engaged by two gentlemen who were due to arrive at any moment. While he was explaining, the two men who did have the table engaged appeared, and made their way across the dining room. The two men who had come first very politely gave way and were seated at another table.

In a few moments, one of the two fortunate men sitting by the open window came over to the first pair to express his gratitude for their kindness and he added, "You might like to know to whom you have shown this

courtesy. I am Richard Harding Davis and my friend there is Frank Hopkinson Smith."

The two men indicated their pleasure in having that fact made known to them, and one of them promptly replied, "And perhaps you would like to know who *we* are! I am Emperor William and my friend here is Queen Victoria." This bit of American horseplay was too much for the British mind. The people at the table maintained a deep silence and their faces were altogether blank, until presently light broke upon the mind of the hostess and she hastened to relieve the situation by saying, "And was he insane?" Her remark, to the mind of my California friend, was a great deal funnier than the story itself.

Anthony Trollope stood related to some of the best blood in England. He had an assured social position, even before his writings had made him famous and desired. It was once said of him by a well-known club man, a diner-out, "No man in London is more generally liked than Anthony Trollope."

He had the entrée into delightful social circles, into country houses, and he knew intimately a great many of the men and women best worth knowing in the England of his day. Therefore when he wrote about lords and ladies, about men in Parliament and members of the government, about bishops and deans, he knew what he was talking about. When he drew pictures of them in the daily round of their joyous and distinguished lives, he had that sure touch which comes only from accurate, intimate, and long-cherished knowledge.

He thus lived on terms of pleasant intimacy with those

people who sat away above the salt. And in his work as a government official, attending to the details of the postal service in small towns and rural districts, both in Ireland and in England, he also knew his common people. With this material lying in the back of his mind, he created characters for his stories which were real people.

He lived with them, month in and month out. "I have imbued myself thoroughly," he says, "with the characters I have in hand. I have wandered alone among the rocks and woods, crying at their grief, laughing at their absurdities, and thoroughly enjoying their joy. I have become impregnated with my own creations until it has been my only excitement to sit with pen in hand and drive my team before me at as quick a pace as I could make them travel."

His father was a lawyer, and he had many intimate friends among the attorneys and barristers of Inns Court. Three of the best court scenes in English fiction are to be found in the trial of Lady Mason for forgery in "Orley Farm," in the trial of Phineas Finn for the murder of Mr. Bonteen, a political rival and in the trial of John Caldigate for bigamy. Trollope took counsel, as any prudent writer would, with his legal friends touching the details, and when a lawyer reads these stories, he is not bored and offended by blundering references to court procedure. The novelist was ever ready to sit down at the feet of men who could teach him how to pursue his own trade with a finer efficiency.

I have shown my faith by my works. I have in my own private library in New Haven, seventy-two volumes of Anthony Trollope. I did not purchase them wholesale, as

one buys the "Encyclopædia Britannica" or a complete set of Stevenson, or the "Chronicles of America," so splendidly gotten out in fifty volumes by the Yale University Press. I bought them one by one because I liked them and wanted them on my shelves where I could refer to them and read them again.

I have read them all at least three times, and many of the best ones I have read more times than that. When I am about to make a railway journey, I often think of the display of "reading matter" (in this case that is exactly the right phrase) spread out on the bookstands at the station or offered in circulating libraries. Then I go to the shelves where Trollope is and take down one which I have not read for several years, knowing that I will find myself in pleasant company. The plot may already be so familiar that it has no surprises to offer, but the interesting people, the clear, flowing, enjoyable style, and the sense of seeing the best there is in English life as it is, are a sufficient reward.

When I read a novel I want to be entertained, not bored, not preached to, not nauseated by some repulsive mess of the morbid aspects of human life, even though it may claim to be the last word in "realism." I want to be entertained from the first chapter on through every act and scene until the curtain falls.

When I am reading solid, improving books like Plato's "Republic," or Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," or Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," I am willing to be bored, if need be, for a time, because I know that I am furnishing my mind with the solid facts of his-

tory or with sound ideas which have shaped the thinking of the race. But when I sit down to read a story, I am not doing penance, nor primarily improving my mind, nor getting ready for the finals in an examination for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. I want the story-teller to take me out of my ordinary self, away from the cares of the day, into stimulating contact with interesting people, into the give and take of keen, bright talk, and into the enjoyment of the honest delights of human life at its best. And all that Anthony Trollope does, with a sureness and a finish that I have found nowhere else in the same abundant measure.

But in the title of this chapter, I speak of Anthony Trollope as "the best of all the Victorian novelists"—and it is high time that I addressed myself more directly to the establishment of that high claim.

We are bound to say at the very outset that Dickens has been much more widely read. He has created a considerable number of characters which have become part of the common inheritance of reading people. If one were to go out on the Fourth of July or on Labor Day, asking all the people he met in the highways and the byways to name the three greatest English novelists of the nineteenth century, he might find that in four-fifths of the replies the three names would be Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot.

I have read all of their stories too—I began to read Dickens the summer I was nine years old, making my way with a good deal of uncertainty here and there through

"David Copperfield." I have read all of the best stories of each one of the three authors named, several times. I have no wish to quarrel with the appraisal placed upon their work by millions of people who speak our tongue. But for all that, I would place Trollope above them all.

Dickens lacks in style. It is not a clear, firm, natural style—it is made up too much from a big bag of rhetorical tricks. It is labored, artificial, ponderous. One feels like saying ever and anon as one grows older—and the young people of our generation say it so bluntly that they scarcely read him at all—"Get on man, get on with your tale and be less wordy."

Dickens' characters for the most part are not human beings. They are cartoons, sometimes clever, sometimes not, but paper things rather than flesh and blood. He was a caricaturist. He delighted in exaggeration. He believed that it was funny to draw a man with a nose two feet long or with certain faculties of his inner life equally out of the ordinary and out of all proportion. That may be diverting at times but it is caricature rather than portrayal. He has not pictured English life—he has shown us, in great sections of his work, a collection of sideshow exhibits or museum freaks. And freaks that never were on land or sea!

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth, but I do not believe that He ever would have or ever could have, if I may be permitted to say it without irreverence, created such a man as Pecksniff. As the English say, "It is not done."

Long before Pecksniff had reached the mature age

when he is brought upon the scene, "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" would have knocked a lot of that religious pomposity and snivelling hypocrisy out of him. So much would have been knocked out of him as to spoil him utterly for Dickens' well-known cartoon. Set such a man down anywhere on the face of the globe, and the inevitable social reaction to that method and manner of life would have been such that he would have lasted about as long as some dear old lady would last in a football game in the Yale Bowl. There is too much unreality and exaggeration in Dickens for me to place him first in that distinguished group of story-tellers.

Compare his work in that respect with the work of Trollope! When one reads Trollope, he has a cross-section of English life just as it was in his day. It is just as if he had kicked off the top of an ant hill and saw the little creatures busy and anxious about their small affairs, all unaware that they were being watched and studied by this ruthless being who had broken in upon them. It is as if he had cut into a fast ripening Roquefort cheese and saw those smaller bugs busily engaged in producing and spreading the green mold which gives the cheese its flavor. The latter simile is to be preferred perhaps, because a good square meal of Trollope is for all the world like a bite or two of delicious cheese, and it leaves the same pleasant taste in the mouth. Trollope is real, "true to life" as we say, in a sense and to a degree that Dickens is not.

Dickens' characters (many of them at least) are droll puppets. There is no life in them as he wiggles them about for our entertainment. If you were to cut into them, they

would not bleed—you would strike sawdust at the first slash. Trollope's characters, almost without exception, are so real that you can see them eat, even while you are looking at them on the printed page.

It is the puppetlike effect which renders many of the characters, whom Dickens intended to be attractive, actually uninteresting, because of the lifeless quality of their action. What man in his senses would ever want to marry and live with either Dora Spenlow or Agnes Wickfield, offered in turn to poor David for his conjugal happiness! Both of them, the weak, silly, sentimental one and the sensible, exemplary one, are like those wax figures in the store window set out for the display of feminine apparel. They are not women to be enjoyed and loved. If either one of them had come into the train that day at New London, it would have been easy for me to restrain myself. His people oftentimes are not real people—many of them could scarcely be called human beings.

George Eliot possessed a mind which in its philosophic insight and grasp went far beyond anything that Trollope could have shown along that line. She could make herself interesting to, and could be interested by, Herbert Spencer. She ate up his synthetic philosophy as readily as if it had been chocolate ice cream, whereas I am sure that if Anthony Trollope and Herbert Spencer had been put down together to pass an evening in personal conversation, it would have been for both of them an occasion of great weariness.

But George Eliot was essentially a preacher rather than

an artist. She was a very good preacher, for those possessed of sufficient patience to sit the sermon through. I am a preacher myself and I have read all of her stories with deep interest—the best of them, "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Middlemarch," I have read several times. "Adam Bede" is a sermon on the tragic consequences worked out by irresponsible, youthful passion, with occasional glimpses into an unseen world of mystic realities through the eyes of Dinah Morris. "Middlemarch" is an arraignment of the dull, selfish pedantry which sometimes accompanies great learning, that dry, constipated type of academic mind which makes every healthy person furious. "Daniel Deronda," as a presentation of that Hebrew tenacity of purpose and of race loyalty which has kept the Jews a people (even though for nearly twenty centuries they have been men without a country), is a splendid religious document. All this is excellent preaching. I wish there were more of it in all of our pulpits. I wish with all my heart that I could do more of it myself in that grand manner. But when all is said and done, the moralizing of the preacher in George Eliot's novels overshadows the art of the story-teller.

Trollope's stories are as clean as spring water, and as refreshing. He leads the way into many a situation where selfishness, falsity, greed, malice, jealousy, receive such hard blows between the eyes that they are knocked down; while honesty, kindliness, modesty, enter at last (through much tribulation it may be, like those saints in the Bible who come up "under pressure" to be arrayed in white robes with palms in their hands)—these finer qualities

enter at last into their reward. But Trollope as he approaches such a situation, or as he draws near to the end of his tale, is not forever saying, "Now brethren observe" or "let us pray." He leaves all that, very wisely as I think, to men trained and ordained to that particular office.

When we come to compare Trollope with Thackeray, the question is much more difficult. I do not feel that any one of Trollope's stories equals "Henry Esmond." In solid substance, in its marvelous style, and in the breadth of its appeal, the latter is a wonderful story. Trollope expressed himself regarding this story of Thackeray's even more strongly. "I regard 'Henry Esmond,' " he said, "as the greatest novel in the English language, basing that judgment upon the excellence of its English, on the clear individuality of the characters, on the truth of its delineation in regard to the time selected, and on its great pathos. There are a few scenes so told that even Scott has never equalled the telling. When Thackeray went from us, I think that those who best understood the matter felt that the greatest man of fiction in this age had gone."

Thackeray also created characters which live permanently in the minds of multitudes of readers. Who can ever forget Becky Sharp, Colonel Newcome, Major Pendennis, and Henry Esmond! But there are only a few of them. Trollope's creations form a much more goodly company. Could any lover of Thackeray call before his mind's eye in definite fashion seventy-eight clear-cut outlines of people whom he knew well enough to have more

than a speaking acquaintance with? Dickens has far outstripped Thackeray in that respect, but Trollope surpasses them all.

Furthermore, there is just a bit too much of satirical and cynical moralizing in Thackeray's pages. He does not merely stand off and laugh in bitter fashion at the foibles and weaknesses of his less attractive figures—he uses them deliberately to point lessons and serve as horrible examples. He sometimes lashes them, almost savagely, for the moral edification of his readers. As I indicated in discussing George Eliot, Trollope rigorously held his art apart from any such homiletic purpose.

Thackeray by no means sustains so high a level through a long list of volumes. "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," and "Henry Esmond" are truly great stories, with "Pendennis" on the next shelf below. But when we come to "The Virginians," "Philip," "Barry Lyndon," and the "Book of Snobs," there is a great falling off.

When we eliminate Trollope's early Irish stories and a dozen others where he undertook to work in some situation to which his own mind and method were not naturally attuned, we have left at least thirty stories, all of them on a very high level and all of them maintaining that fine quality which has made him beloved by thoughtful readers of the best English fiction. Grant that no one of the thirty equals "Henry Esmond," the fact that an author so prolific could maintain that high average is a mark of real ability. Mass production of itself is a minor consideration—we do not appraise literary work as we do cord wood—but a man who can produce thirty capital

stories has a certain claim to distinction over a man who produces only three or four.

It is the first business of a novelist to tell an interesting story which people will read, and to tell it in such a way that the flavor of it will linger in their minds and hearts, that the outstanding figures in it will become like neighbors and friends, that the net result of its perusal will mean a more intelligent, sympathetic insight into the ways of human life. When any novelist does this and does it well, he earns the gratitude of mankind.

"Novels are read," someone has said, "right and left, above stairs and below, in town houses and in country parsonages, by young countesses, and by farmers' daughters, by old lawyers and by young clerks." Fiction forms a very large part of the literary circulating medium of any country. If that currency is not depreciated by the printing of counterfeit money, but is made up from the real coin of the realm, its influence upon the thoughts, the sentiments, and the actions of people generally, is potent. Trollope's stories, like British sovereigns, are made, not of pure gold—the sovereigns are not—but of gold where the percentage of alloy is not sufficient to lessen their usefulness, and they are worth their full face value in any part of the English-reading world.

IV

PETER COOPER

"DILIGENT IN BUSINESS, SERVING THE LORD"

We are sometimes told by "hard-headed business men," as they like to term themselves, with both hands significantly in their pockets and their chins thrust well forward, that "Business is business. You cannot mix religion with business. There is no place for moral idealism in business. In the world of trade it is diamond cut diamond, dog eat dog, and the devil take the fellow who gets left."

I wonder! If the world really believed that, we might well despair. If business were a kind of "no man's land," a deadly sector of the total life, where moral idealism dared not venture, where an unregulated, competitive selfishness is lord of all, then that fact would have to be set down as a calamity of the first order. If a man cannot take the best of himself and all of himself into that vast realm of human activity which dominates six-sevenths of the time and strength of most men (and of an increasing number of women), then alas for us all! Man does not live by bread alone, neither does he live without bread. He lives by all the great words which proceed out of the mind of his Maker—food, clothing, shelter—courage, aspiration, high resolve—knowledge, beauty, affection—

faith, hope, love! By all these men live, where they live at all.

It was imperative therefore that, in preparing these sketches of men of larger build, I should include at least one business man. I have chosen Peter Cooper, a man who was "diligent in business, serving the Lord." When he died at the age of ninety-two, full of years and of honor, a man who had brought distinction to his native city and to the whole nation, as a merchant, a citizen, and a philanthropist, the New York Chamber of Commerce, in the resolutions it adopted, had this to say about him: "He was one of the most remarkable men of his time, a man who was perhaps more widely known and more universally and sincerely mourned at his death than any other private citizen in the whole history of our country." This was high praise to come from a body of New York business men, and he richly merited it. He stood for moral idealism in the work-a-day world.

He was born in the year 1791 in New York City. Up to the time he was seventeen he had attended school but one year, and that only for half-day sessions. During most of those seventeen years of his life he was engaged in a hard struggle for existence. He was set to work early when he was so small that his head barely came to the top of the table where he was engaged in his father's hat shop, pulling out the hairs from rabbit skins to furnish pulp for the manufacture of hats. He then lived for a time in Peekskill where his father had a country store and was carrying on, in a small way, the business of brewing. The boy worked in the store and in the brewery. Then

his father moved to the Catskills, where he engaged in brick making, and the boy carried bricks from the yard where they were molded to the kiln where they were fired. Then he was apprenticed for four years to a coach-maker in New York, where his wages were twenty-five dollars a year and his board. Even in those simpler times this was far from affluence for a boy between the age of seventeen and twenty-one. When he finished this apprenticeship, able to make with his own hands any part of a coach, he went into business for himself and was presently engaged in the manufacture of glue, where he laid the foundation of what was destined to become a large fortune.

Here he was, "Twenty-one years old, small in stature, still weak from overwork in his childhood, the master of one trade with a good knowledge of three others, an education picked up in scraps at odd times, having all his possessions in his pocket and in a bundle on his back! Peter Cooper left the coach factory to seek his fortune and he knew that he must depend upon his own exertions for success. He determined that he would exert himself to the utmost."

Out of what common, homely materials was the young man shaping up the beginnings of what proved to be an illustrious career! Rabbit skins and bricks, beer and glue! The Lord of life has a way of making strong men from the dust of the ground, "breathing into their nostrils the breath of his own mighty life," when their faces are turned upward, that they may "become living souls." The dullness and the difficulties of those earlier years did not

dim the vision of young Peter Cooper. He endured as seeing One who is invisible. He saw from the start those values in life which are supreme and lasting. He was diligent in any business he undertook, however lowly, and by that diligence he was serving the Lord.

Peter Cooper made a better article of glue than could be had anywhere else—better glue than that which was being imported. He soon had the entire trade of the city of New York and of the surrounding towns, and of other states as well, in his hands. It was Ralph Waldo Emerson, the philosopher and transcendentalist, who preached the homely doctrine that if a man would write a better book or bake a better loaf of bread or make a better mouse-trap than any other man was doing at that time, the world would make a pathway to his door. "Cooper's Glue" came to be used all over the country. He retained an interest in that business until the time of his death, for it had proved immensely profitable. When he was only thirty-seven years old, he was already what was regarded in those more modest times, as quite a rich man.

He soon began to "launch out into the deep" and to "do business in great waters"—this in a very literal sense when it came to the laying of the first Atlantic cable by a company of which he was the president and the driving force. In 1850 he erected at Trenton, New Jersey, what was then the largest rolling mill in the United States. It developed until for a long period it was yielding him an annual profit of two hundred thousand dollars. He also built large blast furnaces and rolling mills near Easton, Pennsylvania, which were equally successful. He bought

three thousand acres of land in and adjacent to the city of Baltimore, where he set up extensive iron works and later a rolling mill.

In 1830 he built the first locomotive in this country, which was actually put upon the track and made to run. It was tried on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. It was called "Tom Thumb," but it proved to be too small to be of much use. A little later he built at the West Point Foundry a larger locomotive named "Best Friend," which was the first locomotive actually used in the drawing of trains.

It was long before the days when the "Broadway Limited" or the "Twentieth Century" makes the run from New York to Chicago in eighteen hours. When Peter Cooper was at work upon his locomotive, the stockholders of the Baltimore & Ohio expressed their open distrust as to the practicability of running a locomotive with a train of cars around the many abrupt curves on that road. When he had finished his engine, he induced forty-two of the stockholders to go with him on a trial trip. He seated thirty-six of them in a small box car and the other six were given seats upon the engine, which carried its own fuel and water. Having to overcome a grade of eighteen feet to the mile and turn all the short curves around the Point of Rocks, the locomotive succeeded in making the run to Ellicott's Mills, a distance of thirteen miles, in one hour and twelve minutes, the return trip being made in fifty-seven minutes. This could not be called "rapid transit" but it showed that the thing could be done. The Baltimore & Ohio was thereby saved from threatened

bankruptcy and moved ahead to become one of the great transportation systems of our country.

From the very beginning of his business career Peter Cooper showed that inventive ability which was characteristic of his fertile mind. He invented the first machine for the cutting of steel plate to the required size. He invented a machine for puddling and reducing iron ore to pig iron at a greatly reduced cost. He invented a cradle for babies which would rock itself and also produce soothing music to lull the infant to sleep. This he did to save the time of his wife, who had many demands upon her strength, which he deemed more important than the rocking of a cradle and the singing of lullabies. He invented and began to manufacture a shearing machine to remove the roughness from woven cloth. The principle followed suggested the manufacture of mowing machines (at that time unknown) to replace the slower and more laborious swinging of the scythe. He invented a torpedo boat which could be sent from the shore or from a vessel toward an enemy ship six to eight miles distant. His torpedo was propelled by a screw driven by a steam engine and guided toward its object by a couple of steel wires unwound from a reel and adjusted to the steering apparatus of the torpedo.

All this was pioneer work. Every one of those contrivances has been long since improved upon and superseded by more recent inventions. It is not to be forgotten, however, that this capable, progressive business man in those earlier years blazed the trail for much of this splendid advance. This capacity along mechanical lines had been

fostered and developed during those years of his apprenticeship to the coach builder. He had been steadily gaining something of much more value for his subsequent activities than the twenty-five dollars a year and his board.

He firmly believed that "flying machines," as they were called at that time, were sure to come and that travel by air would become as much a matter of course as travel by land or by sea. He was once experimenting with a gas for the filling of balloons which, being lighter than air, could be used in this way, when there came an explosion which all but cost him his life. It was feared that his eyesight had been destroyed. He had to spend five months in a darkened room. He recovered his sight but was compelled for the rest of his days to wear the curious and rather elaborate spectacles which are seen in almost all of his portraits.

What he always regarded as the crowning achievement of his business career came in connection with the laying of the first Atlantic cable. We have become so fully accustomed to the use of submarine cables which carry the news across all the seven seas in the twinkling of an eye, and now to the transmission of sound by radio, enabling people in the interior of our country to listen to orchestras playing in New York or San Francisco and to hear the King of England addressing the Economic Congress in London or the Pope at Rome speaking to the faithful throughout the world from his place in the Vatican, that we often forget how short a time has elapsed since those first cables were laid. The man who was mainly responsible for carrying through the project, brought forward

by Cyrus W. Field, was Peter Cooper, who died in 1883, only fifty years ago.

In 1854, in a house on Gramercy Park, New York, a group of five men organized the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company, the object of which was stated to be "the establishment of a line of telegraphic communication between America and Europe by way of Newfoundland." Peter Cooper was the president and leading spirit in that company, and to him, quite as much as to any other one man, is due the successful completion of that first Atlantic cable.

There were a number of unfortunate delays and accidents in connection with the laying of the first section of that cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence. One of the towing vessels got her steering apparatus tangled with the wires, lost her anchor, and was rapidly being driven upon the rocks, where she would have been dashed to pieces. The wire of the cable had to be cut and was dropped into the sea, causing a loss to the company of some three hundred thousand dollars. These difficulties caused many people to distrust the feasibility of that undertaking and to laugh at the men who had projected it as "wild-eyed dreamers." Even after the cable had been laid and some four hundred messages had been sent and received, the clicking of the instruments grew fainter and fainter, and then failed altogether. All connection by cable ceased. Then the unbelievers shouted, "We told you so! The whole thing is a humbug. No message has ever been received from across the water."

But there were men on this side of the ocean and on

that, who knew better. Peter Cooper and Cyrus W. Field and Sir Samuel Cunard, of the well-known steamship company, were among the number. They resolutely set to work again, even though the failures and accidents had cost them dear. It turned out that the workmen employed to lay the first cable had left the gutta-percha covering, by which the wire was to be protected, lying in the hot sun and in several places it had been melted off. Thus the electric current was allowed to come in direct contact with the salt water and with the bottom of the sea—its force was lost and the cable would not work.

They succeeded in making another cable, and they got it about halfway across the ocean when they lost the end of it. Then the matter seemed almost hopeless. For two whole years the enterprise was dropped for lack of funds. The men themselves had a fear that they had lost all the money which they had put into it, and with no results. But Cyrus W. Field persisted. He got hold of an old friend of his who was a Quaker, and a very rich man. He was a "Friend" indeed. He subscribed four hundred thousand dollars toward a fund to lay this second cable, and in the course of a few weeks Mr. Field had the whole amount of six million dollars subscribed for the enterprise.

Of the final success of the undertaking, Peter Cooper had this to say in his own writings. "The cable was put down and it worked successfully. We then went out to see if we could not pick up the other one. The balance of the lost cable was on board the ship. The cable was found, picked up, and joined to the rest—and this wonder

of the world was accomplished. I do not think that feat has been surpassed by any other human achievement. The cable was taken out of the water two and a half miles deep in mid-ocean. It was pulled up three times—they would get it up just far enough to see it, but it would go down again, and all our work had to be done over. They used up all their coal and spent twelve days in hooking for the cable, but it was finally caught and brought to the surface. They succeeded in fastening the two ends of the cable together, and then we had two complete wires across the ocean."

The first words sent over the cable were those four words suggested by Cyrus W. Field, "What hath God wrought!"

Then Queen Victoria of England sent this message to the President of the United States:

"The Queen desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of a great international work in which the Queen has taken the deepest interest. The Queen is convinced that the President will unite with her in the fervent hope that the electric cable, which now connects Great Britain with the United States, will prove an additional link between the nations whose friendship is founded in their common interest and their reciprocal esteem. The Queen has much pleasure in thus communicating with the President and renews her wishes for the prosperity of the United States."

Then our President cabled his reply to Queen Victoria:

"The President cordially reciprocates the congratulations of Her Majesty, the Queen, on the success of a great international enterprise accomplished by the science, the skill, and

the indomitable energy of the two countries. It is a triumph more glorious, because far more useful to mankind, than was ever won by a conqueror on the field of battle. May the Atlantic telegraph under the blessing of Heaven prove to be a perpetual bond of peace between kindred nations and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, liberty, and love throughout the world.

JAMES BUCHANAN."

When the Queen's cablegram was received, the City of New York literally went wild with excitement. All church bells and fire bells were rung. Flags were flung out from almost every window. A salute of one hundred guns was fired from City Hall Park at daybreak and another one hundred at noon. Bands played everywhere, and military and other organizations went on parade. The streets were filled with rejoicing people. Among them all there was no one any happier than Peter Cooper, who was the president of the company which had carried through this great work, and who had given large sums of money for its completion.

Peter Cooper was a man of public spirit. During the Civil War he gave active and generous support to the cause of the Union because he had no sympathy either with slavery or with secession. He was born on the 12th day of February, Lincoln's birthday. Though he was a Democrat, he was, throughout that whole troubled period, an ardent, steadfast supporter of the great Emancipator.

He felt a profound interest in, and a genuine affection for, his own native city. He had seen New York grow from a small settlement of twenty-seven thousand people

at the time of his birth, to a metropolis with a population of more than a million at the time of his death. He was elected to the City Council, against his protest—he offered to give five thousand dollars to the campaign fund if they would excuse him from being a candidate, but his friends insisted upon electing him. He served faithfully as an alderman, giving special attention at first to the securing of paid fire and police departments. The volunteer fire department had been ineffective in protecting the city from flames. The "watchers," as they were called (loosely recruited from day laborers and dock workers to patrol the city and paid only a shilling a night), had been unable to protect the people from thieves and robbers. Peter Cooper's son, Edward Cooper, became Mayor of New York. His daughter was married to Abram S. Hewitt, a distinguished citizen, a member of Congress from his own district, and one of the most honored and useful mayors New York City has ever had.

Peter Cooper was deeply interested in questions of finance, writing and speaking a great deal along those lines. He was strongly opposed to all those acts of legislation which favored the interests of the wealthier class and disregarded the interests of the common people, although he was himself personally a rich man. He saw the injustice which many people had suffered, because of the variations in the volume of currency in circulation with the changing value of the dollar in real purchasing power. In 1865, at the close of the Civil War, the currency in circulation in this country amounted to fifty-eight dollars per capita of our population. In 1875, only ten

years later, the amount of our currency amounted to only seventeen dollars per capita—less than one-third as much. Debts, which had been contracted in 1865 (and in the years immediately following) when money was cheap, now had to be paid when money was dear. The value of the dollar in 1875 in real purchasing power was practically three times as great as it was ten years earlier. It was therefore three times as hard to get a dollar, either by labor or by exchange, and all those men who had debts to pay which had been contracted under vastly different conditions suffered an injustice.

This led to the organization of the "Greenback Party," as it was called, in 1876. One of their main contentions was that paper currency should be made legal tender for the payment of all debts. At that time such currency was legal tender for the payment of all debts, except interest on the public debt (interest on our bonds), and duties on imports. This led to the depreciation of the paper money. It also enabled foreigners or others, who had purchased those government bonds when money was cheap, to compel the nation to pay interest on them in gold when money was dear. They were therefore able to collect interest in gold upon bonds having a par value of one hundred dollars, which had cost the owners in reality only from sixty to seventy dollars.

The manifest injustice of it was keenly felt, and there was a great deal of discussion touching the question of currency during that Presidential campaign. Peter Cooper was nominated for the Presidency by the Greenback party, and he accepted because of his sympathy for those who

were suffering what he deemed a gross injustice. It was the Hayes-Tilden campaign, when the result of the election was in doubt for months. Peter Cooper received only about one hundred thousand votes, but he had made clear his conviction touching that aspect of our national system of finance.

The work for which he has come to be best known was the establishment and endowment of Cooper Institute. It was said of him at the time of his death—"He has earned and given away millions of dollars and has given to our city one of our noblest institutions."

His own lack of educational opportunities in his boyhood gave him a very real sympathy for all the boys and girls who, because of insufficient means in the hands of their parents, are compelled to face life with a similar handicap. He decided, while he was a member of the Board of Aldermen, to establish and endow in the City of New York an institution of free instruction in the arts and sciences, and to provide free lectures for all those, old or young, who were desirous of broadening their horizon and increasing their knowledge. He based it upon certain methods which he had seen worked out by the École Polytechnique of Paris.

Here was his declaration of purpose. "Feeling, as I always have, my own lack of education, I have been led, in deep sympathy for those whom I knew would be subject to the same wants and inconvenience that I had encountered, to provide here an Institute where the courses of instruction would be open and free to all who felt the want of scientific knowledge as applicable to any of the

useful arts of life. Having started in life with naked hands and an honest purpose, I persevered through long years of trial and effort to obtain the means to erect this building, which is now devoted with all its rents and revenues to the advancement of science and art."

He worked at the creation of this Institute for nearly thirty years, and when he finally presented it to the City of New York for the beneficent purposes indicated above, it represented a financial outlay on his part of nine hundred thousand dollars, as well as a long period of personal interest and service. Andrew Carnegie was a great admirer of Peter Cooper, saying many times, publicly and privately, that the achievements of this wise and good man had been of great help to him. He first gave three hundred thousand dollars toward the endowment fund of the Cooper Institute, then later another three hundred thousand. Another man (who preferred to remain unknown) because of his interest in this work called upon Abram S. Hewitt, Peter Cooper's son-in-law, and gave him in confidence his check for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the money to be turned over by Mr. Hewitt to the Cooper Institute. From the income of these various gifts and by the rentals received from property given by its founder, the Cooper Institute came to have a yearly income of one hundred thousand dollars, to be devoted to this work of education for the less privileged on the lower East side of New York.

It has set many a young man, lamed not by any physical ailment, but by his lack of education and training, upon his feet and sent him out to a life of larger usefulness. It

has brought to literally millions of adults, who have come in and gone out through the doors of the Cooper Union through all these many years since it was established, a larger, wiser, and more just outlook upon life because of the lectures (many of them by the most distinguished men in our country) given to those audiences, hungry for a more abundant life. The large lecture hall of the Cooper Union seats over eighteen hundred, and it is usually well-filled by eager listeners who attend these popular courses of lectures given there during the fall and winter of every year.

There was one occasion which made Cooper Union forever famous in the annals of our country. Abraham Lincoln had come on to give his first address in the East on the evening of February 27, 1860, and it was given in that place. This was months before the Chicago Convention, and the address had much to do with the nominating of Lincoln for the Presidency. David Dudley Field escorted Lincoln to the platform, and William Cullen Bryant, author of "Thanatopsis," at that time editor of the *New York Evening Post,* presided and introduced him. "The pick and flower of New York culture was there"; people who had been reading newspapers published by Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, and Henry J. Raymond. They were there to sit in judgment upon this man from the prairies of Illinois and to decide whether he was of that build which would warrant them in endorsing him for leadership in the sorely troubled national life. After Horace Greeley had heard the speech, he said in the columns of the *New York Tribune,* "No

man has been welcomed by such an audience of the intellect and mental culture of our city since the days of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster."

Lincoln began his address in modest fashion and was slow in getting started. But as he entered upon a frank discussion of the underlying principles of right and wrong which entered into the question of human slavery, he rose to the occasion. He won the interest and approval of his hearers to such a degree that the atmosphere was tense with profound feeling. "His face was lighted up with an inward fire," said one reporter who had rightful claim to literary skill. "His address," said William E. Barton, "was devoid of all the characteristics of stump oratory. It was a carefully reasoned, thoughtful discourse addressed to the intellect and consciences of his hearers. He surprised them all by his knowledge of American political history and of the principles underlying our national legislation."

When Lincoln finished, he seemed to hold that large and influential company of people in the hollow of his hand. The Cooper Union address was printed in full in the daily papers far and wide; it was also issued in pamphlet form and read by Lincoln's fellow citizens all over the land. It was a powerful factor in leading the people of this nation to place him at the head of the government in that crucial period of our history.

In the year 1921 I was invited to give my lecture on Lincoln (the substance of which is contained in the last chapter of this book) at the Cooper Union. The large audience was composed mainly of people from that sec-

tion of the city, but here and there were people who appeared to belong to the more privileged class. It was a most responsive audience, for Lincoln is known, appreciated, and loved by all the people whether they sit above the salt at the feast of life, or at the other end of the table. When I finished my lecture that night a fine-looking man, who bore in his face the marks of culture and character, came up and spoke to me warmly about the lecture. Then he added, "I was here on the 27th day of February, 1860, and I heard Abraham Lincoln give the famous address to which you have referred to-night. I was a boy of twelve at the time, and my father brought me with him, telling me to look carefully at the man who was to speak, because he was destined to become one of the greatest men in the history of our country." The father's prediction has been abundantly fulfilled.

Peter Cooper showed his high principles in the method by which he accumulated his fortune. It was not done by trampling upon the rights and interests of the less fortunate. It was not done by the wilder methods of reckless speculation. Early in life, he once purchased ten dollars' worth of lottery tickets. Fortunately for him not one of them drew a prize—he lost his entire investment. Then and there he decided that games of chance, reputable or disreputable, could never again engage his interest or receive his financial support. His fortune was gained by useful activities and by sound economic methods.

He was ever considerate and humane in his treatment of those in his employ, of whom he had at times as many as twenty-five hundred. He paid them generously and

promptly, because he felt a personal responsibility for their welfare. They honored and trusted him as a father. His deeds of love were so numerous and far-reaching that the hearts of a multitude went out to him in gratitude. It was said of him by Robert Collyer, an eminent Unitarian pastor in New York, that "The very tramps on the street knew him by sight and formed for him a kind of bodyguard when he went about the streets of the city alone and at night, for they would have come swiftly to his protection had anyone tried to do him wrong."

He was such a gentleman—a gentle-man. His benign face, his kindly eyes, and his long, soft, white hair proclaimed the spirit of the man within. He visited the Cooper Institute every week, sometimes several times a week. He often came with distinguished people—the Emperor of Brazil, the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, Ferdinand de Lesseps of the Suez Canal, Dean Stanley of Westminster Abbey, and other people of renown, who wanted to see the inner workings of a place about which they had heard so much. In showing them about, it was all done with the same unconscious simplicity which Peter Cooper manifested in escorting some group of plain people from the country who had come to "see the sights" of New York. He had made his way up from poverty and a neglected childhood to both fame and fortune, yet there was never any of the arrogance of the self-made man, who manifests such a repugnant complacency over the success he has made of the job as to rob his advance of all the finer meaning it might have had.

This was the testimony of Susan N. Carter in an article

published in the *Century Magazine* soon after Mr. Cooper's death. She had been for eleven years closely associated with him as the head of the Woman's Art School in the Institute. "He was intensely practical, but never commonplace. We never heard a word from his lips, nor saw a look on his face, nor detected a tone in his voice, which could have been wished otherwise. He would say 'I want to help all those girls to earn decent and respectable livings and to be kept from marrying bad husbands just for the sake of having a home.' "

It was a long life, a busy life, a useful life, and his years were full of honor. "Diligent in business, serving the Lord!" When he passed away, his death was the cause of sorrow in every part of the Union. "People of every condition mourned for him. Thousands followed him to the grave in a procession for the whole three miles. Broadway was emptied of all vehicles at the hour of his funeral. Courts and legislatures and city councils were adjourned out of respect to his memory. Houses of business and many exchanges were closed on the day of his funeral. Ministers of every creed spoke in praise of him."

How gracefully and accurately Harry A. Overstreet, head of the Department of Philosophy in the College of the City of New York, characterized the man! "There was Peter Cooper, who founded the Cooper Institute, one of the first of the modern type of employers to be interested in his men! He conceived the idea that the basic need of life was intelligence and that intelligence could be generated only through the truth-seeking processes." "Wisdom is the principal thing. Therefore get wisdom

and with all thy getting, get understanding. The merchandise of it is better than silver and the gain thereof better than fine gold. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is everyone that retaineth her."

No place for moral idealism in business? Hear these plain, straight words as to the need of more religion in business. They were uttered, not by a clergyman, whose main office it is to preach the gospel of good will, nor by some theological professor, sitting comfortably in his seminary chair discussing in remote fashion the tenets of our common faith. They were spoken several years ago by Oliver M. Fisher, one of the leading shoe manufacturers of New England, upon his election as president of the Boston Boot and Shoe Club. They were addressed to his fellow manufacturers.

"This country has been a phenomenal success in everything material. We have been the wonder of the world, but to my mind we have lost our balance. The same attention given to the development of the moral and spiritual forces within us could bring about in every community vitalizing influences which would make better communities and thus make better the very business in which we are engaged.

"From my own business experience there is nothing on earth that business needs so much to-day as religion. By that I mean the sense of responsibility to God, to man, and to the obligations which go with it, in order that our relations with each other shall be the relations of one brother to another. I have come to feel, after a long

business life, that some form of Christianity is the heart of the covenant for all business men."

Does any right-minded person believe that the present industrial system, where an unregulated, competitive selfishness is so much in evidence, is the best we can do? Is the present failure to distribute more equitably—I do not say equally, but equitably—the good things of life between those who toil mainly with their heads and those who toil mainly with their hands, the last word of civilization in that field of interest? Is the commerce of the world meant to be merely an unseemly squabble of a lot of hungry, two-legged animals for the best bones, rather than a noble section of the spiritual life of the race? Is it out of the question that business should be made a real social utility, a means of bringing together in worthy fashion the resources of earth and the needs of human society, a genuine expression of the finest qualities of men's minds and hearts?

Will men take these present methods lying down and admit that greed is greater than God? Is the desire to make gain more potent in shaping action and aspiration than all these finer impulses of our human hearts put together? If all that were indeed true, then this is the devil's own world, and there is no hope nor help for any of us in that conflict of self-interest which becomes more and more insistent with the growth of population.

There are a great many people in the world—the professors and the preachers and the philanthropists form only a small section of that multitude which no one can number—who refuse to believe it. They are confident

that the work-a-day world, like the world of art and music, education and recreation, literature and religion can be brought under the power of intelligent purpose and moral consecration. The kingdoms of this world, business and politics along with the rest, are meant to become provinces in that realm ruled by the divine spirit. These people believe that back of all this big, buzzing, blooming confusion and the appalling mess which we have often made of our economic arrangements, there is an Infinite Being of intelligent good will who has not cut out for himself here a piece of work which will prove too much for Him. They feel that this Being intends to come out on top by the establishment of his kingdom, which is not just buying and selling, eating and drinking, but righteousness and peace and joy in the daily round of life.

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear thy voice, O Son of Man.

In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

O Master, from the mountainside
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again;

Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where thy feet have trod,
Till glorious from thy heaven above,
Shall come the city of our God.

V

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

THE MAN WITH A COUNTRY

THE fates were friendly when the life of Edward Everett Hale was taking shape. His father and his mother belonged to that sturdy, self-reliant, aspiring stock which has brought distinction to New England. He was a nephew of Edward Everett (for whom he was named), the well-known orator and statesman. He was a grandnephew of Nathan Hale, a patriot in the War of the Revolution whose only regret was that he had but one life to give his country. He prepared for college in the Boston Latin School and graduated from Harvard. He entered the ministry of the Unitarian Church when that body represented so much of the best thought, finest culture, and public spirit of the eastern part of our country. He was pastor of the Church of the Unity in Worcester, Massachusetts, for ten years, and then was called to what became one of the most useful churches in Boston, the South Congregational Church, where he served for forty-three years.

The list of his personal friends would contain most of the names of people eminent in our political life, in literature, in the work of education, and in the religious life of the land during those eighty-seven years of his useful

career. What a picture he draws of the life into which he entered after graduating from Harvard! "I despair of making anyone appreciate the ferment in which any person moved who came into the daily life of Boston in the forties. Here was a little community, sure of itself and confident in its future. The men and women who lived in it were, generally speaking, of the old Puritan stock, which means that they lived to the glory of God, with a full supply of public spirit, believing that God's kingdom was to come and come soon. James Russell Lowell could talk with Wendell Phillips or go into William Lloyd Garrison's printing office with an anti-slavery blast. One could listen while Miller, the prophet of the day, explained from Rollin's History and the book of Daniel that on March 21, 1842, the world would come to an end. One could hear Edward Everett or Oliver Wendell Holmes or Daniel Webster read a poem or deliver an oration at the Odeon. James T. Fields was at the 'Old Corner Book Store' ready to show all literary aspirants the last poem by Tennyson. Young men were discussing with their partners at dances the moral significance of the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, or trying to reconcile with them the conflict of free will and foreknowledge. The world worked for the young fellow, and he entered into the labors of all sorts and conditions of men."

He was a good student while he was at Harvard—his grades show that he stood second in his class. He was one of the first eight in the Phi Beta Kappa group and was the Class Poet at his graduation. The coming events of his later literary career were already casting their gracious

shadows before them. "I left college," he says, "in the mood that most boys do, a mood which centers in a passion for scholarship, the more useless the better." He soon outgrew that mistaken notion as to the main purpose of education.

From the very first, he took the work of the ministry seriously. "When people come to Church on Sunday, they want earnest, direct, practical preaching—religious preaching which searches the conscience, appeals to the spiritual affections, rebukes their lives, braces their minds up to the pitch that their business does during the week. They like to see proof that the minister knows what he is about, takes pains with his preparation, studies his sermons, puts both mind and heart into it and does his best."

He liked short texts. From these four words in the book of Hebrews, "Let us go on," came the sermon on "Progress." From Paul's words, "I cannot tell—God knows," he indicated the limitations of human understanding and the need of higher guidance. From that fine sentence, "Love not in word, but in deed and in truth," he brought out the futility of that "faith without works" which is utterly dead. When he preached on "Christianity's word to Civilization," his text was, "Friend, come up higher." He was never inclined to shilly-shally—he aimed straight at the center of the target.

He preached, and preached exceedingly well, but he regarded the church building as only a center from which should radiate a great system of activities and influences having to do with the advancement of that kingdom which is not just eating and drinking, talking and listen-

ing, bowing and scraping, but righteousness and peace and joy in the divine spirit, as people go about their daily concerns.

With all his intelligent, insistent emphasis upon humane service, he never allowed the life of his church to take the lower level of secular philanthropy. "Hospitality, education, charity, in the life of the church, are all subordinate to worship. What is called 'Social Science' is a well-meant and generally superficial effort to carry on popular improvement without personal consecration and the surrender of the life to God. You might as well try to carry on a kaleidoscope without light, or a pipe organ without air, or a steam engine without steam." He was always saying, as the great apostle had said before him, "We love, because He first loved us." He stood strongly for "The Priority of God."

Here were his "six rules for writing," which every young parson and every aspirant for literary honors might well bind as frontlets between his eyes and write upon the doorposts of his house!

> Know what you want to say.
> Say it.
> Use your own language.
> Leave out all the fine passages.
> A short word is better than a long one.
> The fewer words the better.

How restful and helpful it would be if all those stilted college professors and pedantic clergymen, who find delight in using a learned dialect, an academic patois, (thereby making their output duller even than the Con-

gressional Record and sadly wearisome to classrooms and sanctuaries alike), would take to heart those six plain straight words on "How to do it."

We are told that Edward Everett Hale was a Unitarian. It may easily have been so—there is no reason whatever why anyone should question the accuracy of that statement. But somehow it never seemed to occur to anyone, who met him or heard him, to label him with any sort of a sectarian tag. He belonged to us all. He was a member of the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints. He would have said with Micah, the Hebrew Prophet, "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God." He would have said with James, the Christian Apostle, "Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father is this, to live a clean life and a kindly one, to visit the widows and orphans in their affliction and to keep one's self unspotted." His spirit was such that he transcended all the sects. He used to say that he "knew very little about the negative side of Unitarianism, which he had never been able to understand or explain, that its positive side gave him more to do than he ever did, and suggested all he had to say."

In saying this, I am not implying in any way that Dr. Hale was one of those spineless creatures, so tolerant of everything and everybody as to have no convictions of his own. He knew what he believed and why he believed it and was ready to give any man in clear-cut terms a reason for the faith that was in him. No one who ever saw him

when he was morally aroused, no one who ever heard that splendid voice proclaiming the glory of righteousness, would have doubted for a moment but that here was a man with convictions. Convictions political, social, theological; convictions for which he would have been ready to stand up and be cut in two had occasion demanded! But for him religion was a conscious, personal bearing toward a Being conceived of as divine and the expression of that bearing in worship and conduct ordered with reference to what is believed to be the will of that Being. In his mind, it was so much vaster than the particular interpretation placed upon it by any one section of the Christian church, that all religious men felt that they too shared in his philosophy of life.

There was a good deal of the Oriental about Edward Everett Hale. His stalwart figure, his long hair and shaggy beard, made him look not unlike some glorious old Arab sheik. If the bronze statue of him in the Public Garden of Boston were clothed in flowing robes and a turban, it would look as if it might have stepped out of one of the finest pages of the Old Testament. He was a good story-teller, as Orientals are—like his Master of old, "he spake many things in Parables." He had a way of packing a lot of meaning and wisdom into a terse, meaty, sententious saying, after the manner of the East.

He was not much like St. John, the Mystic—his feet were always on the ground, even when his head and his heart were among the stars. He was not much like St. Peter, fickle, impulsive, uncertain—we always knew where to find Edward Everett Hale. He was not much like St.

Paul, who was forever showing signs of his rabbinical training. In fact, he was not much like any of the apostles. But in spirit and in method he was very much like their Master. He too "went about doing good," and men "took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus of Nazareth." He had learned the way, the truth, and the life from Christ.

This is the man whose work will add up large in the Day of Judgment, Edward Everett Hale used to say—"The man who looks forward not backward, upward not downward, outward not inward, and lends a hand." He was himself forever "lending a hand." He would take an ignorant, misguided man by the mind and lift him up into a better way of thinking and into the line of advance. He would take a defeated, discouraged man by the heart and lift him up into hope and high resolve. He would take into his own clasp of faith a man who had made moral shipwreck and bid him strive until he had become his own best self.

Booker Washington told us that the first time he ever went to Boston, he was toiling along the street with a heavy suitcase on his way to the hotel when suddenly he felt another hand slipped in beside his own and a deep, gruff voice said, "Let me share the load." When he turned his face, there stood Edward Everett Hale lending a hand. He knew him instantly from his pictures, and it was the beginning of a delightful, rewarding friendship for Booker. The scene was a replica of that other scene in the Bible where an active Christian man said to a poor fellow who had been lame from his birth, "Silver and

gold have I none, but such as I have, give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." And he took him by the right hand and lifted him up.

Edward Everett Hale lacked the musical sense, in so far as it had to do with any personal contribution to the melody and harmony of sounds. His son tells us in the "Life and Letters," that they always had family prayers every morning right after breakfast in that delightful home at 39 Highland Street, Roxbury, where the Hale family lived for some forty years. "While the children were growing up, we usually read a passage of scripture, each one taking his verse in turn, before my father prayed. We always sang a hymn which my mother played on the piano and led in her clear, slight voice. My father used to sing too sometimes, but as it remains in my mind, his singing never had any relation to ours. It began and ended at odd times, and was neither the tune we sang nor in harmony with it."

His fine sense of the meaning and beauty of public worship, however, led to his being elected (partly through the influence of his long-time friend and former parishioner in Worcester, Senator George F. Hoar) Chaplain of the United States Senate when he was eighty-one years old. It was a benediction to all the senators just to see such a man standing before them at the opening of each session in the attitude and the act of worship. "He felt that he stood in a certain figurative way as a representative man of God in that council of national legislators." He too might have said with that patriarch of old, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one, and thou shalt love the

Lord thy God with all thy heart. . . . What nation has statutes and judgments so righteous as this law which I set before thee this day! What nation has God so nigh unto them as the Lord our God is unto us in all things that we call upon him for! Did ever people hear the Voice of God speaking out of the midst of the fire as thou hast heard! Out of heaven he made thee to hear his voice, and on earth, he shewed thee his great fire, that thou mightest know."

His very presence in the Senate Chamber, day after day, as he stood there voicing in fitting phrase and with that gracious spirit characteristic of him, the aspiration of a nation whose God is the Lord, might well have lifted every member of that legislative body above the spirit of petty partisanship into a broader, clearer vision of those principles and policies which are for our honor as a nation, and for the larger service which we are set to render in the total life of the world.

He was a religious man, naturally and continuously, deeply and genuinely religious. His religion was not a set of forms and ceremonies to which one might turn aside now and then to bestow upon them the prescribed attention. His religion was not a set of theological theories and beliefs to be cherished as a kind of moral insurance against some time of stress. His religion was not an emotional upheaval through which he had passed, to be reproduced upon occasion and described at length with considerable embellishment, for "distance lends enchantment" even to religious "views." His religion was his life, and he knew no other. It would never have

occurred to him to think of himself as anything other than a child of God, intent upon his Father's business.

His whole creed, he said once, was summed up in this one sentence, "I believe that God is here now and that I am one of his children whom He dearly loves." He believed a good deal more than that. He preached a great deal more than that. He preached a great deal of what could be called "theology," but that fundamental conviction was at the heart of it all. "I believe that God is here now"—and he felt just as sure of it when he was at a boys' club or a charity meeting or a public hearing in the State House, as when he stood in the pulpit of his own church. "I believe that I am one of his children whom He dearly loves." It furnishes a fairly good working hypothesis for any life.

He had a strong perpendicular faith in God as a God of righteousness. He had an equally strong horizontal faith in the good impulses of his fellow men and a ready sympathy for them in all their struggles. Messmates they were at the board of life, and he stood forever ready to share with them the best of that which he had upon his own plate. He always cherished a very practical form of faith. He said once, "In order to have anything to give to others, one must in some way first get it himself."

His benign sympathy with pain and grief and want was like that of Father Taylor of the Seamen's Bethel in the North End of Boston, one of his contemporaries, whom he resembled in many respects, though not at all in his theology. Father Taylor went once to break the news to a poor woman whose husband's ship had just

gone down at sea with all hands aboard. Father Taylor had known Jack when he sailed before the mast, and he tried to comfort the woman by speaking of the splendid qualities her husband possessed. When he got up to go, he asked if he might pray with her. When they knelt down, the first words he uttered were, "O Lord, we are a widow." One cannot parse that sentence, yet the whole grammar of comfort, human and divine, is there. Edward Everett Hale was like that in his fellow feeling for all who suffered. He took upon his great, warm heart a sense of all the need he met.

When I was a pastor in Charlestown, we undertook to organize the Bunker Hill Boys' Club. The young man who was the prime mover in the enterprise, Frank S. Mason, becoming later its first superintendent, was a member of my church. He and I discussed the plans together. We wanted a public meeting to awaken and enlist the interest of the residents of that district. We asked Edward Everett Hale to come over and give the address at that meeting. He very cordially agreed to come. We knew that two-thirds of the boys to whom that club would minister would be Roman Catholics and we wanted the sanction and support of the people of that communion. We went to call on Father Supple of St. Francis de Sales church, the oldest Catholic pastor in Charlestown at that time, and asked him to preside at this first public meeting. He listened to our story as we developed our plans. Then he said to us, "Will you gentlemen give me your word of honor that the activities of this club will not be used for any sectarian purpose but only to promote good habits

and good morals among the boys of the community?" We gave him that assurance. "And do I understand," he said, "that Edward Everett Hale is to give the address?" We nodded. "Then," he said, "I will come very gladly and preside and introduce Doctor Hale."

The very name of Edward Everett Hale was one to conjure with far beyond the limits of his own communion. His words on that occasion as to the value of such work for boys in certain sections of our great cities were prophetic. The club turned out to be a great success—it is there now with forty years of useful history behind it, housed in its own splendidly appointed building, carrying on its work under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument. Edward Everett Hale helped to give it a promising start.

How finely he fulfilled the specifications for a Christian gentleman laid down in a portrait drawn by the hand of the great Apostle. "Love suffereth long and is kind. Love envieth not. Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly. Seeketh not its own; is not easily provoked. Thinketh no evil! Rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things! Prophecies fail; tongues cease; knowledge vanishes away, for we know in part, and when that which is perfect comes, that which is in part is done away. Love never fails. . . . Therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." Edward Everett Hale was a man who loved.

He was a man on whose tomb might well have been chiseled those words which are inscribed upon the tomb of a man buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, a man

renowned throughout the whole English-speaking world. "Here was a man who everywhere and at all times gave his strength to the weak, his sympathy to the suffering, his substance to the poor and his heart to God."

Edward Everett Hale was a minister of Christ. He began his work as a settled pastor at Worcester, Massachusetts, though he had already been preaching for several years before that time. The Church of the Unity at Worcester has shared in the honors of his later career. It has reaped certain royalties of spiritual satisfaction from the larger ministry which he rendered in his riper years. When he had been preaching there for a few months, one of his hearers said to a friend, as they came out of church one Sunday, "He has a splendid voice and that is all that he has got." This showed how much the pew sometimes knows about the pulpit. He was indeed "a Voice," but behind that Voice was a minister who studied to show himself approved unto God, a workman that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.

He preached the gospel of righteousness. He showed little patience with those religious fervors which did not speedily connect up with honest, useful living. But it was a righteousness tinged with a generous, kindly sympathy which saved it from any suspicion of being harsh.

He believed always that the straightest, surest road into an understanding of religion lay along the pathway of reverent, obedient action. "Use the faith you have," he would say "and you will get more faith. If I were a blacksmith and wanted to strike harder blows, the best thing I could do would be to strike my very best, and my

arm would get stronger every day. If I went off to read books about the strength of the arm and other books on vital fluids and medical theories, my arm would be growing flabby all the time. Live with all your might, and you will have more life with which to live."

It was Robertson of Brighton who said in a sermon which became a classic, "Obedience is the organ of spiritual knowledge. Do, if you would know. If any man has the will to do His will, he shall know." Learn by doing! The little child learns to walk by walking, with many a tumble at first. The child learns to talk by talking, with many a slip in grammar and pronunciation. If a boy waited for Tennyson's command of English before speaking, he would never learn to talk. Men learn to speak in public by speaking in public, with a lot of bad rhetoric and useless verbiage while they are learning. So men learn to pray and to serve by praying and serving as best they can. We begin to do things when we don't know how, in order to learn how. Edward Everett Hale preached this wholesome truth to his people until they knew it, as they knew the Lord's prayer and the multiplication table.

Edward Everett Hale claimed for himself the right to think and to speak out his inmost conviction. He said the thing as he saw it, for the God of things as they are. He accorded most freely to every other man that same right. He was ready to think and to let think. The true liberal is not the man who is so thoroughly sure that he has the right of it as to show scant regard for the opinions of other men who may differ. It is just as easy for the off

horse to be stiff-necked and hard in the mouth, to be narrow and dogmatic, as it is for the near horse, in case he happens to be that kind of horse. Dr. Hale would have protested with all his might against the attitude of those people of whom it has been said that "they came to this country to enjoy religious freedom and to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. And by and by, they attained such a measure of religious freedom, that if any man thought exactly as they did, he was at perfect liberty to say so." Is there in all his writings a single touch of intellectual scorn or contempt for religious opinions which he personally did not share? He was the true liberal.

His wide knowledge of history and his large acquaintance with the world's best literature enabled him in his preaching to give to the truths he uttered their appropriate setting and background. He was forever linking up the great principles he proclaimed with the world order where we stand. He would show how those principles worked themselves out in a certain situation and then his active imagination would clothe that scene with life. The word he preached "was made flesh and dwelt among us full of grace and truth."

How natural it was at the close of the Civil War that Dr. Hale was the first man to suggest the deeper significance of the fact that the surrender of Lee, with its promise of the speedy end of civil strife, came on Palm Sunday. It was a day for Palm branches and Hosannas in all the churches of the North. Then during that same fateful week on Good Friday came the assassination of

Lincoln, as if to remind us that in the nineteenth century, as in the first, there could be no remission of the dreadful sin of slavery without the shedding of blood and the most precious blood we had.

When the sad news came, he wrote to a friend, "I write to you in the first gloom of our great calamity. To think that it is in the same world and in the same week of our victory and rejoicing! It is a picture on the largest human scale of the eternal and divine contrast between the triumph of Palm Sunday and the wretchedness and the glory of the Crucifixion. The dates are absolutely these dates in the calendar."

Edward Everett Hale was intensely and intelligently interested in the cause of world peace. Long before there was any suggestion of a League of Nations or a World Court, he had associated himself with such men as the Hon. Charles Francis Adams and Robert C. Winthrop, Governor Simeon E. Baldwin and President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard, in the movement for international arbitration as the natural means by which the various countries should settle differences which arose, rather than by the wholesale slaughter of their finest young men in war.

When Grover Cleveland was President of the United States, Doctor Hale preached a notable sermon in Washington in which he laid down these "three initial necessities most urgent for the work of the new century which would soon be upon the world." The improvement of the school system, so that it should educate men and boys and not be satisfied with their instruction; the systematic

and intelligent transfer of men and women from the crowded sections of the world to regions which were not so crowded; and the institution of a permanent tribunal for the nations of the world! He was one of the leading spirits at the Lake Mohonk Conferences, held year after year under the direction of those two genial Quakers, the twin brothers, Albert and Alfred Smiley. Dr. Hale would say confidently, "The twentieth century will apply the word of the Prince of Peace to international life." God grant that it may be so! The signs of it are slow in coming, and here is a third of that century of promise already gone.

He was a prime favorite as a preacher to college students. His downright common sense, his strong, terse, suggestive style and his ready sympathy with the yearnings of youth, even when they must have seemed oftentimes to his mature mind altogether futile, made him a welcome figure on any campus. The boys at Harvard used to say that it did their souls more good just to see Edward Everett Hale in his big overcoat and broad-brimmed black hat, with his shaggy hair and beard, walk through the Yard than it did to hear most men preach in Appleton Chapel. He knew what was in man, the young and the old, the cultured and the simple, and needed not that others should tell him. And knowing it, he spoke home to their inmost hearts those words which were spirit and life.

We are told that the son of an Anglican bishop, after witnessing the varied interruptions in his honored father's life for a score of years, suggested that these words should

be inserted in the service for "the Consecration of Bishops." "Wilt thou suffer fools gladly and answer thy letters?" Edward Everett Hale had to suffer a good many fools first and last, and he did it more cheerfully than most busy men would have done. He sometimes observed the scriptural injunction, "Answer a fool according to his folly lest he be wise in his own conceit." He once received a printed request for his autograph from some thrifty, self-seeking soul, who, in order to lessen his own labors in gathering the signatures of noted men, had called to his aid the printing press. Dr. Hale had his own answer printed, signature and all—"I am glad to comply with your request in the same convenient form in which it comes to me. Edward E. Hale." He dispatched it to the impertinent chap in just that form.

How wide and inclusive was his conception of religion! He saw that men are not saved by sermons and sacraments on Sunday, unless they are also being saved on all the other six days of the week by the work they do, by the conditions under which they do it, and by the spirit they put into it. He did not talk much about "saving men's souls"—he was intent on saving men's lives. The only souls he knew anything about were souls which had the cheerful habit of living in bodies, in houses, in a certain round of employment, in a certain system of social and political relations. His appeal touched all those human interests, to the end that the kingdoms of this world, business and politics, education, recreation and all the rest, might become kingdoms of the Lord. He was a minister to the larger life of mankind.

How fitting it is that on the walls of the Church which he served for more than forty years, there should be that bronze tablet with this inscription on it:

In Loving Memory of
EDWARD EVERETT HALE
Minister South Congregational Church
MDCCCLVI - - - MDCCCCIX
That They Might Have Life More Abundantly

He was a Churchman. He would have felt little respect for the intelligence of those light-headed, short-sighted individualists of our day who decry any sort of organized effort in things spiritual. They do not want to make any religious profession. They will not unite with any church. They "do not wish to get their lines crossed," as they say, with some other man's lines. They want to sally forth, separate and detached, each one for himself, and the Devil may get them all, if they do not look out. The author of "Ten Times One is Ten" would have recognized the folly and futility of that whole mood. He saw the value of united, concerted, organized effort in things sacred as in those things which the world calls secular. He was a Churchman.

He loved the order, the dignity, and the beauty of well-appointed worship. The service in his own church was never careless nor slovenly. He recognized the firm necessity for a suitable social expression of the religious impulse. He indulged in no fantastic theories about them,

but he gratefully accepted and utilized the spiritual potency of the sacraments.

He once received the communion himself on a certain historic occasion where his right to be there at the Lord's Table was afterwards publicly called in question. One narrow-minded individual asked him through the public press where he received his invitation to receive the communion on that occasion. His mind went back to that scene in the upper room. He saw the Master surrounded by His disciples, not one of whom, so far as the record shows, had been inducted into that company by any ceremony save his own love and loyalty to Christ. He heard a voice say to those who were striving to walk in the spirit of the Master, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another. This is my body which is broken for you. Take, eat, do this in remembrance of me." Edward Everett Hale replied to his ill-bred questioner, "I received my invitation nineteen hundred years ago."

When he was eighty years old, he said to a friend, "It is a curious thing that a man who has preached for sixty years in the hope of bringing in the Kingdom should still be known by nineteen out of every twenty persons, chiefly as the author of two stories, "The Man Without a Country," and "My Double and How He Undid Me." "But," he added, "I may console myself with the fact that Renan once said that the Master's Parables of the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan had probably made more Christians than all of St. Paul's sermons put together."

The outstanding ideas in those two best known books

of his are these. In "The Man Without a Country" he sought to show that a man simply cannot throw over the claims of the life in common, even if he would. Every life, in order to be itself, must have its setting, its habitat, its share in the common life, in a word, its "country." We are all members one of another, "knit together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth," in the body of our common humanity. "We are all members one of another, and the head cannot say to the foot," the highest cannot say to the lowest, nor the lowest to the highest, "I have no need of you." We are all needed for the self-realization of each individual life and for the gaining of that larger social well-being in which each life will share.

The other story, "My Double and How He Undid Me," was written to show that exacting as the calls of this life in common may be, one still has a duty to oneself. Life is not a circle with a single center, either self-realization or the welfare of society. Life is an ellipse with two foci, self-interest and social well-being. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor," not to the exclusion of all that has to do with one's personal interests—thou shalt include the love of thy neighbor along with the love of thyself.

The two stories were utterly fantastic, as he meant them to be. No one can picture the Government of the United States imposing such a whimsical punishment as that of exiling and ostracizing a man on board of one of its warships because of a careless flippant remark made by the young man in the Navy. No one can imagine a country clergyman using his hired man, who bore a strong physi-

cal resemblance to himself, as a double to attend in his stead all the tedious public occasions and thereby save his own time for scholarly pursuits. But the drollery of the two stories, together with the serious idea which was back of each one, made them very readable and widely popular.

Dr. Hale himself always felt that "In His Name" was the best story he had ever written, and that "Ten Times One is Ten" had the widest influence for good. He wrote many short stories, as well as more serious books, such as "Kansas and Nebraska," having to do with the anti-slavery movement, "Ralph Waldo Emerson," "James Russell Lowell and His Friends," "A New England Boyhood," "Memories of a Hundred Years," "A Family Flight Over Egypt and Syria," "Tarry at Home Travels," "Homes of American Authors." He wrote easily (and sometimes hastily) for the Boston *Advertiser* with which he had a certain editorial connection for many years. There was good sound stuff in what he wrote, and it afforded wholesome nourishment for the minds of men.

How far-reaching was the influence of that broad, deep, and sweet humanity of the man! I stopped once at a little wayside tavern on my way up to Crater Lake, in the mountains of southern Oregon, where for a series of years a tribute was paid to Edward Everett Hale which I am sure he would have enjoyed hugely had he known about it. The innkeeper had been troubled by the fact that certain strolling people, campers, hunters, fishermen and the like, would occasionally stay over night at his inn and then steal away in the early morning without paying their bills. It is not always easy to ask a prospective guest whether or

not he is in the habit of paying his hotel bill, and many of those people traveled about the mountains in light marching order with very little baggage.

The innkeeper had hit upon this device for separating the sheep from the goats. He had tacked up on the wall of the little hotel office a full page portrait which he had gotten from the Sunday edition of an Eastern newspaper. When a man was about to register, the innkeeper would say to him, quite casually, "Do you know who that is?" If the man looked up and said, "Yes—that is Edward Everett Hale"—he was allowed to register. If he did not know, he had to pass on—the comforts of that inn were not for him. The innkeeper felt that even to know Edward Everett Hale by sight was a guarantee of respectability—at least of sufficient respectability to insure the payment of one's hotel bill. How he would have chuckled over that incident had the knowledge of it come to him!

When the third day of April, 1922, the one hundredth anniversary of Edward Everett Hale's birth, came, the people of Boston celebrated the event by an appropriate observance in Symphony Hall. Admission was entirely by invitation and some three thousand people of the finest that Boston and Cambridge can produce upon occasion were there. The Governor of the Commonwealth presided, prayer was offered by Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of the First Unitarian Church in Cambridge, a long-time friend of Dr. Hale, the resident Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Edwin H. Hughes, read the scripture lesson. The Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge, at that time the senior United States Senator from Massachusetts, gave

an address on "Edward Everett Hale as a Citizen," and I was asked to speak on "Edward Everett Hale as a Minister."

It was indeed an "occasion." The high esteem in which he was held, the sense of personal gratitude to him for service rendered, and the warm affection felt for him by that distinguished company of people of his own native city, were the outstanding features of the celebration. The birthday cake we cut that night had a hundred candles on it. They were Roman candles, every one of them—not these feeble little wax things, but Roman candles, brilliant, scintillating, lighting up for the time the whole dark sky above this troubled world still lying directly under the shadow of the World War. Edward Everett Hale himself was a follower and an apostle of the One who said, "I am the Light of the World"—and by his own useful ministry he had made the world he lived in a brighter place.

The "Encyclopædia Britannica," which is not much given to fulsome eulogy, has this to say of the man, "His forceful personality, organizing genius, and practical, liberal theology, together with his deep interest in the anti-slavery movement and in popular education, in the welfare of the working people and in the cause of international peace, were active in raising the whole tone of American life for half a century."

When the people of Boston were making ready to welcome the coming of the twentieth century at midnight on the thirty-first day of December, 1900, there was just one man in the old Commonwealth whom all the people, Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, and non-believers, desired to see standing on the balcony of the historic State House

with its gilded dome. It was Edward Everett Hale. Here is his own brief account of the occasion! "At a quarter-past eleven, we went to the Governor's Room in the State House and waited there until it was time to go to the balcony. Here was the whole Chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society ready to sing 'Old Hundred' and to lead in the singing of 'America.' The spectacle was magnificent—a sea of upturned faces below in the State House Yard, on the streets and on the Common, stretching off into the dark horizon. At a quarter of twelve, the trumpets gave the signal. Just before twelve, I read verses from the ninetieth psalm. When the bell of King's Chapel began to strike twelve, the trumpeters began to blow their twelve blasts."

His resonant voice, borne out across the Common on the still night air, carried to that wide multitude, as a message from the Eternal, those stately words which fell from his lips. "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night. So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Satisfy us early with thy mercy that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us and establish thou the work of our hands."

"They that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country . . . but now they desire a better country. Wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God,

for He hath prepared for them a city." The whole spirit and method of the life of Edward Everett Hale, a Man with a Country, cannot be more fitly expressed than in this sonnet which came from his own pen, as a kind of informal confession of faith.

Be mine some simple service here below,—
To weep with those who weep, their joys to share,
Their pain to solace or their burdens bear,
Some widow in her agony to meet,
Some exile in his new found home to greet,
To serve some child of Thine, and so serve Thee,
Lo, here am I—to such a work send me.

VI

SILAS WEIR MITCHELL

WISE AND KIND IN THE ART OF HEALING

THERE was a man once whose name was Luke. He was not one of the Apostles—he was a Gentile, an outsider. He was not a clergyman—he was a physician. He felt, however, that he had something to say about the Master which none of those other men, Matthew, Mark and John, Peter, Paul and James, had said. So he wrote the Gospel of Luke, which many people regard as the best book in the Bible. "Many have undertaken to set forth in order the facts about Jesus Christ," he said, "and it seemed good to me also to write." When one thinks of the many great passages which are found only in Luke—the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night on that first Christmas, the parable of the Good Samaritan and the parable of the Prodigal Son, the penitent thief on the cross, and the Savior on His own Cross, praying for his enemies, "Father, forgive them"—how much the world would have missed if this man had not given us his account!

Here was another man whose name was Silas Weir Mitchell. He too was a physician, and "it seemed good to him also to write." He rose to the front rank in the medical profession in this country and was no less honored in

Europe. He published more than a hundred medical books and pamphlets, greatly enriching the literature of that profession. He also wrote history, poetry, and stories, full of meaning and with a rare charm in their literary style. He came to have a recognized place in the world of letters. How much the world would have missed if it had not seemed good to him also to write, as well as to heal! No one of his books will ever have so wide a circulation as the Gospel of Luke, but like his Master, he saw that "the life is more than meat," more than raiment, more than the body, more than all material facts and forces put together, and he wrote accordingly.

He was born in Philadelphia in the year 1829 and lived for eighty-five years, rounding out his long, useful, beautiful career in the first year of the World War. He was the son of a physician, and his own son kept up the family tradition by entering the medical profession. He studied for three years at the University of Pennsylvania, but was prevented by ill health from graduating. He did graduate from Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia and entered at once upon the practice of his profession.

He had charge of the Turner's Lane Hospital for nervous injuries during our Civil War. Here began that interest in nervous and mental maladies which led to his becoming an eminent neurologist. He came to have a very large practice. He was twice made president of the Philadelphia College of Physicians and Surgeons. He received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Princeton University and from the University of Edinburgh. When Sir James Paget, the eminent surgeon, was presiding over the

International Congress of Medical Men in 1881, he said to an American physician, "Dr. Weir Mitchell is one of the most distinguished medical men in your country—or," he added after a pause, "in any country." His was a great life, greatly lived.

When the memorial service was held after his death, the head of the College of Physicians and Surgeons called him "the most accomplished and versatile physician of our time. In science, letters, poetry, history, fiction, and in every grace of social life, he had unusual distinction." On that same occasion another former president of that college had this to say, "Weir Mitchell was the most remarkable medical man I have ever known in Europe or America. I owe to him more than to anyone else the path I have trodden, and any success I may have achieved. He taught me the important art of elucidating the case-histories of patients, the importance of little things which were often the insignificant surface outcroppings of a rich vein of facts."

Dr. Mitchell had a creative, stimulating mind; he gave points and fresh impulse to surgeons, neurologists, psychiatrists, and no less to botanists, to poets, and to story-tellers. How many different sorts of contact he had with the larger life of mankind! He came of that sturdy, productive Scotch stock which had tarried in Virginia long enough to become not only thoroughly Americanized, but mellowed and ripened by that more genial setting. His grandfather was the "Mitchell" who gave Robert Burns the post by which he lived while he was winning his spurs as a writer.

Weir Mitchell was a great reader. Before he was ten years old he used to bring home from the Philadelphia Public Library huge folio volumes, when he was so small that he had to spread them out on the floor and lie at full length in order to peruse them. When he was lecturing once to the girls in Radcliffe College, he told them in merry fashion that the reason why he wrote novels was because having read all there were to be had, he desired more. His gay statement had in it some measure of truth. Even in his busy life in the practice of medicine he usually found time to read one or two volumes of fiction almost every week, as well as many other books of a more serious nature.

He began very simply, and he did not seem to care the least bit, for he knew that a man's life does not consist in the number of things that he has. Life is not made up of things, but of certain qualities of mind and heart. In his autobiography he tells us that for the first ten years of his medical practice his income from his profession averaged only a thousand dollars a year. He knew what it meant to have the wolf at the door, but he went out and drove the beast off—with a certain gayety and audacity he went right on with his work, for his heart was in it.

When a peddler once brought to his door a box of rattlesnakes to sell—of all wares imaginable the least likely and appealing to be hawked about the streets—Weir Mitchell purchased them, chiefly to help the poor fellow out. But he took them in and for twenty years made his memorable series of investigations, seeking to discover the

secret of that deadly venom which had frightened and baffled men's minds through all the centuries. He made a searching study of the South American arrow poisons in their immediate and deadly effect upon the human system. The notable researches in later years made by such men as Flexner and Noguchi into the subject of snake venoms and all toxic albumins were largely inspired and aided by the pioneer work of Weir Mitchell in that field, and by the appropriation he secured from the Carnegie Foundation for its further prosecution.

He was a genuine patriot and showed such an active, untiring, intelligent interest in civic affairs as to make him for many years one of the first citizens of his beloved Philadelphia. When the Civil War came, he gave himself, his professional skill, and his personal devotion, to suffering men. Hundreds of those who had been torn and maimed on the field of battle were brought to him. Wounds, agony, and noble courage were common sights, because they all came swiftly upon the heels of one another in each day's work. It mattered not whether the quivering flesh was clothed in blue or in gray; he was there to lay a prompt and kindly hand of healing upon them all. When in later years he came to write his books, with war scenes in many of them, the ink he used was tinctured and colored with the blood he had seen flowing in the long, hard struggle between the States.

His experiences as an army surgeon paved the way for the writing of his book on "Injury of Nerves," which was published in 1872. He had been asked in 1863 by Dr. William A. Hammond, Surgeon General of the

United States Army, to share with another physician the medical charge of that army "hospital" for the treatment of nervous diseases induced by wounds and shellshock. It was his wide experience in this line of practice that aided him mightily in the development of his own specialty until he stood at the very top of his profession in this country as a neurologist. The book named above was widely studied, and it threw light upon those nervous and mental maladies which have puzzled, and often baffled, medical science to this hour. The hospital of which he had charge was finally enlarged to four hundred beds, and this gave him an immense field for observation.

How wise were these words of his upon diagnosis, simple though they are, so that a layman in medicine at once grasps their meaning! "Many diseases begin with the same symptoms, just as many words begin with the same letters. Each added letter helps us to identify the word, as each added symptom helps to indicate the malady, until doubt gives place to certainty and we know what foe we have to deal with." The sound sense of it, as well as the literary skill shown in the making of the statement, renders it indeed a counsel of wisdom.

How generously he gave his best strength, skill, and knowledge to all this! Bernard Shaw says that a gentleman is a man who always puts back into life more than he takes out. It is not a lofty standard, but it is away in advance of much of the current practice. We find it hard to think of a man as a gentleman, if he constantly scans the profit columns in his business without ever asking himself closely just what effect his economic methods will

have upon those more modest people whose very lives are bound up with his own in that enterprise.

In finer vein, Weir Mitchell once said to an audience of young medical students, "Put away all thought of wasted time or the commercial value of the service you render. The sick poor we have always with us. You will be blessed and rewarded for your generous action, even in terms of material gain. The little biscuit which you cast upon the water will come back a cheerful loaf." The generous way in which he gave of his own best to younger men in the profession and his habitual readiness to meet the needs of the suffering poor who could not pay wrote a strong, fine endorsement of that word of counsel given to young candidates for the honors of the medical profession.

"Prescribing medicine," he used to say, "is the smaller and easier part of a real physician's business." To teach people to live was always in his eyes much more important. He felt that it required more knowledge, more skill, more patience and more sympathy, because it is, in every way, so much more difficult than the mere writing of prescriptions. "Many patients want the physician to give them a physic which will in some mysterious way enable them to break nature's laws without paying nature's debt." That line of effort, as Weir Mitchell always told people, is sure to bring the man who follows it into a state of physical bankruptcy. What a man sows, he reaps. He that sows to his flesh in reckless self-indulgence, reaps corruption. He that sows to the spirit, by adhering to worthier habits, reaps life everlasting.

How fitting is that introduction which he wrote for his little book on "Wear and Tear." "Wear is the natural, legitimate result of lawful use. It is what we all have to put up with as the result of years of activity of body and brain. Tear is another matter altogether—it comes of hard or evil usage of the body, of putting things to wrong purposes. Wear comes from use, tear from abuse."

Weir Mitchell took time to read poetry, to write stories, to think thoughts of his own (which did not always belong to the work of his profession), to fish, to loaf, to invite his soul. How he loved the great outdoors, the rod and the gun, boating and camping! He always maintained that there was an excellent physician just outside the patients' own doors, if they would only go out and employ him and take the treatment he offers, freely and habitually. "Man tends, God mends." And the common feeling is that God lives for the most part out of doors.

The moment the tide turns and the Bay ceases to pour itself out, the mighty ocean feels its opportunity and begins at once to fill the Bay again with fresh currents from the deep. An old sea captain told me once that the Hudson River feels the influx of a high tide as far up as Albany. Link up any lesser thing with a power that has the strength of a planet behind it, and we see great changes wrought. It is good for anyone to go into the woods and be still, that he may link up that lesser life with His, to be "strengthened with might by His spirit in the inner man," to be "filled with all the fullness" of Infinite Being.

How far is this restless, rushing habit of life, into

which so many people have fallen, really getting us? Is it getting us anywhere except into the ditch occasionally? Hordes of people out of breath, panting, gasping, calling out incessantly (if not in so many words then by the attitude they show), "Start something! Take me somewhere! Give me some kind of swift, noisy diversion, or I shall scream!" Poor things! One looks into their faces and finds there something hungry, wistful, dissatisfied. They are not getting anywhere. They are missing the mark. They feel an awful sense of lack within. They need to hear a voice say, "Be still and know! In quietness and confidence shall be our strength."

Weir Mitchell said once to another audience of young medical students, "The early training of the Doctor tends measurably to make us look upon man as a mere machine on which we work with knife and saw, and into which we cast, with more or less thought, our drugs. It is the fear lest you drift into this materialistic conception which makes me eager that you shall not quite lose touch with the feeling that the soul of a man dwells in this house of clay, and that forever you are dealing with an immensely complicated and ethereal thing which thinks as well as feels."

How clearly he echoed in those words of his, that earlier word of the greatest of the apostles! "The outward man perishes, but the inward man is renewed day by day. We look not solely at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. We know that if this earthly house of our

tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Weir Mitchell lived at a time when it was the custom to read the Bible. He read it, and this habit profoundly influenced his literary style as well as the sweep and content of his aspiration. "We have progressed so far today," said Dr. Charles W. Burr in giving the Weir Mitchell oration before the College of Physicians in 1919, "that reading the Bible, like reading history or reading anything older than the twentieth century, is regarded as a waste of time. Our problems are all new (the moderns are telling us), and old times can teach us naught. . . . We know those men whose temperament compels them always to be in opposition. When St. Paul meets them at the gates of heaven on the Day of Resurrection, they will hesitate, so fixed is their habit of opposition, to accept his kindly invitation to enter. Happily, no injury will be done if they do turn away—rather poetic justice, for they deserve to go to the other place."

All these varied experiences and activities of Weir Mitchell led him to what became the great work of his life, the skilled and successful treatment of nervous and mental troubles. How well-fitted he was by nature and temperament, as well as by long and thorough training, for that high, hard, delicate task! It was Dr. William H. Welch, of Johns Hopkins, one of the outstanding men in the medical profession of our day, who said of Weir Mitchell—"a man who sweetens life, both to the sick and the well."

Soon after the lean, hard years of struggle in the early

days of his practice he found his place and got his stride, moving rapidly toward that position where he became the leading neurologist of America, and one of the most distinguished in the world. He felt to the full the difficulty of such a line of endeavor. "The position of the physician who deals with this class of ailments, the nervous and the feeble, the pain-worn and the hysterical, is one of the utmost gravity. It demands the kindliest charity, and it exacts the most temperate judgments. It requires active good temper. Patience, firmness, and discretion are among its necessities. Above all, the man who is to deal with such cases must carry with him that earnestness which wins confidence. The priest hears the crime or folly of an hour, but to the physician are oftener told the long, sad tales of a whole life, its far away mistakes, its failures, and its faults."

He saw the weakness and folly of much of the half-baked, underdone literature on this subject which is being fairly flung at the trusting public in these days by those who confuse the issue by "words without knowledge." "The books on mind cure are calculated to do much and serious harm. I have read them with care and have always risen from them with a sense of confusion which one would feel if he tried to study the pattern from the back of a piece of embroidery. Certain minds delight in the fogs of mystery, and when a book puzzles them, they accept this as evidence of depth of thought. In a few years these books will be the dusty and rarely read volumes hidden away in libraries, consulted only by those who undertake the sad task of writing the history of credulity."

Weir Mitchell knew full well how

> To minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain
> And with some sweet, oblivious antidote,
> Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart.

It was one of the best-known clergymen in London who said some ten years ago, "Two factors in modern life give the prevailing temper a serious check and compel a more questioning attitude toward the meaning of life and the needs of the soul. One is the danger of the complete collapse of the social order under the drive of economic adjustment, and the other is the complete collapse of the human mind under the strain of modern activities."

One of the significant tendencies in our modern world has been the various movements looking toward a wider and a wiser use of mental and spiritual forces for the gaining and maintenance of sound health. There are any number of ills from which people suffer, which cannot be corrected by taking out the teeth and the tonsils, which lie beyond the reach of either belladonna or quinine. They may not be due to the presence of any organic disease—they spring from certain functional disorders in the nervous and mental outfit of the patient. They are none the less real. They are making life a burden to many people who suffer from them, and a burden still more grievous to be borne by the members of the families of those unfortunates. How sorely is wise, competent treatment demanded for all these who are in distress!

In most of such cases the treatment must of necessity proceed from within outward rather than the other way around. Men are still transformed by the renewing of their minds. "As a man thinketh in his heart," the Bible says, "so he becomes." Not in the next five minutes nor by the end of the week, but in the final outcome! Thoughts are things—vital, potent, significant forms of energy. Healthy states of mind, minds free from all grudge, bitterness and envy, minds free from anxiety and distress, minds full of faith and hope and love, make for health as surely as do sunshine and fresh air, pure water and good food. The body in large measure tends to become a general expression of past thinking, as those states of mind have slowly wrought themselves out in terms of physical life.

Here is a woman suffering from nervous dyspepsia! Her food does not agree with her; she sleeps fitfully and uncertainly; she is losing flesh and strength; she is constantly dreading a total collapse. She talks too fast and too loud and too much. Her patron saints are St. Martha, troubled by many things, and St. Vitus, moving by twitches and jerks, rather than with a sure and steady stride. If there is no organic disease present—and that fact is to be ascertained by the competent diagnosis of medical science —what she needs most is not surgery, nor a larger supply of pills, but a new state of mind. "Therein," as the doctor said to poor Macbeth about his wife, "the patient must minister to himself." But the patient can be greatly helped in this effort by wise and skilled guidance like that afforded by the methods of such a man as Weir Mitchell.

Neither "nerves" nor "nervousness" is a word found in the Bible or in Shakespeare. The latter does use the word "nerve" several times in the sense of "sinewy," but "nerves" as we use the term is not to be found in either of those two great monuments of English expression.

The thing for which those two words stand has come to be more and more in evidence in this restless, rushing, modern world. In these days of the quick lunch and the cigarette (both of which are unduly popular chiefly because they can be so quickly dispatched), the sharp ring at the telephone, the swift flight of the automobile and the still swifter flight of the airplane, it has become an open question as to whether we have sufficient nervous stamina, poise, and self-control to go the pace and not collapse.

The steadily mounting supply of nerve-racked suicides every year and the appalling figures as to the number of people seeking relief in sanitariums for nervous and mental derangement, give us pause when we are "stepping on it" and going sixty miles an hour to no particular purpose. Men and women turn on the gas, or blow their brains out with pistols, or jump out of the tenth story windows of hotels because they are unable to sleep, unable to control their actions, unwilling to continue longer what has become to them a horrible nightmare of existence.

The need of such wise, skilled, and humane men as Weir Mitchell was never so great. His work upon the causes of insomnia, nervous collapse, and all manner of neurotic disorder, was nothing less than epoch making.

I write about it with deep feeling, because some years ago I knew what it meant to lie awake the long night through hearing the clock strike every hour and every half hour, longing for sleep and longing in vain. The day dawned at last, but the shadows did not flee away. I arose from my bed, not "like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race" but feeling careworn and depleted.

In those days I studied the books and the methods of Weir Mitchell, as well as other books which were undertaking to teach us better habits of life. I learned to my great advantage how to use, at the end of a long, hard, exacting day, certain Scriptural formulas and other methods of autosuggestion, so that many times in less than ten minutes after my head touched the pillow, I was asleep, to wake next morning refreshed and ready for another day. It is unspeakably good to be able to say, "God has not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind." "He giveth his loved ones sleep." "I will lay me down in peace and sleep, for Thou makest me to dwell in safety."

> . . . the innocent sleep,
> Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleve of care,
> . . . sore labour's bath,
> Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
> Chief nourisher at life's feast!

Innocent sleep!

Weir Mitchell's book on "Fat and Blood," as the main sources of material for the recruiting of nervous energy, has been translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish,

and Russian. The method of treatment there presented made an effective appeal to the physicians of the whole civilized world. Like "the leaves of the tree" in the seer's vision of an ideal city, the leaves of this book have been "for the healing of the nations." He gave it as a sub-title, "An Essay on the Treatment of Certain Forms of Neurasthenia and Hysteria." It has been just that, going far and wide with its message of peace and help. The spirit of the author's own great, warm, sympathetic heart breathes through all its chapters.

It would be good for the church of Christ to "teach health," not as its main business, but as a kind of by-product of its activities, a leaf on the tree of its main purpose, which is to produce "the fruits of the spirit" in sound character. We have been frightened too much perhaps by the nonsense and wildfire in this field until we have neglected what would better have been cultivated with intelligent discrimination and sympathetic interest. We would not have to-day so many religious and medical side-shows (with all manner of oddities and monstrosities exhibited in them) had the performance in the main tent been to a greater degree well-rounded and complete. The followers of One who came to forgive our iniquities and heal our diseases, to redeem our lives from defeat and satisfy our needs with good things, so that our strength would be renewed, should be able to offer to all who come, the total help of the Gospel of Christ.

"Stand up straight, the ceiling is high," Weir Mitchell would say. "You will not bump your head." According to your faith, your open-mindedness, your receptivity, be

it unto you. Men usually become what they expect to become in that latent faith which shows itself mainly in shaping the aspirations which control the life. They commonly include within the grip of those aspirations, the physical nature.

People who expect to contract all the diseases going, rarely fail—they usually catch them all. People who live in constant dread, ordinarily realize, not their worst fears —that would be expecting too much of them—but a good working percentage of them. On the other hand, the quiet, serene confidence of the intelligent physician, the trained nurse, the well-poised individual in any calling, as each one goes courageously and joyously about his business, is like a steel armor against many of the current diseases. "I will fear no evil for thou art with me. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

Weir Mitchell wrote other books besides medical treatises. He published a whole volume of his poems. He wrote between thirty and forty short stories. He wrote a number of full-fledged novels of which "Hugh Wynne" is generally regarded as the best. He entered the field of literature as a pastime, but he came to adorn his avocation, even as he had brought fresh honor to his vocation as a doctor of medicine. He wrote rapidly and always with his own hand. "Hugh Wynne" was written in six weeks, though he tells us that he had been studying and meditating upon it, and making preliminary notes for it, during a period of seven years. His work in this field, as in every line of endeavor he undertook, was fine and

clean. He had no desire to spread abroad before the eyes of a world, which already had sufficient troubles of its own, the morbid, the nasty, the unwholesome phases of human life, even though in his medical practice he had seen, face to face, an abundance of them all. The leaves of his books were for the healing of nations.

He was a man of Christian faith and life. Two of his most intimate, cherished, and lifelong friends were Phillips Brooks, the Rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia (later the Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, and still later Bishop of Massachusetts) and Bishop William N. McVickar of Rhode Island. He walked and worked "as seeing Him who is invisible," bringing to his aid in all his ministry to human ills the reinforcement of a vital, religious faith. He might well have chosen for the motto on his coat of arms that fine word of the ancient seer, "I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth."

Weir Mitchell would have heartily endorsed this sentiment, for it came from a man whom he honored and loved—"The sovereign cure for worry is religious faith. The tossing billows on the fretful surface of the ocean leave the deep places undisturbed. To him who has a hold on the vaster and more permanent realities, the hourly vicissitudes of his personal destiny seem relatively insignificant."

These are not the words of some kindly pastor or of some learned theologian—they are the words of William James, Doctor of Medicine, a graduate of the Harvard Medical School, and afterward a lecturer on Anatomy in

the same institution. A man who came to stand in the front rank of American psychologists, and for many years professor of philosophy in Harvard! He saw that if one would gain that peace and poise, that steadiness and self-control which make for health twenty-four hours in the day, he cannot do better than to work out for himself a personal, vital, Christian faith, making these august truths and these abounding sources of help his own by using them daily.

It is the firm belief of many thoughtful people—William James, Weir Mitchell, and a host of others, who have blessed and enriched the life of the world by their wisdom and kindness—that the same Infinite Energy which caused the morning stars to sing together and all the sons of God to shout for joy is still here to-day, pledged to our advantage and awaiting the call of intelligent, resolute, expectant faith.

VII

PHILLIPS BROOKS

A HERALD OF GOOD NEWS

"We hold this truth to be self-evident, that all men are created equal." Thus spoke a company of earnest men on the 4th day of July, 1776, in what has since come to be regarded as distinctly "Fourth of July language." It was asserted by an earlier and wiser authority "speaking as never man spake," that "to one is given five talents, to another two, to another one, to every man according to his several ability." He saw people lined up before him like a spelling class, a few of them by superior endowment at the head of the class, a lot of them at the foot, with the great majority somewhere in between.

Here in this sketch, we have a man who was born to the purple! By inheritance, by the early environment of his life, and by the best that education, social contacts, and a home of real distinction had to offer, he enjoyed a clear advantage. Here was no Abraham Lincoln, born in a log cabin and left to shift for himself through his early unfolding. Here was no Peter Cooper, putting up from his eighth year a stern struggle for existence and privileged to attend school up to the time he was seventeen years old only twelve months all put together, and that only for half-day sessions. Here was a man superbly

endowed, physically, mentally, and spiritually, with the way of opportunity lying plain and straight before his approaching feet.

He was born in the year 1835 in the city of Boston, though he never made people unpleasantly aware of the fact. His mother was Mary Anne Phillips, a member of the distinguished Phillips family which founded Phillips Academy at Andover, was concerned in the development of Harvard, and connected in so many ways with the higher life of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts. His father was a Unitarian of the fine Channing type and his mother, a member of the Congregational church. This combination produced a blend which subsequently found itself at home in the broader, more hospitable wing of the Episcopal church.

When his father and mother set up their first home in Boston, they worshipped at the First Church where N. M. Frothingham was the pastor, and then later removed to St. Paul's Episcopal Church. The Unitarian teaching in the First Church ran counter to the convictions of his mother, but her husband, having been brought up in the more liberal faith, was not quite ready for the sterner orthodoxy of the Congregational church, as proclaimed in those earlier years. So they compromised on the Episcopal church, thus giving to that communion in the person of their son the most distinguished preacher in its whole history in this country. This change was made when Phillips Brooks was but four years old.

His home was a deeply religious home where family prayer was observed twice daily, once before they entered

upon the duties of the day, and again at nine o'clock at night when they reverently committed themselves to the care of One who watches over His children with an eye that never sleeps. It was a happy household where strong family attachments were developed.

He was prepared for college at the famous Boston Latin School, entered Harvard when he was not quite sixteen, graduated with a Phi Beta Kappa key before he was quite twenty. While he was in Harvard, Longfellow and Agassiz and Asa Gray were teaching there. James Walker was the President, making upon the lives of the young men, both in the classroom and in the pulpit, a deep impression. There was required Chapel attendance, twice on week days and once on Sundays. It was still the day of small things at Harvard—there were only three hundred and four in the College and only six hundred and twenty-six in all the departments. This made possible an intimate personal contact between instructors and students, which is lacking in the huge institutions of these days where the attendance mounts up into many thousands and the professors sometimes face classes numbering from six to eight hundred students, which is more in the nature of addressing a mass meeting than of carrying on the work of instruction.

During his college course Phillips Brooks read widely. He read Emerson, as every thoughtful person did in those days, but Carlyle touched him more deeply. The writer who influenced him most, both in thought and in style, was Tennyson. He showed in his college days no special proficiency in public speech.

When he graduated, he became a teacher in the Boston Latin School. His work there was a flat, humiliating failure. He could not maintain order among the boys in his room, nor interest them in their studies. They played upon him all manner of tricks. That room became a demoralizing factor in the life of the school. He was too inexperienced to deal successfully with the sort of material he encountered in those restless urchins. He said of them on one occasion, "They are the most disagreeable set of creatures, without exception, that I have ever met with."

When he went to report upon his failure to his own Harvard President, that wise and good man talked with him sympathetically and suggested that he try the ministry. His pastor, Dr. Vinton, advised the seminary at Alexandria, Virginia, thinking that the change from the colder and more critical atmosphere of Boston would be wholesome. The following year found the young man studying for the ministry on the banks of the Potomac. During his three years in the South he saw the effects of negro slavery in a way which intensified his natural New England convictions on that question.

He recorded his first impression of theological students when he came to give the Lyman Beecher lectures on "Preaching" at Yale. "I shall never forget my first experience of a divinity school. I had come from a college where men studied hard but said nothing about faith. I had never been at a prayer meeting in my life. The first place I was taken to at the Seminary was the prayer meeting, and I shall never lose the impression of devoutness with which those men prayed and exhorted one another. Their

whole natures seemed on fire. I sat bewildered and went away depressed.

"The next day I met some of those men at a Greek recitation. It would be little to say of some of the most devout of them, that they had not learned their lessons. Their whole way showed that they never learned their lessons. They had not gotten hold of the first principles of hard, faithful, conscientious study. The boiler had no connection with the engine. The devotion had not touched the work which then and there was the work, and the only work, for them to do." I wish we might regard that condition as entirely a thing of the past. There are still, in most divinity schools, pious souls who do not "show their faith by their works" in the ordinary assignments of the classroom—and such "faith without works is dead."

He tells us frankly that he did not care much for the instruction at Alexandria; but, being thrown so much upon himself, he did a lot of reading, which greatly enriched his future ministry. Two modern books which influenced him greatly (being found in his library after he was gone, well thumbed and marked) were Frederick Denison Maurice's "Theological Essays" and Horace Bushnell's "Sermons for the New Life." He read much poetry, which probably led to his wide and effective use of analogy in his future preaching. "There is something mysterious in this use of analogy, but it points to the unity of life and to the fact that the divine will has ordered the creation in harmony with and for the reenforcement of the spiritual man."

He writes in merry fashion of the imperfections of his

first sermon preached in the divinity school from the text, "The simplicity that is in Christ." He meant well and was very much in earnest, but he had not learned as yet the technique of preaching. One member of his class criticized the sermon by saying that "there was very little simplicity in it and no Christ." The author of the sermon felt that there was much to be said in support of that harsh comment.

His first church was the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia where he served for two years. It was not one of the more important churches of the city, but it soon became important under the influence of his preaching and leadership. It was a period of great joy to the people of that parish; and there was a deep sense of disappointment, when he was called to the larger opportunity which the Church of the Holy Trinity in the same city could offer him.

While he was at the Church of the Advent, he had received calls from churches in Harrisburg, Newport, Rhode Island, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and San Francisco. The salary he received from the Advent was only a thousand dollars for the first year and fifteen hundred dollars for the second. But he went on with his work until the Civil War, which came in 1861, made him feel that his duty in that solemn and trying experience, through which our whole country, North and South was to pass, lay in the field of wider opportunity. The people of Holy Trinity had built their noble edifice in the most commanding position in the city, and it was soon filled with a congregation composed of prominent and useful citizens. Phil-

lips Brooks was only twenty-six years old at that time, yet how royally he rose to meet the exacting demands which were rapidly made upon him!

His frank, courageous stand for the Union and for the freeing of the slaves was greatly to his credit as a minister and as a man. The sentiment of Philadelphia at the beginning of the Civil War was not that of Boston. He found very few anti-slavery men in the clergy of his own communion. A strong secession sentiment pervaded "society," which was well represented in the pews of his church. A leading society man had said in 1861, "All gentlemen will soon be of our way of thinking. The President is vulgar, the administration is vulgar, the people who urge war are of the common sort, who will shortly receive a merited castigation from the gentlemen of the South, whom the herd is vainly endeavoring to deprive of their Bible-given, heaven-derived, constitutional, natural, carnal property."

This was not exactly "Faneuil Hall doctrine," as Wendell Phillips (Phillips Brooks' own kinsman) once remarked at an anti-slavery meeting held in that famous hall. It took stamina for a young man of twenty-six, recently called to the parish, to speak out against such an attitude. He did it, even when it meant losing some influential pewholders from his church. His manly, courageous utterances through all that troubled period did much to turn the tide of society in favor of the abolition of slavery and the preservation of the Union.

As the struggle went on, the death of his own brother, George Brooks, in the great war put iron into his soul.

When the assassination of Lincoln came, only five days after the surrender of Lee had promised the speedy end of the conflict, it brought a still deeper, graver note into his utterance. In his Easter sermon, the day after the death of Lincoln, he had this to say. "One thing surprised me yesterday regarding that natural allusion to correspondences between the day of the death of our martyred President and the day on which our Lord was crucified. Some of the papers, almost with a note of apology, spoke as if it were an act of irreverence to associate the two, as if there were some degradation to Christ's nature, when we took the day of His death and called it 'a fitting day' for one to lay down his life for a noble cause. If there were any day in the year, which one who was to lay down his life for a cause he loved might choose above all others, it would be that Friday, which with all the solemnity and sadness which hung around it to those who loved their Lord, the whole Christian world has risen up in its gratitude and called Good Friday."

Phillips Brooks offered the prayer at the Commemoration Day service held July 21, 1865, when the Sons of Harvard who had died in the war were honored. The Harvard men came from far and near—much of the glory and strength of New England was represented on that occasion. Original poems were read by James Russell Lowell (his "Commemoration Ode"), Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Ralph Waldo Emerson—all Harvard men. General Meade, the hero of Gettysburg, and other generals in the Civil War were present. Hon. Charles G. Loring presided; James Walker, a former President of

Harvard, read the Scripture; Luther's hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is our God," was sung.

Phillips Brooks prayed, as no one in that company had ever heard any mortal man pray before. Dr. Huntington, of Grace Church, New York, wrote, "His face looking like Stephen's, there went forth from his lips a fiery stream of thanksgiving and supplication the like of which I never knew." Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson wrote, "I found myself listening breathless. I felt that I had never heard living prayer before. Here was a man talking straight into the face, into the heart of God." The only reference Phillips Brooks is known to have made to the occasion is one allusion to it, when he said that what touched him most was Charles Sumner, the United States Senator from Massachusetts, coming to thank him for the prayer "with tears in his eyes."

One of his close, warm friends in Philadelphia was Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the eminent neurologist. "Always once and usually twice each week, Phillips Brooks dined with us," writes this beloved physician, who ministered both to men's bodies and to their minds, as his intimate friend ministered to their souls. "He was also in the habit of dropping in four or five evenings out of the seven about ten o'clock for a talk before the open fire in my library. At one time I asked him to try to speak less rapidly. He tried it, but found that the rate of his extemporaneous speech had some relation to the rate of his thinking, and all effort to alter it became fruitless.

"I have known a number of men who were called great —poets, statesmen, soldiers—but Phillips Brooks was the

only one I have ever known who seemed entirely great. The most vivid picture I retain of him is as he appeared at his Wednesday night lectures. He used to stand away from the desk so that his massive figure and the strength of his head had their full effect. From his great height, the magic of his wonderful eyes was felt like the light from some strong watch tower by the sea. Thus you got the emphasis his noble sturdiness gave to the torrent of speech which rolled on, easy, fluent, strong."

His profound personal reserve has been oft remarked upon. His biographer, A. V. G. Allen, had this to say; "He would not talk of himself or reveal his inmost thoughts. He had many friends; he was greatly admired; his friendship and favor were courted, but to know him intimately was impossible. He appeared to be all frankness and simplicity, but the inner citadel of his being was his own possession. The sense of the sacredness of the inner life, to be known only to God in its fulness, is here apparent as the motive of his being."

Phillips Brooks was asked in 1864 to take the chair of Ecclesiastical History in the Philadelphia Divinity School. It seems that he all but accepted the call. It was not the jingle of the guinea (which to some natures less noble than his, seems at times like a summons from on high) that attracted him. He was receiving from his church a salary of four thousand dollars a year, while all the Seminary could offer from its meager resources was eighteen hundred. He coveted the larger leisure for study and for the attainments and service of thorough, genuine scholarship—as many a busy, successful pastor has, before

and since that time. But the good hand of the Lord was upon him, guiding him to the harder, worthier choice. His church wisely voted that "five hours each day should be reserved to him for study and writing, during which time he should be altogether free from any interruptions by the congregation." So his great soul went on with his preaching as the main interest of his life. Three years later he was asked to become the head of the new Theological School in Cambridge, standing within the very shadow of his alma mater. This call he also declined.

He had, about this time, the joy and release of a year abroad. He traveled widely, Great Britain and the Continent, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and Turkey. His weeks in the Holy Land led to his writing later his best-known hymn:

O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light,
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

Many of his experiences and observations are set down in finely chosen words in his volume "Letters of Travel." To me, the most impressive of them all are found in his words about the Sphinx. "The wonder of the Sphinx impressed me more than anything else I have seen. Half buried in the drifting sand, her great paws and broad chest out of sight with the altar they encompassed! Her

calm, still face, not stern and not gentle, only self-centered, as if she were too vast either to hate or to love the men who worshiped her! The harmony of repose between the features and the form, the great divine pitiless REST of the whole, as if neither human sin could arouse her to anger nor human goodness tempt a smile—how wonderful she is!"

Phillips Brooks never married—no one seems to know why. How gloriously and permanently happy he would have made some good woman had he taken her to wife! His biographer, who filled three large volumes with material regarding him, does not even attempt to account for his remaining single. "He felt no call to a celibate life. To one of his friends, who asked him for the demands and conditions he would make, he replied in a humorous way, that in the first place, she must be small; in the second place, she must be beautiful; in the third place, she must not know too much; and in the fourth place (he added as if an after thought), 'she must of course be good.'"

The story was told in Boston, when he had become the outstanding clergyman in that city—it is probably only a bit of folklore—that a beautiful widow, possessed of a very large fortune, as well as being endowed with many personal charms, tried for several years to enlist the serious interest of Phillips Brooks in her attractions. Finally she addressed to him a charmingly worded letter offering him, not in so many words but so unmistakably that her intentions were altogether clear, her hand and her heart and her fortune. To this approach, it is said that the

gentleman replied with perfect dignity and good taste, advising the lady, "to use her hands in some useful service, to give her money to the poor, and her heart to the Lord."

He had been at Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, six years when the first call (which he declined) came to become Rector of Trinity Church, Boston. His intimate friends and the authorities in the Episcopal Church applauded his decision, for they felt that when he left Philadelphia, it should be to go to New York, our largest city, and in many respects our hardest city in which to work as a minister of the Gospel.

In 1869 there came a second call to that church in Boston, and this call he was led to accept. He continued as Rector of that church for twenty-two years. During all that time the only announcement which ever appeared in the church notices in the Saturday papers of Boston was this brief statement. "Trinity Church, Services at 10.30 and 4." No topics for the sermons next day were ever given, the location of the church was not stated, nor did the name of the preacher appear. It was enough. The people did the rest by filling that large church (which was built for him a few years later in Copley Square) to the very doors, many worshippers sitting oftentimes on the steps leading up to the galleries or standing throughout the service in the open spaces at the back of the church, because all the seats were occupied.

When he first went to Boston, the people of Trinity Church were worshipping in the old edifice on Summer Street. It had been built forty years before but it still

possessed an air of distinction and of solid dignity. It was built of granite with a massive tower. At the time of its erection it had been regarded as one of the finest churches in the city. To him it was like coming home. He had been born in Boston, had prepared for college at the Boston Latin School, had graduated from Harvard, and his body was destined to be laid to rest in Mt. Auburn Cemetery. In the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts he was "to the manner born." The whole larger community rejoiced in his coming back to be their most beloved herald of the good news which came down from above to bring joy to a needy world.

It speedily became plain that the old edifice was inadequate for the needs of such a ministry as his. Steps were taken to secure the site for a place of worship proportioned to that larger measure of usefulness. The ground was purchased, more than an acre of it, upon which Trinity Church now stands. H. H. Richardson was chosen as the architect, and John La Farge was asked to do the frescoing of the interior. Subscriptions began to flow in for a sufficient building fund. All this took time, and it proved to be four years before that high task was finally completed.

In November 1872 came the great Boston fire. The old Trinity Church was entirely destroyed. Phillips Brooks was sitting in one of the pews with the sexton, resting from the fatigue of that awful night, when they saw the flames stealing in at the roof of the northeast corner. In sadness of heart they watched the progress of the fire until it became unsafe to remain longer.

When the Rector left the church, he went into the large jewelry store of Shreve, Crump and Low, which stood at the corner of Summer Street and Washington, not far from Trinity Church. The owners were there, expecting the fire to reach them at any moment. It was known that thieves were using the opportunity of that dreadful night to carry on their work of pillage. "When Phillips Brooks entered the store, he offered his aid, asking if there were not something he could do. Mr. Crump instantly availed himself of that offer by emptying the contents of the safe which contained the most valuable property of the firm—pearls, diamonds, emeralds, and other precious stones, into two handbags which he consigned to Phillips Brooks with the request that he carry them to a certain house on Newbury Street a mile away in the Back Bay district. Naturally he took no certificate of deposit and was unable to offer any bodyguard for protection on that dangerous errand. The distance had to be walked, for no conveyances were to be had. In the terror of that awful night, about two o'clock in the morning, this minister of God faithfully executed the commission thus entrusted to him."

When the old edifice was destroyed by fire, Trinity Church rented the hall of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology on Boylston Street, and for four years the congregation worshipped there. It seated a thousand people, but it lacked the appropriate setting for a service of worship in the Episcopal Church. The atmosphere of devotion, however, is no respecter of places or of furniture. With Phillips Brooks at the center of the scene and

the Unseen One, who so abundantly blessed his ministry, in the midst, the work of Christ was carried on nobly even in those unpropitious surroundings.

In Philadelphia, this preacher had shown himself much more of the reformer than he ever did in Boston, throwing himself with abandon into the movement for the abolition of slavery, into the support of the Union, and after the war into the meeting of the needs of the emancipated slaves. In Boston, he seemed to concentrate upon his work of preaching. He was too great, however, to have any one denomination monopolize him. He carried his message far beyond the boundaries of his own communion, preaching in all sorts of places, from Dwight L. Moody's revival meetings and Salvation Army gatherings, to St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey in London, along with most of the great English cathedrals.

He seemed to appeal both to those who regarded themselves as strictly evangelical in their theological beliefs and to those who were frankly liberal in that Unitarian atmosphere of Boston. His preaching of Christ was more inclusive than the area of any sect or of any particular school of theological opinion.

When the new Trinity Church on Copley Square was built and dedicated, it was the noblest Protestant place of worship in New England. All the wide appeal of Phillips Brooks' preaching and the influence of his whole ministry in Philadelphia were more than duplicated in this new field. The church retained the practice of renting pews, but the galleries, which seated over four hundred, were kept entirely free, and they were filled to the last

seat. The rich and the poor met together rejoicing that the Lord was the Maker and Helper of them all. He appealed to the wealthy, cultured people of Beacon Street and the Back Bay; he also appealed to the common people, whom the Lord must love since He makes so many more of them than he does of any other class. He had the ear and the confidence of men of affairs, and the students, from the various colleges and theological schools in and around Boston, went to hear him in droves, deeply influenced by his presentation of the gospel of good news.

His buoyant, radiant health and keen joy in living were a tonic to all the defeated and the depressed. He was six feet four inches in height with a well-proportioned, imposing physique. For years he was able to do an amount of work which would have broken down ordinary men, preaching three times on Sundays and frequently also during the week, carrying meanwhile a multitude of duties which made heavy demands upon his time and strength. "He slept well and ate well but never took much exercise. His manner seemed the 'natural expression of this inward, vital, jubilant health.' He would often tell little children, who were awed by his presence, that it was great fun to be a minister." He exhaled the atmosphere and the fragrance of those lines from Browning:

> Oh the wild joy of living!
> How good is man's life, the mere living! How fit to employ,
> All the heart and the soul and the senses, forever in joy!

The generous hospitality and wide inclusiveness of Trinity Church was illustrated by a story told of an occur-

rence away back in the eighteen eighties. An old colored woman, who was deeply and joyously religious, having heard of the wonderful preaching in that place, came one Sunday and found a seat in the gallery. She comported herself with all decorum during the ritual part of the service, but when Phillips Brooks began to preach, revealing along with his scholarship and grace of diction all the warmth and fervor which her simple soul craved, her feelings of satisfaction became too much for her. Every now and then she would respond with a glad and audible "Hallelujah" or "Praise the Lord."

Standing near by was a middle-aged usher, deeply conscious of the fact that the Episcopal Church is noted for its good taste and for having "all things done decently and in order." After hearing a number of the negro woman's responses, not to be found in the liturgy, he went to her and said quietly and politely, but very firmly, "You must not do that here." She beamed upon him in the fulness of her joy in the splendid sermon, and said, "Why, honey, I's got religion." He was not quite prepared for this, but he is said to have replied to her gravely, "Well, my good woman, this is no place to get religion."

It was a place where a hungry multitude "got religion" during all those years. I was a student in Boston from 1886 to 1889, and for those three years I heard Phillips Brooks preach almost every Sunday. I had grown up in a region where prairie wolves were more common than prophets. It had never dawned upon me that there could be such preaching anywhere, and I feasted on it. His ser-

mons were full of sensible, Scriptural, helpful ideas. He was at home in the world's great literature. His diction had in it always dignity and grace. Even so, I can readily understand why those who never heard him preach do not to-day find his published sermons interesting.

His delivery had in it none of the studied tricks of the elocutionist. He never tried for one moment to be what is called "a pulpit orator." His utterance was so rapid that his words came pouring out at the rate of two hundred words per minute or more, so that we had to be on the alert not to miss anything. But it was wonderful preaching—I can feel the tingle of it now, though it was forty-one years ago last January that he died. There before our eyes, as we listened, was a great, beautiful soul, giving us of his best and of the best that God was constantly giving him—and that is real preaching.

It was his custom to conduct a Bible class for young men at Trinity Church every Saturday evening during Lent. From his pulpit, he extended a cordial invitation to "any students away from home who were not members of his parish, who might like to come." I was a member of that Lenten Bible class for the three years. He would remain seated and speak to us for thirty minutes upon some great theme of Christian faith or practice, and then allow us to ask him questions for the rest of the hour.

One evening a young man asked him if he believed in a personal devil. He replied that he believed in a great many personal devils, that he had seen some of them right there in Boston, but that he did not believe in one evil being who was omnipresent (if not omniscient and well-

nigh omnipotent) who presided over and carried on pretty much all of the wicked business of the world. He felt that such a faith would be like believing in two gods, one good and one bad.

But the questioner was not quite satisfied, and he said, "I recently heard a very scholarly and devout minister state that he believed in a personal devil exactly as he is described in Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' because that is the teaching of the Bible. What would you say to that?"

Phillips Brooks smiled and replied in genial fashion, "I would say that perhaps he has information on that subject which has not come to me as yet." He gave us a wonderful time every Saturday night and then crowned it by inviting all who had been attending the class to his home on Clarendon Street on the evening of Easter Monday, where we had the privilege of meeting him more intimately and of seeing the study where he worked and the home where he lived his noble, beautiful life.

I was studying in the School of Theology of Boston University. We used to ask the various Boston pastors, who were willing to do it, to come up and speak to the one hundred and fifty divinity men on Monday afternoons, telling us something out of their own rich experiences regarding the work of the ministry. Each man would speak for twenty-five or thirty minutes and then allow us to ask him questions for half an hour. Phillips Brooks came and naturally gave us the finest of all the addresses we heard on those occasions. In the question period one of the students asked him what kind of a sermon should be preached on the first Sunday after a min-

ister enters a new parish. The great man looked puzzled, as if such an idea had never occurred to him before, as if he could not quite see why that first sermon should be different from any other sermon. Then his face lighted up, and he said, "Oh yes, I think I have seen references to initial sermons of that sort where the minister preached on 'The Relation of the Pulpit to the Pew' or 'The Obligations of the Congregation to the Pastor' or something of that sort. I would not do that. It is not the way human relations begin. The young mother does not start off by reading her baby an essay on the relation of parent and child. She begins by feeding the baby. On that first Sunday preach the best sort of gospel sermon that you are able to offer."

His breadth of view and the kindliness of his spirit were steadily manifest. When James Freeman Clarke, an eminent Unitarian minister in Boston, died, Phillips Brooks said in his sermon in Trinity Church the following Sunday, "I cannot stand here to-day without a tribute of affection and reverence to the remembrance of Doctor James Freeman Clarke, the minister of the Church of the Disciples, the brother and helper of souls. How much that name has meant in Boston these last forty years! He belonged to the whole church of Christ. Through him, his Master spoke to all who had ears to hear. He was a living epistle to the church of Christ which is in Boston. Let us thank our Heavenly Father for the life, the work, and the inspiration of his true servant, his true saint, James Freeman Clarke!"

It was remembered that two years before this, when

Rev. William N. McVickar, a lifelong, intimate friend of Phillips Brooks, was being urged by his friends for the position of Bishop of Pennsylvania, this objection was brought up against him. "He had on a certain occasion gone to hear Rev. James Freeman Clarke, an eminent Unitarian minister of Boston, and had even occupied a place of prominence on the platform." It was brought out later that "the place of prominence" had rather been thrust upon him, yet the fact that he was there at all was regarded by some as a damaging incident, quite unfitting him for the office of a bishop. Phillips Brooks was not that sort—he would have said to all such minds, in the words of his Master, "Ye know not what spirit ye are of. He that is not against us is for us."

He gave a series of Lenten addresses to business men in Trinity Church, New York, on six consecutive noondays which were remarked upon, all over the land. "The great interior was dim by reason of the heavy rain outside. All seats were filled, and before twelve o'clock men were standing in the broad spaces in the rear. No women were admitted. Here were men representing the professions and the trades, the commercial and the financial energies of Wall Street, at the head of which Trinity Church has stood through all these years. Here were men directing affairs involving millions of dollars, seated side by side with clerks and bookkeepers, employed in those banks and counting rooms." It was the universal testimony of the men who were privileged to attend those services that there was left in their hearts something which was not of this world. He had given unto them "certain

great and precious promises" and the men felt that by acting upon them, they too could "become partakers of the divine nature."

How wide was the range of his appeal! Helen Keller had been entrusted to his care by her father, who was desirous that her first religious instruction should come from Phillips Brooks. "How he sounded the depths of that young soul (shut out from the ordinary methods of knowledge through sight and hearing) and gave to her the idea of God. He was deeply touched by a remark which she made after their first conversation, that she had always known that there was a God, but had not known before His name. She continued to write letters to him as long as he lived, telling him about her thoughts and experiences."

Alexander Balmain Bruce of Glasgow University, a Scotch theologian and the learned author of many books, was in this country delivering a course of lectures at Union Theological Seminary, New York. He went one Sunday to hear Phillips Brooks preach three times in as many different churches in New York. He was at the home of Rev. E. Winchester Donald (who became later Phillips Brooks' successor at Trinity Church, Boston), when he referred to the three sermons he had heard on the previous Sunday. Dr. Donald asked him how Phillips Brooks compared with the great preachers of Scotland. He replied, "Our great preachers take into the pulpit a bucket full—or perhaps half-full—of the word of God and then by the force of personal mechanism attempt to convey it to the congregation. This man is just a great water main

attached to the everlasting reservoir of God's grace and truth—and streams of life by a heavenly gravitation pour through him to refresh every weary soul."

In November 1886 Harvard University celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of her founding. It was a great occasion. The President of the United States, Grover Cleveland, came; foreign visitors were present, representing the great universities of England and Scotland. James Russell Lowell, our former ambassador to Great Britain, was the orator and Oliver Wendell Holmes read a poem. On Sunday, Phillips Brooks preached the sermon in Appleton Chapel. He took for his text "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

In beginning his sermon, he said, "Who is Jesus Christ? In reverence and humility let us give our answer. He is the meeting of the divine and the human. The presence of God in humanity and the perfection of humanity in God, the divine made human and the human shown to be capable of union with the divine; the utterance of the nearness and the love of God, and of the possibilities of man. Once in the ages came that wonderful life, the face of Jesus Christ shone in Palestine and His feet left their blessed impress upon the earth, but what that life made manifest, had been forever true."

When he was in England in 1880, he was invited by Dean Stanley to preach in Westminster Abbey on the evening of the 4th of July. Many Englishmen felt that the Dean had given the American preacher a difficult task, and they wondered what he would say on such an occasion. It was said that even the Dean himself felt some

misgivings when the hour drew near. Lady Francis Baillie, his sister-in-law, tells us that after the service "she slipped out by a private door into the Deanery and reached the drawing room before any of the other guests had come in from the Abbey. She found Dean Stanley with tears running down his face (a most unusual thing for him), and as soon as she appeared, he burst out with expressions of the most intense admiration, saying that he had never been so moved by any sermon he could remember, and dwelling on the wonderful taste and feeling displayed in the passage at the end."

Here is a part of what Phillips Brooks said! "May I ask you to linger while I say a few words more, which shall not be unsuited to what I have been saying, and which shall for just a moment recall to you the sacredness which this day, the Fourth of July, the anniversary of American independence, has in the hearts of us Americans. If I dare—generously permitted as I am to stand this evening in the venerable Abbey so full of our history as well as yours—to claim that our festival shall have some sacredness for you as well as for us, my claim rests upon the simple truth that to all true men the birthday of a nation must always be a sacred thing. . . . It is not for me to glorify to-night the country which I love with all my heart and all my soul. I may not ask your praise for anything admirable which the United States has been or done. But on my country's birthday, I may ask for something far more solemn and more worthy of the hour. I may ask for your prayers on her behalf. On all that the life of my country must mean for humanity, I may ask

you to pray that the blessing of God the Father of man and of Christ the Son of man may rest forever. Because you are Englishmen and I am an American, also because here under this high and hospitable roof we are all more than Englishmen and more than Americans, because we are all men and the children of God, waiting for the full coming of our Father's kingdom, I ask you for that prayer."

Early in the year 1891, when he had reached the age of fifty-five, his name was brought forward by his friends for the place made vacant by the death of Bishop Paddock of Massachusetts. It is difficult for thoughtful Christian people at this time to conceive of the opposition which developed in certain quarters. He was accused of being a Unitarian in his theological beliefs. He was accused of having been disloyal to his ordination vows as a minister of the Episcopal Church in having allowed Unitarians and other "non-Conformists" to partake of the sacrament when he was officiating at the altar. He was accused of disloyalty to his own communion in having participated in the installation service of Lyman Abbott as the successor to Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. He was accused of all sorts of things, none of them reflecting in any way upon his scholarship, his record of useful service, or upon his life of Christian devotion—they were things which seemed to many people at the time like an insistence upon the tithing of mint, anise, and cummin to the neglect of "the weightier matters" of justice and mercy and truth.

When the Diocesan Convention met in April, 1891,

he was promptly elected bishop on the first ballot by a large majority of the clergy and a still larger majority of the laity. "Many voted for him who did not agree with some of his views and theological attitudes, and some voted against him who were at one with his purpose but did not wish to have him taken away from Trinity Church, where he was rendering such a remarkable service." He was not present at the Convention, but when the result of the ballot was announced, there came a rush to his home on Clarendon Street by his friends to convey to him their congratulations.

It was necessary that this election should be confirmed by the votes of a majority of the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. The opposition continued to manifest itself, in what proved to be an ineffectual effort to secure a majority of the votes of the bishops against this confirmation. The suspense continued from April to July, but early in the latter month, the Presiding Bishop telegraphed to the "Churchman" that the election had been confirmed and Phillips Brooks was the Bishop of Massachusetts.

He wrote at this time an amusing letter to his brother which has been preserved. "Dear Johnny; I thank you most heartily for your letter. The opposition has been throughout upon the ground of admitted facts. Nobody has charged me with theft or murder. I do not believe the doctrine of Apostolic Succession and I am sure that Lyman Abbott has a right to preach the gospel. I shall be confirmed with the clear knowledge of these positions in everybody's mind and so it will be fully known that they

are no objection to a man's Episcopate. I *shall* be confirmed—there is no doubt of the result; and I think the good bishops will find what an admirable member of the upper house I am."

The scene at his consecration as bishop in Trinity Church went down as one of the most impressive religious occasions in the history of Boston. Bishop Williams, the Presiding Bishop, acted as consecrator; Bishop Potter of New York, a lifelong friend, preached the sermon; Bishop Doane of Albany and Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, with four other bishops, were the presenters; and Arthur Brooks and John Cotton Brooks, his brothers, the attending presbyters. Over four hundred clergymen, more than a third of them from other dioceses, made up the procession which entered from the west door singing "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty."

It was a civic, as well as an ecclesiastical occasion, for the governor of the Commonwealth, the mayor of the city, and the president of Harvard University had been invited as honored guests. The crowning moment came when (deeply moved, as if by some reminder of the trial through which he had passed because of the opposition in certain quarters to his election and confirmation) he uttered his promise of conformity. Throwing back his head and drawing up his figure to its full proportions, he said, "I, Phillips Brooks, chosen bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Massachusetts, do promise conformity and obedience to the doctrine, discipline and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. So help me God, through Jesus

Christ." It moved profoundly the hearts of all those who heard it.

Even after he was made a Bishop, he did not wear clerical dress, as he had never worn it during all his notable ministry. His collar always was one which might have been worn by any well-bred, well-dressed man, be he prelate or layman. He was gently chided by one of his fellow bishops for not wearing clerical dress after becoming a bishop. In a very friendly reply to that letter, Phillips Brooks refused to make any promises about conforming. Then the other bishop wrote him a delicious letter, telling him to go his way and assuring him that he would be disturbed no more, closing his genial communication with this phrase, "Just as affectionately yours as ever, and a little more so."

He entered upon his work as a bishop with a certain serene joy and with a profound sense of its spiritual significance. He brought a certain freshness of faith, as well as that blend of dignity and simplicity which marked his entire ministry of worship, into the Confirmation Service in a way that touched all those young hearts to whom it was a great moment when the hands of Phillips Brooks were placed upon their heads. He showed throughout a noble capacity for the administration of the affairs of the diocese. He carried books with him and read on the trains, thus keeping up that lifelong habit of extensive reading. He enjoyed traveling about, entering new parishes and meeting new people. He was always more than unselfish in the giving of himself to the smaller parishes; and his friendships with the younger clergy, with whom his office

brought him now into more intimate relations, left upon them a blessing which enriched their whole ministry. It was all very beautiful, but alas these many demands, increasing and incessant, hastened undoubtedly the coming of the end.

The funeral service for Phillips Brooks was held, January 26, 1893, in Trinity Church, Boston. The church was filled, and Copley Square and the adjoining streets were filled, and the whole city showed signs of mourning on the day when his body was laid to rest. Bishop Williams, the Presiding Bishop, and Bishop Potter and other longtime friends were present, with hundreds of the clergy from his own communion and from all branches of the Christian church. "At the suggestion of Rev. William Lawrence, afterward Bishop of Massachusetts, eight young men, undergraduates of Harvard, bore the body aloft on their shoulders, as if in triumph and in full view of all. Among the honorary pallbearers were such old friends as S. Weir Mitchell, Robert C. Winthrop, Robert Treat Paine, William N. McVickar, Leighton Parks, Professor A. V. G. Allen, his biographer, Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard, Charles R. Codman, Justice Horace Gray of the United States Supreme Court."

When the service in the church was over, another service was held without for the larger congregation—some said twenty thousand people—waiting outside in Copley Square. When the long procession reached Harvard Square, the familiar college bell began to toll, indicating that the procession was entering the college grounds. The students poured out of the dormitories and recitation

halls, lining the way with bared heads and standing in silence until the last carriage had passed. The body was laid to rest in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, in the same lot with those of his father and mother and his brothers, George and Frederick. "Then the people went away again to their own homes."

These words with which Dr. Allen concludes his biography are taken from the dedication of a volume of sermons written by the Bishop of Winchester in England.

To the dear memory of
Phillips Brooks
Bishop of Massachusetts,
Strong, fearless, tender, eloquent,
Incapable of meanness,
His heart and mind deep and wide as
The ocean at his door,
This volume is inscribed
By a brother across the water.

VIII

DAVID STARR JORDAN

NATURALIST, EDUCATOR, PUBLIC SERVANT

EVER since I first met him thirty-seven years ago, David Starr Jordan has always seemed to me the greatest man I have ever been privileged to know intimately. I lived in California nearly fifteen years, during the time when he was easily the first citizen of the state. For seven years I gave courses in "Personal Ethics" and "The Old Testament as Literature," at Stanford University. This naturally brought me into personal relations with the President—I was often a guest in his home. I have preached in the Stanford Chapel more than forty times, and he was always interested in the religious life of the students. He generously honored me with a gracious friendship which has permanently enriched my whole life.

The measure and the quality of any life is determined mainly by the range and the character of its interests. A meager line of interests, a meager personality! A wider system of contacts and aspirations, an enlarged personality! At how many different points David Starr Jordan touched the life of his day! How far afield his interests went! To how many varied forms of stimulus did his vigorous, ardent nature respond! He was alive all the way

up and all the way in and all the way around, not merely along some limited arc of the great circle.

Well might he call his autobiography in two big volumes of seven hundred pages each, "The Days of a Man." He was just that—he was a man. That story of his experiences, observations, and achievements gives a vivid, stirring picture of one of the extraordinary figures in our American life.

His genuine scholarship in his own field of natural science, his large experience in the work of education through the founding and development of a great university, his work as the author of a long list of stimulating books, his broad, statesmanlike attitude toward public questions, the signal service he rendered to the cause of international peace, and, above all, the character of the man, at once strong and gentle, robust in its adherence to those principles which he esteemed as right, with a tolerant, kindly attitude toward his fellow beings, even when some of them had fallen short—all this made him in the eyes of those who knew him best, genuinely great.

He was born in New York State, January 19, 1851, and was destined, therefore, to live through a period of marvelous advance in the realm of science, of profound experiences in our national life far-reaching in their influence upon the life of the world, and of radical change in most of our habits of thought and action. In this new day which has come upon us, many people feel that pretty much everything is changed except the law of gravitation, the multiplication table, and the Ten Commandments—some of them wouldn't even except the Ten Command-

ments. We are living in a new day and a new world quite unlike the world upon which young Jordan opened his eyes for the first time eighty-three years ago. All that, he saw; and of a goodly section of it, he was a part.

His bent toward science was revealed in his early interest in the study of botany, listing all the plants in his region, and in his making, at the age of thirteen, a series of maps showing the location of all the visible stars with their magnitudes. In blocking out the constellations he used an old book known as Burritt's, "Geography of the Heavens." This latter interest, coupled with the repeated references made by his mother to Thomas Starr King, for whom she had a profound admiration, led to his choosing and adopting for himself the middle name which he bore for the rest of his life. He was christened "David Jordan" —the "Starr" he inserted on his own motion, because he felt that it made a better-balanced name for a man to wear.

His first reaction to any public question came when he was eight years old in listening to a sermon by an eloquent Unitarian minister from Boston. The man said, in referring to the Dred Scott Decision of the United States Supreme Court confirming the Fugitive Slave Law, "When this verdict was rendered, there was joy in State Street and in Wall Street"—the financial centers of Boston and New York—"and in hell." This set the boy to thinking and asking questions of his mother as to what it all meant.

His home was one of comfort but never in any sense luxurious. "The household was friendly, helpful and happy, not missing what it never had. I know of no bet-

ter environment for a child than simple contentment in such an atmosphere. Too much spending money brings its perils, and in America the lack of money is the easiest of all obstacles to surmount and remove."

When he entered Cornell University, he was "on his own." He joined a group of young chaps, similarly placed, in forming a boarding club which was called "The Struggle for Existence"—in college parlance more familiarly known as the "Strug." The fare was simple and oftentimes it seemed monotonous, but the "Strug" sent out a remarkable group of men as future events abundantly proved. "Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed that he is grown so great?" Ah, Cassius, it has never been a mere question of "feed."

Andrew D. White, later our ambassador both to Russia and to Germany, was the president of Cornell at that time. David Starr Jordan said of him, "A little man who looked as if he might have been big if he had wanted to, for he gave the impression of entire competence. He was an effective and impressive speaker with a ready command of choice English. His addresses on education and in defense of religious freedom were classics of their kind. His relations with the students were always delightful—he had a genius for group inspiration, thus influencing at once large numbers toward higher aims. I doubt if any other American university executive has been his equal in those regards. Even President Eliot, with his great intellectual power, his keen analytical, discriminating, and accurate scholarship, seemed to lack somewhat in personal sympathy."

After graduating, young Jordan taught in Lombard College, Illinois; then in Appleton, Wisconsin; and then in Butler College, Indianapolis. During this period he spent several summers at the Anderson Summer School of Science on the Island of Penikese, off the heel of Cape Cod. Here he came under the inspiring, formative influence of Louis Agassiz, who was then a star of the first magnitude in the scientific sky. He heard the opening address described in Whittier's poem, "The Prayer of Agassiz." "His tall, robust figure, his large open face lit up by kindly dark brown eyes, his cheery smile—all these entered into our abiding impression of the great naturalist."

"A deep religious feeling permeated his whole address, for in each natural object Agassiz saw a thought of God, which the student might search out and think over again. Agassiz believed that the different kinds of animals and plants had been separately created in their present forms. I was converted to the theory of divergence through natural selection and other factors, not so much by the arguments of Darwin as by the special facts unrolling themselves before my own eyes, the rational meaning of which he had plainly indicated. I sometimes said that I went over to the evolutionists with the grace of a cat which a boy 'leads' by its tail across the carpet."

In Indianapolis he was intimate with Oscar C. McCullough, "a most humanly genial and broad-minded man." Jordan became a member of his church, the Plymouth Congregational Church. McCullough was making a study of hereditary poverty, and he conducted a detailed investi-

gation of the "Tribe of Ishmael," a local group of poor whites, a large majority of them the descendants of prisoners for debt sent over from England to Jamestown, Virginia, to become the ancestors of a forlorn group of ne'er-do-wells scattered through the Middle West. McCullough's aids had gathered the records of about five thousand of those people around whom clustered most of the petty crimes and nearly all of the poverty of the town.

"This piece of research was one of the first and most illuminating of the many studies of inherited incapacity. There are three kinds of poor, the Lord's poor, who have fallen into poverty through misfortune, the devil's poor, who have earned and deserved it by their own vices, and paupers, who have inherited feeble minds and wills. Being destitute of initiative and self-respect, they fall of necessity to the bottom in an open competitive world." We might respectfully commend this study to those who are so confident in these days that "acquired characteristics" are never passed on by heredity.

David Starr Jordan also came to know intimately James Whitcomb Riley, "a gentle, lovable man with a fine sense of humor and a warm heart whose gracious, homely poems had already brought him into general public notice. Nothing apparently could ruffle the sweetness of his temper. He gave a reading in 1892 at Stanford University, and was afterward assailed by Ambrose Bierce for corrupting the English language by writing in Hoosier dialect." Ambrose Bierce was a man whose tongue secreted more tabasco sauce than that of any other individual in California. Someone asked Riley why he did not strike back.

"I did," said Riley. "I hit him with a great chunk of silence."

In Indianapolis Jordan did some work at the Medical School, receiving in 1875 the degree of Doctor of Medicine—"scarcely earned," he said. "Medical science was then in the mediæval period. The existence of microscopic organisms in connection with disease was but dimly recognized. The word 'bacteriology' still slumbered in the Greek lexicon. The effect of medicine upon the human organism was then mainly a matter of experiment and guesswork. Antiseptic surgery was an unknown art. When the surgeon cut into the human body, he took his chances on gangrene, blood poisoning, and other ills which he could neither foresee nor avert. Nursing was largely experimental.

"But certain investigators had initiated researches destined to base the art of medicine on solid science. Tyndall, in London, was making his study of microbes; Lister, of Edinburgh, had shown the amazing results to be derived from clean hands, pure air, and antiseptics. At Paris, Pasteur, the greatest of them all, was beginning his work which resulted in the discovery of myriads of animal and plant organisms too minute for the naked eye, but readily studied under the microscope and easily reared in artificial cultures." All this was epoch-making, and this man of science, about whom I am writing, saw the inception and development of it all. "Medicine at present stands on the firing line of science and in no department of human knowledge has the forward movement been more sound or more impressive."

He was spending the summer of 1877 in Washington when a new invention of Alexander Graham Bell, the telephone, was brought over to the Smithsonian Institution to be tested. "Connecting the basement with the fourth story, we were amazed and delighted to find that we could hear over the wires. In cases of doubt someone would put his head out of the window and call out, 'I am talking over the telephone, can you hear me now?' In Sacramento, thirty-five years later, I told this story by wireless to an operator at Stockton forty-eight miles away, and he reported it accurately back to me. Afterward messages were carried through the air from Washington to Panama, to Honolulu and to London." In 1916 Dr. Jordan gave a short lecture on world peace in his home at Stanford University to the members of the Quill Club, assembled in New York City, which was conveyed across the continent on the air.

In his early years he made an extensive and detailed study of the fish in the lakes and streams of our own southern states. In 1900 he made a thorough, exhaustive study of the fishes of Japan, giving to it an entire summer and bringing back with him one hundred specimens, many of them entirely new to science. In 1901 he made a similar study of the fishes of the Hawaiian Islands. The results of this study were very extensive, including two hundred and ten new specimens of deep-sea fishes. The following year he went to Samoa for the United States fish commissioner to make a study of the marine life in that tropical region. He was deeply interested in all the mementoes of the life of Robert Louis Stevenson there,

of whose writings he was exceedingly fond, and in the life of those primitive peoples, as well as in the fish. He found the fish fauna exceedingly rich, bringing home over six hundred specimens, about one hundred of them new. In the summer of 1905 he was appointed by Commissioner Bowers to make a survey of the salmon rivers and salmon canneries in Alaska and to gather all the data possible regarding fishes in general. The direct practical result of that summer's work was a series of statutes which still remain in force, contributing much (though not enough) to the preservation of the salmon industry from threatened extinction.

While he was in Japan, his great size—he was over six feet in height and weighed well over two hundred—was a source of amazement to those people of so much more modest proportions. They could scarcely credit their eyes when they saw him moving about among them. They had not supposed that the Creator had ever made a man as large as that. In Yokohama one small lad, destined probably to become a Doctor of Philosophy, for he had the spirit of "original research" and of "independent investigation," crept up behind Dr. Jordan and pinched his leg to make sure that it was good, honest flesh. Then he ran away shouting in Japanese, "He's real! He's real!" He certainly was.

At one of the inns a little waitress immediately dubbed him "Diabutsu," the name of the huge placid statue of the "Great Buddha" which stands in the park at Kamakura. At Sendai in northern Japan, where men grow much taller and broader than in the south, there was one

man who was regarded by himself and by his friends as the largest man in the world. But when Dr. Jordan appeared and the two men stood up together, the Japanese was dwarfed by the American, so that the reputation and satisfaction he had previously enjoyed because of his goodly proportions were instantly destroyed. He was quite miffed.

Dr. Jordan came to be widely known through his work as a member of the United States Fur Seal Commission to study the habits, the conditions, and numbers of the fur-bearing seals off the coast of Alaska, and particularly on the Pribiloff Islands. He was up there three months on the first trip and a considerable time on the second. He photographed and counted the seals. The first census which had ever been made of them showed one hundred and forty-three thousand. He gathered material for the writing of "The Story of Matka," one of the best animal stories to be found anywhere, and all the better because all the facts cited are based upon accurate, scientific data.

I heard him lecture on the fur seals many years ago, and his accounts of the young bull seals fighting their way into society, elbowing out the old beaus who had become decrepit, thus being able to establish each a harem of his own for the breeding of young seals, was most interesting. Its blend of accurate, scientific knowledge and delicious humor and a genuine human interest was immensely appealing to the large, attentive audience.

This work led to his appointment upon the Joint Fur Seal Commission representing Great Britain, Russia, Japan, and America. Here he was associated with such

men as Hon. John W. Foster, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Louis Davies of Canada, Gregoire de Wallant of Russia, and Mitsukuri, representing Japan. This resulted in the final treaty of 1911 regarding the whole business of pelagic sealing and the adoption of provisions which prevented the threatened extermination of fur-bearing seals by commercial interests.

"One of the most marvelous instincts in nature is that possessed by the mother seals. Leaving in February the latitude of California, they beat their stormy way northward, passing in fog through the narrow straits of Akutan or Unimak, and reach their rookery homes about a week before the pups are due. A pup born at sea would, of course, be drowned immediately. No fur seal has ever been known to land anywhere save on a breeding island." How do they do it! How do they find their way through those hundreds of miles of salt water to those small islands! How do they time their movements so accurately, leaving in February for the lying-in hospital, where their little ones are to be born the very last of June or the first week in July!

In 1905 he published his "Guide to the Study of Fishes." It was an elaborate work on the subject of ichthyology in two large, well-illustrated volumes and designed to contain all matters of possible general interest in regard to the anatomy, habits, and classification of fishes. "Looking through the perspective of years," he wrote twenty-odd years later, "I think it may fairly be called a monumental piece of work. Errors of course crept in, but as Aristotle said, 'It is the mark of an amateur to ex-

pect a greater degree of accuracy than the subject permits.' In the review in *Nature,* the London journal of science, special praise was given to the fact that the 'Guide' treats fishes as living organisms, not merely as objects in a natural history museum."

Dr. Jordan's standing as a scientific man is suggested and indicated by those many important lines of research in which he was engaged. It is indicated also by the further fact that he was twice offered the directorship of the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, a place which many men would regard as the most honorable position in American science. The second offer came to him in a letter received on the morning of April 18, 1906, the day of the great San Francisco earthquake. Looking out upon the ruin wrought there on his own campus at Stanford in those frightful forty-eight seconds, he could not consider any kind of an opportunity, however honorable and tempting, elsewhere.

While he was teaching at Butler College, he was elected to the chair of Natural History at the University of Indiana, in Bloomington. He afterward became the president. It was while he was there that Senator Leland Stanford approached him, asking him to become the head of the new university which was being founded in California. Some interesting stories vouched for in writing by those who knew are told regarding the inception of that enterprise. When young Leland Stanford, Jr., died, Governor Stanford is said to have remarked in his sorrow, "The children of California shall all be my children. I will

found there a university with free tuition for all young men and young women of California who wish to get an education."

He and Mrs. Stanford called on President Eliot of Harvard to talk over their plans with him, as an educator of high standing and large experience. When they had developed their purpose, Mr. Stanford said to Dr. Eliot, "About how much would it cost to duplicate what you have here at Harvard,—land, buildings, libraries, laboratories, endowment funds, and all." This was long before the day of the splendid affluence upon which Harvard has more recently entered, and President Eliot replied, "I should think it would require at least thirty millions of dollars." Mr. Stanford turned to his wife and said, "Well, Jane, we could manage that, couldn't we?" A son of Dr. Eliot told me once, when I sat next to him at dinner, that this expression, "Well, Jane, we can manage that," became a pleasant byword in the Eliot family for years.

They asked for counsel touching the selection of a president, and Dr. Eliot advised them to go to Cornell and see Andrew D. White. Senator Stanford had known Mr. White and had great admiration for his ability and character. The place was offered to him, but he did not feel that he could leave Cornell. He told them of a young man who had graduated at Cornell, who had been a member of the boarding club known as "The Struggle for Existence." His name was Jordan, and he was at that time president of the University of Indiana. He advised the Stanfords to see him. They lost no time, and two days later their private car deposited them in Bloomington,

where they had to wait a day or two until David Starr Jordan returned from Urbana, where he had gone to give the commencement address at the University of Illinois.

His first impressions of Leland Stanford were extremely favorable, as the Senator stated his errand and explained the purpose he had in mind. It appealed to Dr. Jordan at once. He was offered the presidency at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. While he went home to discuss the matter with his wife, Mrs. Stanford and her secretary attended service in a nearby church. By the time the benediction had been pronounced, the Jordans had talked the matter over, and his answer was ready. He agreed to go and to enter upon his duties the following autumn. Stanford University was to open on October 1, 1891.

The general aim of the new institution was outlined in the first prospectus, as follows—The first aim will be to secure and retain teachers of the highest talent, successful also as original investigators. Work in applied science to be carried on side by side with pure science and the humanities, and to be equally fostered! Women and men to be admitted on equal terms! Large liberty of electives; no fixed curriculum of any sort being contemplated! The largest liberty consistent with good work and good order to be granted the students! Religious services to be provided in accordance with the clause in the deed of gift which prohibits sectarian instruction but requires "the teaching of the immortality of the soul (this wording was chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Stanford), the existence of an All-wise and Benevolent Creator, and the obedience to His laws as the highest duty of man." Tuition was to

be free in all departments, and room and board in the residence halls to be furnished at cost.

There was a disposition in certain quarters to throw cold water on the project. The *New York Mail and Express* said that there was about as much need of a new university in California as for an asylum for decayed sea captains in Switzerland. It prophesied that for years to come the professors would lecture in marble halls to empty benches—which showed that newspapers frequently do not know what they are talking about. Even so wise a man as Professor Bernard Moses, in giving a speech of welcome at a dinner tendered by the faculty of the University of California to the faculty of the new institution, said that inasmuch as the University of California had only four hundred students in all, and as only one hundred and fifty young people were prepared for college each year in the whole state, another university was not greatly needed.

But Stanford University opened that fall with fifteen professors; Branner in geology, Swain in mathematics, Gilbert in zoölogy, Stillman in chemistry, Campbell in botany, Marx in engineering, Earl Barnes in education, and other men who later came to be well known in the world of education. Four hundred and sixty-five students were admitted. One interesting fact was that the first room which the President assigned to a student was given to Herbert C. Hoover,—No. 38 Encina Hall. Hoover is naturally the best known of all the graduates of Stanford and one of the best-known men to-day in all the world. His achievements as a mining engineer, his saving work

during the World War in Belgium and northern France, his devoted service as United States Food Administrator, his chairmanship of the American Relief Administration, his leadership in raising the European Children's Fund, and his services as Secretary of Labor and then as President of the United States, have made his name, his face, and his character familiar to thoughtful people the world over.

The story of the growth of Stanford University under the leadership of Dr. Jordan has been too often and too widely told to need telling again. Students came from all over the country and from all over the world. The spirit and method of the new institution made an effective appeal; but the charm of California itself aided mightily. It has sometimes been said that the half has never been told about California, but it is not the fault of the Californians. David Starr Jordan himself speedily became a "Californiac," as they are called. In his little book on "California," published first as an article in the *Atlantic Monthly,* he said, "The Californian loves his state because his state first loved him. He returns her love with a fierce affection which, to men who do not know California, is always a surprise. From end to end of the state, there is scarcely a commonplace mile; and from one end of the year to the other, scarcely a colorless day. California has but two seasons, but two are enough if each in its way be perfect. Outside critics have called the climate monotonous—good health is equally so."

He believed that a college president, to maintain his closer touch with students and with productive scholarship,

had best not abandon either teaching or research. "If the university president is to exert a stimulating influence upon the students, he should never relinquish the opportunities of the classroom. If he is to judge the work of scholars, he himself should be a scholar, which condition he can maintain only through some form of actual research." During all his thirty-three years' service as president, at Indiana and at Stanford, he gave each year a course of lectures dealing with the philosophy of biology, beginning with the laws of organic life and leading up to eugenics and ethics. He was also continuously engaged in some line of research touching fishes or in fields related to the origin of species.

He traveled widely in this country and in Europe, in Japan and China, in Australia, New Zealand, and Mexico, and elsewhere, bringing back observations and interpretations of what he had seen in a way that made him always the most rewarding lecturer who ever appeared on the Stanford campus. While he himself never laughed out loud, "taking his humor internally," as he said, he had a keen sense of humor and had a lot of diverting stories to tell. He spoke French and German and had a good working knowledge of Spanish and of other tongues. One summer, however, he was traveling in Holland, where he did not know a single word of the language. Having occasion to hire a boatman on the River Maas, he approached him with the familiar formula he had been using in order to find as speedily as possible, some common ground of communication, "Sprechen Sie Deutsch? Parlez-vous Français? Do you speak English?" The boat-

man replied with a lazy drawl, "I reckon I can tackle some of 'em—I'm from Maine."

When he was thirty-eight years old, he climbed the Matterhorn, as one of a party of six, together with five guides. The guide assigned to him was "John the Baptist," —Jean Baptiste Aymonad, a young man of remarkable strength, skill, and loyalty who came to be well known and warmly appreciated by many Alpine climbers. Dr. Jordan hesitated at first to make the attempt, for in looking up at the imposing peak from Zermatt he knew it would be a hard road for a heavy man to travel. He went up, and his account of the expedition in "The Days of a Man" is the most thrilling narrative of mountain climbing I have ever read, not even excepting the stirring chapters by Edward Whymper.

On the way down, Professor Gilbert was struck by a rock, weighing a hundred pounds or more, which had slipped from under the feet of the last man and had gone hurtling down the mountainside. Gilbert received a savage gash across the forehead and was knocked senseless. His loss of blood and consequent loss of strength, together with the nervous shock which the whole party received, made the rest of the descent a very acute problem. But by the strength and skill of their guides, and by the cool-headed courage of all members of the party (including Gilbert himself, who had been badly hurt), they finally reached Zermatt in safety after two most exciting days of hazardous experience.

Dr. Jordan prepared a lecture upon the ascent of the Matterhorn which he gave many times. "The ascent by

my party was a mad business at best. Amateurs in high mountaineering, we were not in the Matterhorn class. I have always sympathized somewhat with the old Indiana farmer who arrived late at my lecture and took a front seat. He listened attentively, but at last could stand it no longer, and in a loud whisper he asked the man next to him, "What the devil were they up there for?"

His personal experience in the great San Francisco earthquake has been of interest. "At thirteen minutes past five on the 18th of April, 1906, we were all awakened by several tremendous jolts, after which the house was shaken with great violence, as a rat might be shaken by a dog. In less than a minute the solid earth between us and the mountains had been thrown open to a depth of no one knows how many miles and then clapped together again as if nothing had happened. My son, sleeping on the roof of our home, saw the fall of the beautiful chapel tower with its graceful flying buttresses, the collapse of the Memorial Arch, the crumbling of the great unfinished library, and the almost completed gymnasium. The inner quadrangle, of a single story, and Encina Hall, having their angles strengthened within by vertical bars of railroad iron, showed little damage. In the engineering shops great pieces of machinery lay tossed about, and the tall smokestack, a hundred feet high, had been broken into three segments, one of them falling upon the electrician, who had faithfully turned off the power and then had been killed as he ran outside. Two and a half millions of academic property destroyed in the brief space of forty-eight seconds!"

William James, of Harvard, was the acting Professor of Philosophy at Stanford that semester, and he found the quake tremendously interesting. When the frame house in which he and Mrs. James were staying was shaken with great violence, he called on the elements to "go it" with all their might. If the universe could stand it, the Jameses could.

On the front of the quadrangle was a large marble statue of Agassiz. This was thrown down from the height of some twenty-five feet to plunge head first and waist deep into the concrete pavement. It stood there with the upper part of the body embedded and the feet and legs straight up in the air, where it was photographed for the museum, as the only bit of humor connected with the earthquake. One of the Stanford boys remarked that he always knew that Agassiz was a hard-headed old chap, but he had not supposed that he could dive head first into a concrete sidewalk and get away with it. The statue suffered no damage beyond a broken nose, which was easily repaired, and it now stands in its place with strong iron braces fastening it to the stonework behind in case there should be another quake.

When it was over and Dr. Jordan had seen three hundred thousand people turned into the streets of San Francisco with nothing but the clothing they wore, their homes, schools, churches, stores, banks, industries, all destroyed by fire, he had this brave word to say. "On no other city since the world began has fate wrought such terrible havoc. Never since man began to plan and create has there been such a destruction of the results of human ef-

fort. And never has a great calamity been met with so little repining. Never before has the common man shown himself so hopeful, so courageous, so sure of himself and his future. For after all, it is the man who survives, and it is the will of man which shapes the fates. That which is in man is greater than all he can do."

One of Dr. Jordan's helpers in the higher life of the university was Wilbur M. Thoburn, Professor of Bionomics, a nephew of Bishop James M. Thoburn, the well-known missionary in India. "His influence for good over students, I have never seen surpassed. He served as a sort of unofficial chaplain whose primacy in religion as applied to conduct was unquestioned." He died—all too soon—in 1899. A Phi Beta Kappa poem, written about him by Charles K. Field, in later years the editor of *Sunset,* closed with these fine words:

> Right thinking ever turned to act
> Shall make unceasing prayer a fact,
> And prayer thus answered shall allow
> A larger faith, and teach it how
> To find its heaven here and now.

Vernon Kellogg came to Stanford in those early days as a member of the faculty and became one of the most important factors in its development. He collaborated with the President in the preparation of several scientific works. He served during the World War as Hoover's assistant on the Commission for Relief in Belgium. He took care of much of the diplomatic side of relief, visiting Berlin, Paris, Warsaw, Rome, and Vienna. By his intimate acquaintance with Continental thought and life,

and his ability to speak several of their languages, as well as by his character and ready sympathy with suffering he was admirably fitted for the important post he filled.

Soon after his arrival in California, Dr. Jordan came to know Luther Burbank, "a scientific man unique in character and method, and developed wholly outside of academic influences. His fine art rested upon such a knowledge of plant inheritance that by crossing and selection he produced the results at which he aimed. With plums, walnuts, cactus, and many kinds of flowers, he has been especially successful. His garden near Santa Rosa is one of the most interesting experimental stations in the world." He had an honorable place among men of science, not as a "wizard" or "clever operator" but as a man of generous views, exact knowledge, and noble character.

About this time Dr. Jordan printed "A Call to Young Men." "Your first duty in life is toward your afterself. So live that your afterself—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual. Far away in the years he is waiting his turn. His body, brain, and soul are in your boyish hands—he cannot help himself. Will you furnish him a brain unspoiled by lust and dissipation, a mind trained to think and act? Or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had a chance to touch it, giving him a mind diseased, a will untrained to action, a spinal cord shot through with the devil-grass we call wild oats? This is your problem—will you meet it as a

man or as a fool?" This call was printed and reprinted, scores of times, and widely distributed to boy scouts in the United States, in Canada, in Australia and New Zealand.

He was decidedly strict in his own personal habits, never drinking intoxicating liquor and never using tobacco in any form. He felt that anyone—growing boys particularly—is better off without them. He used to say with a smile, "After years of observation I have the feeling that men who smoke are just about as happy when they are smoking, as men who do not smoke are all the time."

I happened to be with him on January 19, 1901. He said to me, "To-day is my fiftieth birthday." I offered my felicitations and then said to him that I wished that when I came to be fifty, I could have as much solid achievement to look back upon as he had. I was with him again when he came to be seventy-five, and I referred to my former remark made twenty-five years earlier. He smiled, and looked back and up, and then at me, and said, "I feel that the best ten years of my life have been those years between sixty and seventy. They have counted for more."

While he was in Stanford, the greatest sorrow of his life came to him. He was married twice. His first wife died ten years after their marriage, leaving three children, one of whom survived her only a short time. He was married again in 1887 to Miss Jessie Knight, who bore him three children, Knight, Barbara, and Eric. He was

a most affectionate, devoted husband and father. On his way home from Japan, he received at Honolulu a letter from Mrs. Jordan saying that Barbara was ill with scarlet fever. When he landed at San Francisco—this was before the days of wireless—a friendly physician met him at the dock to break the sad news that Barbara was dead.

"This was the most crushing blow that ever befell my wife or me. Barbara was our joy and hope, for she united all that was best in her mother with the best in me without any of the dross. She had Jessie's dark eyes, fine features, warm coloring, with her quick apprehension, critical mind, and delight in all lovely things. She inherited from me in full measure the power of immediate and accurate grasp of details in natural history. No special effort was made to teach her, yet she already knew all the land birds of California. She was only nine at the time of her death yet she had an unusually mature grasp of reality as distinguished from imagination or sentiment. Walking with her once in the garden, I repeated Riley's poem, 'The Goblins Will Get You If You Don't Watch Out.' 'But there is no such thing as a goblin—there never was and never is going to be,' she said. 'Perhaps,' I replied, mindful of Bishop Berkeley's extreme idealism, 'there is no such a thing as anything.' 'Oh yes there is,' she answered—and looking around for an unquestioned reality, she added triumphantly—'there is such a thing as a squash.' "

Her parents presented to the University, the Barbara Jordan Library, for which special shelves were provided in

Jordan Hall, with a cabinet for her birds on which a beautiful bronze tablet bears this inscription:

To the Study of Ornithology
This room is dedicated in tender memory of
BARBARA JORDAN
Who knew and loved the birds

One of the great concerns of his life, to which he gave the major portion of his time and strength after his retirement from Stanford, was the cause of international peace. He saw the waste and depletion of the world's material resources in war; the cruelty, the tragedy, the horror of it as a human experience. He also saw, as a man of science, the biological results of war, when it calls out in hoarse, brutal tones, "Bring forth the best ye breed" and then slaughters them, taking out of the race great sections of its finer and more robust strains.

His various books, "The Blood of the Nation"—a study of the decay of the races through the survival of the unfit; "The Human Harvest," dedicated to his own brother, Rufus Jordan, who was part of the human harvest cruelly reaped in our Civil War; "War and the Breed"—the relation of war to the downfall of nations; "Ways to Lasting Peace," containing his address as President of the World Peace Foundation given on October 10, 1915, in the Greek Theater of the University of California, at Berkeley; and other similar volumes testify to his deep, wide, intelligent interest in this, the greatest single problem which the modern world has to face.

He had made a careful survey of the biological effect

of the Civil War upon the population in a number of counties in Virginia, in Georgia, and in North Carolina, giving to this task an entire summer. He made a special study of Spottsylvania County, the center of three devastating campaigns. He was assisted in this task by Dr. Krehbiel, of the chair of English History, at Stanford, and by Lawrence Hill, one of his students. He well understood that no mathematical accuracy as to the eugenic loss of the Civil War was possible—all conclusions had to be tentative—yet the evidence of the magnitude of such losses came out with a certain cumulative effect.

"War is not the survival of the fittest," as those who vainly prattle about the tonic effects of international conflict would maintain—"it is the survival of those who never 'fit'—of those who never were fit," it might be added. "The men who got themselves killed were on the whole the better men. The public men of the South as a whole do not measure up to those of old times."

The very weakest from the beginning were left behind to propagate the race, while the more energetic and aspiring were usually the first to fall in battle. The breed depends upon those who are left. War impoverishes the breed by killing off the best. It has been well maintained that the long drawn-out wars of Napoleon took an inch and a half off the stature of the average male in France. It took off other cubits of stature, more precious than mere physical height, in the general quality of the life which followed upon those terrible years.

"Our Civil War abolished slavery, preserved the Union, opened the way for the spread of the free school system

through the rural districts of the South. All these results were desirable, even vital to the best development of the nation." But oh, at what a cost, both to the North and to the South! Would not these results have come sooner or later by their own inherent desirability and righteousness had there been a bit more of patience and consideration on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line?

. Here was General Sherman, one of the most successful soldiers of the nineteenth century, writing in May, 1865. "I am sick and tired of war. Its glory is all moonshine. The most brilliant success is over dead and mangled bodies, the anguish and lamentation of distant families appealing to me for missing sons, husbands, and fathers. It is only those who have not heard a shot nor the shrieks and groans of the wounded, friend or foe, who cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation." What would he have said could he have seen the devastation wrought by the World War! His oft-quoted statement, "War is hell," would not have seemed a sufficiently strong appraisal of the business.

It was our own shrewd Benjamin Franklin who said, "Wars are not paid for in war time—the bill comes later." And it comes not only in the material cost and waste, in the wounds and deaths of the combatants, but in the strengthening of greed, the lowering of moral tone, the growth of suspicion, hatred, fear, in the increase of armament which leads to more war. When Dr. Jordan was in London in August, 1914, a cabman said to him, "There ought to be commonsense enough in all Europe to stop this thing right now. Those that make war should

be made to fight it. There would not be any war then." Out of the mouths of babes and urchins, straight from the lips of the common people, come words of soberness and wisdom.

Will Irwin in his book, "The Next War," wrote, "Three books stand out from the pacifist literature which preceded our entrance into the European war. Jean Bloch of Poland maintained that war could not be, because the horrors of modern war were so great that men would not face them. Events discredited him—unexpected reservoirs of valor in the human spirit were found; and every week, bodies of men performed acts of sacrifice which made Thermopylæ and the Charge of the Light Brigade seem poor and spiritless. Norman Angell, from the economic standpoint, predicted not that war could not be, but that it would not pay—the victor would lose as well as the vanquished. Events so far have vindicated him. The third book, less well known than the others, came out of Armageddon unshaken—it was Dr. Jordan's 'War and the Breed.' Thero is no gainsaying the verdict he brings in against the whole practice of undertaking to settle international questions by the wholesale slaughter of our best young men."

In the World War, it cost in actual money twenty-three thousand dollars to kill each one of the brave young men who laid down their lives. Is that the best use we can make of our financial resources in this time of stress? Is that the best thing we can do with all those young lives?

There are enemies against which we do need to arm. Not Great Britain and France, not Italy and Germany,

not Japan and Russia! God forbid! The enemies against which we do need to arm ourselves are the common enemies of hunger and cold, pain and disease, ignorance, vice and crime, greed and graft, unemployment and the disabilities of old age. These are the common foes of every social order on earth. Against these enemies build the best armaments which social statesmanship can devise and generous treasuries provide. And these enemies of human well-being can best be overcome when we are not building costly armaments against each other, or slaughtering the youth of some other nation in bloody conflict.

In his desire to aid in the promotion of a better understanding and a spirit of good-will, an attitude of friendliness and coöperation between land and land, between race and race, Dr. Jordan traveled widely in almost all the countries of Europe, including the Balkan States, of which he made a particular study. He went about speaking in his own tongue wherever he could, in French and German when he must, and through an interpreter as a last resort. He traveled in Mexico and Japan, working steadily with that same high aim. In many cases it was only the sowing of seed in what seemed oftentimes a stony soil, but good seed grows, "we know not how, as men sleep and rise," bringing forth "first the blade, then later the ear," and then in the autumn of the long year of the Lord, "full ripe corn."

In his volume, "The Standing Incentives to War," Dr. Jordan took up without gloves—he played the game of life habitually with bare hands—the secret bases which are not armies and navies, but war traders, money lenders,

the recipients of special privilege, the corrupt portion of the press, and all the other interests impelled by greed and ill will. "Strong, silent men who peddle armament and urge the immediate scrapping of all previous and obsolete purchases!" They often bamboozle the popular mind to such an extent that the man in the street decides that there is nothing else for it—the die is cast and war drums resound. If there is no hell for the men who thus undertake to make gain by inciting nations to make war upon one another, then the good people of the world ought to start one and see that it is kept hot.

His interest in peace led him naturally to speak out regarding the anti-Japanese agitation in his own state. "The Gentlemen's Agreement," arranged by our own Elihu Root and Takahira of Japan, provided, first, that no Japanese laborers should be granted passports to America; and second, that legislation humiliating to Japan should not be considered favorably at Washington. It was being rigidly observed by Japan. Then a foolish bill, directed at a few Japanese farmers in the Sacramento Valley, was introduced in the legislature of California and was forced through by that great statesman from the Pacific coast, Hiram W. Johnson, at that time the Governor of the state. What a piece of folly! Loud-mouthed agitators, not knowing what to say, were saying "California guards the frontier of Caucasian civilization."

The New York *World* shrewdly and wittily had this to say about it at the time. "How ironical is history! In 1853 a few shiploads of American sailors under Commodore Perry forced Japan out of two hundred years of

hermitage into civilized intercourse with the rest of the world. In 1913 it takes a few shiploads of Japanese farmers, under Governor Johnson, to force California out of a lifetime of civilized intercourse with the rest of the world into the exclusions and discriminations of a hermit state. California civilization has reached the same crisis in 1913 that Japanese civilization had reached in 1853, only it is traveling in the opposite direction."

When I lived in California it was my good fortune to know Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Rieber, first at Stanford and later at the University of California, where he was a professor of philosophy. Mrs. Rieber paints portraits with remarkable talent and skill. She painted the group of the three Harvard philosophers, George Herbert Palmer, Josiah Royce, and William James, which hangs now in Emerson Hall, the Philosophy Building at Harvard. The friends and former students of the three men feel that with rare insight she has portrayed the attitude and the expression of each one of the three in a wonderful way.

When David Starr Jordan reached his seventy-fifth year, Mrs. Rieber was asked to paint his portrait. While he was sitting for the portrait, I received a letter from Professor Rieber in which he said: "When Mrs. Rieber was painting the portrait of Dr. Jordan, he spoke oftentimes affectionately of you. When we saw him last, he expressed the wish that a photograph of the portrait should be sent to you. The photograph is being sent by this same mail." I have it now in the living room of my home, autographed by Dr. Jordan himself. The work is finely

done and it is an inspiration to look, as I do almost daily, upon that strong, wise, kind face of a true man.

How many times, as I have grown older, have I read to myself, and to others, who were moving toward the quiet West, those lines which Dr. Jordan wrote on the occasion of his seventieth birthday:

Lord, here am I, my three score years and ten
All counted to the full! I've fought thy fight,
Crossed thy dark valleys, scaled thy rocks' harsh height,
Borne all the burdens thou dost lay on men
With hand unsparing, three score years and ten!
Before thee now I make my claim, O Lord!
What shall I pray thee as a meet reward?

I ask for nothing! Let the balance fall!
All that I am or know or may confess
But swell the weight of mine indebtedness;
Burdens and sorrows stand transfigured all;
Thy hand's rude buffet turns to a caress,
For love, with all the rest, thou gavest me here,
And love is Heaven's own atmosphere.

IX

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

A MAN OF FAITH AND HOPE AND LOVE

THE first one to disclaim any right or title to be listed with "the giants of earth" would be the man whose life furnishes the material for this chapter. He was not an eloquent preacher, as the world judges oratory. He was not a man of such magnetic personality as to cause everyone to look up and sit up the moment he entered a room. He did not stand on any eminence sufficiently high to cause him to be seen "from ocean to ocean, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes," as we like to say on the Fourth of July. He was, however, to a preëminent degree, a man of faith and hope and love. His long, useful ministry made a dent for good upon the lives of tens of thousands of people who heard his words, or read his books, or felt in any way the quality of his life—a dent which will endure as long as they live.

The modest sentences with which he begins his book of "Recollections" are so characteristic of the man's whole method and spirit, that I cannot more readily indicate what manner of man he was than by quoting a few of them. "The story which I have to tell is that of an average American. It holds no such wonders of achievement as those of Booker Washington, follows no such romantic

paths as those in which Jacob Riis has led us, climbs to no such altitudes of diginity and power as those to which we have rejoiced to follow Carl Schurz. It will take us along country roads and through the busy thoroughfares of cities. It will observe, and try to interpret, the life of all sorts and conditions of American men and women. Its interest, if it has any, will not be found in any exploits of the narrator, but in whatever power he has possessed to look sympathetically at the things he has seen and to report them accurately."

He was born in Pennsylvania in the year 1836, worked on a farm, and attended a district school in western New York. He then worked with his hands—and with his head—in a printing office in Owego, New York. He graduated from Williams College, where his financial outlay was much more modest than that of the average college student in these luxurious times—he tells us that nine hundred dollars covered all his college expenses of every sort for the three years.

He preached in two small churches in Brooklyn and Morrisania, New York, and was one of the editors of the New York *Independent* for four years. Then he had his three real pastorates at North Adams and Springfield, Massachusetts, and at Columbus, Ohio, where he rendered his most significant service. He was a real minister of Christ; a sensible, Scriptural, helpful preacher, an active, sympathetic pastor, building his church up into splendid strength and relating it in a broad, useful fashion to the larger life of the whole community.

He came up from the soil of a simple, resolute habit

of life. He knew the common people because he was one of them—that was one reason why in all his notable ministry "the common people heard him gladly," as they did his Master before him. He was always bearing his testimony to the power of personality, which in his judgment transcended every other form of earthly influence. He was at Williams College when Mark Hopkins was its distinguished president, and he drank freely from that well which was deep. He sat in later years at a Williams College dinner in Delmonico's, New York, and heard James A. Garfield, President of the United States, say, "A pine bench with Mark Hopkins at one end of it and me at the other is a good enough college for me."

It is to be hoped that with all the costly, elaborate efforts which are being made by colleges and universities to outdo one another in huge libraries and laboratory buildings, in imposing lecture halls and magnificent dormitories, in gymnasiums which are nothing less than palatial, the principle suggested in Garfield's oft quoted statement may not be entirely forgotten. It is the quality of the faculty rather than the size of the buildings which makes any college worthy of a place in the life of the nation. The best that education has to offer is always "handmade" rather than the product of some huge, high-geared academic machine. Young Garfield might have been able at a pinch to dispense even with the pine bench, if Mark Hopkins had been there in full form.

The first time I ever saw Washington Gladden was in 1893 when he came on to Cambridge as one of the Board of Preachers at Harvard University. Each member of that

Board was expected to spend six weeks during the college year in residence, being quartered in old Wadsworth House, which was once used as General George Washington's headquarters when he came north to take command of the Continental Army. The college preacher was there to conduct prayers in Appleton Chapel every morning, to lead the vesper service on Thursday evening, to preach in the chapel on Sunday and for personal interviews with students who might call upon him. Dr. Gladden's simplicity and manifest genuineness encouraged the students to go to him with their personal problems. They came (as Phillips Brooks once said when he was in residence at Harvard) with all sorts of questions,—"Some inquiring their way to the bursar's office and some to the Kingdom of Heaven."

When I saw Dr. Gladden enter the Harvard pulpit that day, dressed more as a business man, or as a bank president in some small town might dress than as a clergyman, I was amazed. Yet when he opened his mouth and read the Scriptures to us in his own fine way, and prayed with the simple directness that a well-bred boy might use in talking over the interests of his life with his father, and then preached to us in words which were "spirit and life," we knew of a surety that it was good for us to be there. His word was with power.

His courage and independence were indicated early in his ministry when he was to be installed as pastor of the church in North Adams. He invited Horace Bushnell, who at that time was regarded as a dangerous heretic by many excellent people (who know better by this time be-

cause they have been in Heaven now for a good many years) to preach the installation sermon. In spite of his Christlike character, Bushnell was anathema to the conservative brethren of that period. When Washington Gladden invited him to preach the sermon, his reply was like the man. He wrote that it might be imprudent for a young man thus to associate himself with one whose theological standing was being called in question, that it might be better to invite one of those men who are called "safe and sane"—Heaven help them! But the younger Gladden wanted the older Bushnell, heresy hunters to the contrary notwithstanding, and thus began the close, warm friendship which profoundly influenced the young man's ministry and life. Horace Bushnell came up from his home in Hartford, Connecticut, and spent a week with the young pastor, driving over the Berkshire hills and talking in his own keen, racy fashion about all sorts of things, visible and invisible, present and eternal. It was a memorable experience.

Washington Gladden's interest in labor conditions was sharpened by an occurrence in his early ministry. A disagreement about wages in the largest shoe factory of North Adams had resulted in a lockout. The efforts of the employer to fill the shop with other men brought in were foiled by his former employees, who met the incoming strike breakers at the railroad station and persuaded them to return to the places from which they had come. Finally the superintendent of the factory brought from San Francisco a lot of Chinese sufficient to man the shop.

One can easily imagine the excitement in that staid

New England town, when these Orientals arrived from the Pacific coast. The streets between the railroad station and the shoe shop were lined with excited people. The police were out in force, but no violence was attempted. A loft in the factory was fitted up with bunks for the Chinese, and their own cooks prepared their sort of food within the walls, so that there was little occasion for them to be seen on the streets. They knew almost nothing about shoemaking but they tried to learn. They worked for several months, but the experiment did not justify itself, and the Orientals soon began to slip away into other occupations. It was an irritating spectacle for the laborers of North Adams, and the self-restraint they showed throughout was a testimony to the quality of character among those toilers. It all helped to sow the seed of an intelligent, resolute interest in improving the lot of manual labor in the mind and heart of that young minister.

He was pastor of the First Congregational Church in Columbus, Ohio, when the Hocking Valley strike of the coal miners occurred. The labor question was then thrust upon him in a very acute form. The vice-president and general manager of the coal company was a member of his board of trustees; another vice-president and the treasurer were both members of his congregation. The strike began over a question of wages, but was soon merged into a conflict over the right of the miners to organize for their protection. The company had come to regard the "Miners Union" as the main source of their difficulties. The general manager once said to Dr. Glad-

den, his pastor, "We will kill that Union if it costs us half a million dollars." So the issue was joined, and the fight was on. Dr. Gladden stood naturally for the larger, longer view which recognizes the interests of both employers and employees, of both capitalists and laborers.

Out of these experiences there came the notable address which he gave in Cleveland on "Is it Peace or War?" published later in his book "Applied Christianity." He spoke at a mass meeting where the labor element was mainly in evidence, though many employers were present to hear what he would say to their employees. The working men were in a critical mood; they had their doubts about parsons; they took it for granted that the speaker would side with their employers; and they listened to his address for the first half hour in a somewhat militant silence. When they saw that the parson was able to get their point of view, the suspicion began to fade out of their faces. He said to them frankly, "The present state of the industrial world is a state of war. If war is the word, we must grant to laborers, as well as capitalists, belligerent rights." When the men heard that, they gave him a rousing cheer.

After that, they were compelled to listen to a number of things which did not bring any applause. He pressed home upon them—upon employers and employees alike—the folly of hateful strife, the stupidity and absurdity of an industrial system based upon the "class struggle" and economic war. It meant "waste of the common resources and, still more serious, the destruction of the moral wealth

of the community," the good will and mutual trust in which all human welfare is grounded. "Is not this business of war," he asked them, "a senseless, brutal, barbarous business at best? Does either side expect to do itself any good by fighting the other side? It is about as rational as it would be for the right hand and the left hand to smite each other with persistent and deadly enmity."

He talked right out in meeting. While he was frankly laying down the law to the employers, the men cheered. When he began to deal in open fashion with their own blindness and sins, they were not so demonstrative. But presently they showed their fairness by cheering points which were well taken, even when the argument scored against themselves. At the very end, when he made a warm and reasonable appeal for the spirit of friendliness, coöperation, devotion to ends higher than the immediate financial advantage of either side in the controversy, "prolonged applause was the grateful testimony to the fact that the hearts of fifteen hundred working men were in the right place."

The next week he had an engagement to lecture in Tremont Temple, Boston. The governor of the Commonwealth, an old friend, was to preside, and the audience would be composed of many of the "solid men" and substantial citizens of Boston. He decided to repeat his address on "Is it Peace or War?" How would an audience made up mainly of the employing class take to it? He had his misgivings.

But the fairness of this man of faith and hope and love was so clearly apparent, that this audience showed itself as cordial as did the fifteen hundred working men in Cleveland. The governor and a member of Congress, who was a leading manufacturer, and other men of large means, who were on the platform, united in inviting Dr. Gladden to return the following Saturday night and give the same address to the working men of the city, for whom the hall was to be offered free of charge. He had with him on the platform on that occasion several large employers and several labor leaders, including the head of the Knights of Labor, in Massachusetts. At the close of the address, all those men, on this side of the fence and on that, gave their hearty endorsement to his line of argument and to the whole appeal which he had made for better methods and a better spirit in the work-a-day world. I am citing these instances as evidence of the wholesome and far-reaching influence of his temper and action upon the labor troubles of his day.

He was one of the most sympathetic men I have ever known. He was elected Moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches in 1904. He was giving addresses to the various state bodies of the Congregational people in the spring of 1906, and on his tour he came to the Pacific coast. I was a pastor in Oakland, California, at that time, and while he was speaking around the Bay of San Francisco, he stayed for nearly a week in our home.

It was just six weeks after the San Francisco earthquake

and fire. One day I took him to San Francisco, and we went to the top of "Nob Hill" on California Street where we could look out upon the whole of the wide expanse of ruin. Dr. Gladden gazed at it in silence. I saw the tears trickling down his cheeks. Presently he turned to me and said, "I think this is the saddest sight I have ever seen in my life. All those homes, schools, churches, industries, where people were earning their bread, destroyed by fire." They had been destroyed by the cruel flames lighted by the earthquake—flames which could not be quenched because the earthquake had also broken the water mains, rendering the whole fire department useless. His heart went out to those three hundred thousand people who had lost so much and who had upon their shoulders the heavy burden of clearing away the wreckage and of rebuilding an entire city.

It was not generally known that he could play the piano with skill and with unusual expression. He might not have been equal to a Chopin Concerto, but when he was in our home, he would occasionally sit down at the piano and play the great hymns of the Christian faith—the best of them written by the leading composers who have enriched the music of the church—in a way which touched all our hearts. He wrote one hymn which has been sung clear around the globe and bids fair to hold its place in the service of praise throughout the English speaking world. When I entered the room, a few months ago, where that hymn was written—it was the pastor's study in the tower of the Old North Church, in Springfield, Massachusetts—I felt like removing not only my hat

(which was already off), but my shoes, as one who stood on holy ground.

> O Master, let me walk with thee
> In lowly paths of service free,
> Tell me thy secret, help me bear
> The strain of toil, the fret of care.
>
> * * * * *
>
> In hope that sends a shining ray
> Far down the future's broadening way,
> In peace, that only thou canst give
> With thee, O Master, let me live.

How graciously and richly the prayer uttered in the last stanza was answered in his own noble, beautiful, useful life!

His broad vision and humane feeling found apt expression at the time of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. The nerves of the North were all on edge as a result of the four years of war. The surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox, which meant the end of the struggle between the North and the South, brought a deep sense of gratitude and of hope to all those who had been defending the Union. Then, only five days later, came the cruel assassination of the President whose wise, patient leadership during those terrible years has enshrined him for all time in the hearts of millions of his fellow countrymen. One can readily understand how the first reaction to that event was one of bitter and resolute enmity toward the South.

But it was given to Washington Gladden, as to other

wise and good men, to see the tragedy in its true perspective and to recognize the fact that the action of a madman did not represent the real attitude of the Southern people. Three days after the death of Lincoln, Dr. Gladden was speaking, at the very hour when the simple funeral service for the President was being held in Washington, in his own little church in Morrisania, which was crowded to the doors, such wise words as these:

"The events of the last few days have tended to exasperate and inflame our minds and to lead men to perpetrate vengeance, calling it by the more euphonious name of 'justice.' The instinctive indignation which arises in men's hearts upon the perpetration of such a deed is deepened and strengthened continually by their contacts in the excited crowds of cities. It is easy at such a time to gain applause by falling in with the popular current. A man has only to shout 'Hang them! Crush them!' and the ceiling will resound with cries of approval. But that applause is not worth having. Rather should the calm, unprejudiced reason be appealed to, rather should those instinctive feelings be rigidly challenged and held in check."

It was a not unworthy echo of the sublime appeal made by Lincoln himself in his second Inaugural: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphans, and to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Gladden wrote of that sad event in his later years,—

" 'That nothing walks with aimless feet,' in the great movements of divine providence, is my deepest faith. I am sure that in some way the death of Lincoln may be working through long lines of hidden causes for the ultimate good of mankind. But I know of no great historical event which it is so hard for me to reconcile with the doctrine of a wise and good providence. So far as I am able yet to see, the effect was wholly calamitous. It removed from the head of the nation, at an hour when he was most needed, the man who was supremely qualified for leadership, and it left in his place a man who by temperament and training was hopelessly disqualified for such a task. When the one thing needful was the soothing of vindictive tempers and the awakening of a spirit of forbearance and conciliation, it fanned the smoldering embers of resentment and distrust into a conflagration."

Washington Gladden was not all tenderness—he had the moral backbone of a Puritan and upon occasions he stood ready to speak out man-fashion against wickedness, in high places or in low places, with equal vigor. His tongue "bit shrewdly," as Hamlet said of the air, when he watched by night for his father's ghost—it was "a nipping and an eager" tongue. He was an editorial writer on the New York *Independent* when the Tweed Ring was in power and was at its worst. It was stealing the people's money and making common cause with the rum shops and brothels against order and decency. Those evil men were in power, and Tweed was impudently and defiantly saying to the people of New York, "What are you going to do about it?"

The very next week Washington Gladden had this to

say in a signed editorial. "What are we going to do about it? We are going to turn you and your creatures out of office. We are going to get back as much as we can of the booty you have stolen. We are going to use our best endeavors to send you to your own place, the penitentiary. We are going to make the city and the whole country too hot for you. You have perverted our laws. You have corrupted our young men. You have done so much as in you lay to destroy our government. Upon you shall rest the weight of a nation's curse."

Many years afterward he wrote, "That these words quite outran the hopes of most of those who were prosecuting the robbers, is quite probable. But within three months they were substantially verified. It is often well to assume that what ought to be, will be." The whole country knows how Boss Tweed was indicted, released on bail, convicted, imprisoned, released and rearrested again and again, twice escaped from the country only to be brought back to end his days in the Ludlow Street jail. Any man who believes in God the Father Almighty, should assume that "what ought to be, will be."

In 1893 the World Parliament of Religions was held in Chicago where men of various branches of the Christian Church, together with Jews, Hindus, Buddhists, Moslems, Shintoists, Confucianists, met together for several weeks to consider in a sympathetic mood those interests of religion which are vaster than any particular creed or sect. They agreed with one accord to say at the opening of each session the words known as the Lord's Prayer. They stood together and united their hearts and voices in that common approach to the God and Father of us all.

It was one of the ironies of fate that in that very year there should come an outburst of religious bigotry, almost unprecedented in this country, under the leadership of a secret, underhanded organization known as the "A.P.A." —the American Protective Association, Heaven save the mark! The most amazing stories were published (and, by a lot of narrow-minded, credulous people, believed) about the wicked doings of the Roman Catholic Church and its determination to overthrow our government and enthrone the Pope of Rome in the City of Washington. The Catholics were accused of importing arms in coffins, of drilling in the basements of their churches to make war upon the poor Protestants. A false document of "Instructions to Catholics," purporting to have been signed by eight archbishops (whose names were attached to it) and countersigned by Cardinal Gibbons (who was held in honor not only by the people of his own communion but by almost all the people of this country who had the cause of Christ at heart), was widely circulated. It was an open counterfeit and a piece of impudent libel upon that Church.

Dr. Gladden lost no time in bearing his testimony against the whole movement. In an evening sermon he took up and analyzed some of its literature, proving from its own documents its fraudulent character. He showed how radically it was at war with justice, honor, fair play, and with every dictate of Christian morality. He was accused by those leaders of bigotry of being in the pay of the Roman Catholic Church. One zealot so far exceeded the efforts of Ananias and Sapphira in the matter of lying, as to state openly that he had overheard a conversation

on the telephone between Dr. Gladden and the Roman Catholic Bishop Watterson, whereby the prelate had promised to pay Gladden a thousand dollars for a certain sermon which he was to preach against the A.P.A. How amazing it seems that intelligent people could be found who would believe such wild stories!

We have had a revival of that unworthy attitude in the Ku Klux Klan which seems to have come to a speedy and an unworthy end. In looking back on it all, this man of faith and hope and love wrote these wise, just words: "I have lived through two of these epidemics of religious rancour, about forty years apart. I sincerely hope that our country has seen the last of them. Our Roman Catholic citizens have earned their right to protection from such proscription. They are bearing their part in the promotion of thrift, order, and intelligence. Any attempt to discredit or disenfranchise them on account of their religious beliefs ought to be resisted by every intelligent American." And let all those who have the spirit of the Master, say "Amen."

Washington Gladden showed both his wisdom and his courage in the attitude he took very early toward the modern, historical method of interpreting Scripture. He gave a series of Sunday evening lectures in his church in Columbus, on "Who Wrote the Bible?" It attracted larger audiences than any course of evening sermons he had previously given. It was afterward published in book form under that title, and it had the largest circulation of all his books. It was used as a manual of instruction in many summer conferences, in Young Men's Christian As-

sociations, and in adult Bible classes in the churches. An intelligent layman in my own church in California used it as a textbook for an entire year in a class of about one hundred and fifty people who met each Sunday to study the Scriptures. It would be regarded now as a conservative book, but when it first appeared its author was doing pioneer work among tens of thousands of laymen in our American churches. He had expected opposition when he began to deliver the course of lectures, but was happily disappointed. There was no ripple of controversy over the matter in his church. It may be that as ministers we are sometimes "too apprehensive about the risks we run in telling the truth."

Who wrote the Bible? There were those who promptly replied "God." They believed that He dictated the contents of the Scriptures to "sacred penmen of the Holy Ghost," as they were called, much as a business man might dictate letters to his stenographer. There were those, equally prompt and equally inconclusive, who said "man." "The Bible is a faulty human document no more worthy of our confidence or respect than some collection of ancient folklore." Dr. Gladden wisely showed that both God and man were concerned in the writing of the Scriptures. The Bible resulted from that union of the human with the divine which lies at the root of all that is best in religion. The divine inbreathing took place within the minds and hearts of the men who wrote it rather than upon the pages of print. The Bible is the record of the progressive revelation which God made of Himself through the religious experiences of a people chosen for

their moral receptiveness and spiritual insight. All this Dr. Gladden brought out in clear style and with entire frankness in his book, "Who Wrote the Bible?" thereby rendering at that time an invaluable service to those who were making the necessary readjustments in their attitude toward the Scriptures.

Washington Gladden was a man first, then a gentleman, then a clergyman. His manliness showed itself in an active, intelligent, useful citizenship. He never stood aloof and detached from civic affairs, as if the word "politics" meant always something "common and unclean." Andrew D. White, of Cornell, once quoted an eminent citizen of New York who said that he never concerned himself about politics because he could make more money in the time that he should be required to give to public affairs, than the thieves could steal from him in the same time. Alas, there are millions of American citizens who thus sit tight and look on with cynical unconcern while the affairs of the city are being delivered into the hands of the gangsters.

Washington Gladden had spoken so often and so strongly about the obligations of citizenship that when he was challenged in 1900 to show his faith by his works in his own city, he felt that he could not consistently refuse. It seemed to be a time of crisis in the city government when the interests and rights of the people were liable to be sacrificed by certain corrupt officials. Dr. Gladden announced one morning in all the city papers over his own signature that if the people of the 7th Ward wanted him to serve for the next term in the City Council, he would

endeavor to do so. That was all that he found it necessary to do. His neighbors took up the matter and elected him, and for two years he served as an alderman from his ward.

It meant attending the regular meetings of the City Council on Monday evening and committee meetings on Friday evening, two evenings each week. It involved also the expenditure of much time upon the business of the city outside the meetings. He was made the chairman of one important committee and a member of three other committees. It prevented his absence from the city for more than a few days at a time and entirely cut out his summer vacation.

There were in the Council three young lawyers, several men engaged in business in a small way, five or six clerks and bookkeepers, and three saloonkeepers. "We could hardly claim for ourselves that we represented the intelligence or business sagacity or the administrative experience of the community. We wondered that a city of more than a hundred thousand people should be willing to entrust its great concerns to such a body of men as we were."

Weighty matters were coming before that City Council for its decision. "The street railway franchises were expiring, and it was necessary to make a new contract with that company. The same was true of the company which supplied the city with natural gas. Several interurban electric railways were seeking entrance to the city, and charters must be granted them. The water supply of the city was sadly inadequate, and steps must be taken to re-

plenish it. The sewage was defiling the river, and the towns below Columbus were crying out for protection."

Here were interests of tremendous importance committed to that body of inexperienced men for their care and development. Dr. Gladden gave himself to these high and hard tasks with his accustomed fidelity and thoroughness. It was the uniform testimony of his fellow citizens, who best understood the situation, that it was an honored and useful service which he rendered.

When his two-year term expired, he felt that he could not continue for another term. The work of his church was heavy and exacting. He must either resign his pastorate or his public office. He therefore laid down his duties as a member of the City Council. He summed up the outcome of his observations in a few sentences. "The results of my experience were a deepened sense of the seriousness of the business of municipal government and a more vivid realization of the lack of knowledge and skill on the part of those who are handling it. The crying evil is incompetence. I believe this is true of city government generally—perhaps of state governments also. As a rule they are in the hands of men who lack fitness to deal with them. This is mainly because the men who have the necessary equipment for such work almost uniformly refuse to undertake it."

He stood out clear and straight for peace and good will among the nations of the earth. During the year of 1864 he served on the Christian Commission in Grant's army. He saw the tragedy and horror of war face to face and within arm's length. "War is hell," in more ways than

General Sherman had in mind perhaps when he gave the world his famous definition of it. "War inverts all the moral relations; it undermines social obligations; it spreads its blight through every department of life. The worst losses are outside of the army and after the war. We give full honor to the courage and consecration of the men who give to their country on the battlefield the last full measure of devotion, but we cannot shut our eyes to the terrible moral effects of the enterprise in which they were thus summoned to lay down their lives.

"The physical losses which a nation suffers in such a war [he was speaking primarily of our own Civil War, but in a larger sense of all war] the loss of life, the destruction of property, the crippling of industry, the creation of an army of dependents, are appalling. But the moral losses, the weakening of the social bond, the unbridling of greed, the letting loose of the plunderers, the fomenting of suspicion and distrust, the creation of enmities which make social reconstruction well nigh impossible —these are the deadly injuries of which, before entering upon war, we ought to take due account. It must be that the nations will soon find a better way of settling their disputes." Here spoke the voice of a brave man of faith and hope and love!

When Washington Gladden was a pastor in Springfield, he was intimately associated with Samual Bowles, for many years editor of the *Springfield Republican.* The two men had been friends in college and later when Mr. Gladden was a pastor in North Adams. The subject of this sketch had always a very high opinion of the power-

ful influence for good which can be exerted by the right sort of newspaper. For the *Springfield Republican,* he cherished a lifelong admiration.

It was a newspaper whose weight and force as an organ of public opinion was wholly out of proportion to the size of the community where it circulated. It cultivated its field—in almost every town in those four western counties of Massachusetts of which Springfield was the natural center; it had its local correspondents to gather up and forward the news. These hasty, and sometimes crude reports were skillfully edited and condensed in the office so that the morning *Republican* laid before its readers a fairly complete picture of the life of western Massachusetts.

"How pervasive and salutary this influence was, the people of that wider community may not have fully realized," but the high quality of municipal life in Springfield itself during those years and the unusual level of community life throughout that whole region was due in no small measure to the quality of the news upon which the people habitually pastured their minds. The daily paper made for social and civic health and vigor. The news was told, and comment was made in clear, crisp, idiomatic English with no useless verbiage, because the editor "loved to have it so." "If newspapers of the type of the *Springfield Republican* could be planted all over this country at intervals of not more than a hundred miles, a foundation would be laid for a great improvement in social and political morality."

When Rutherford B. Hayes was finally declared elected

as President of the United States, after much tribulation in the fall of 1876, there was a great fear among the thoughtful people of this land that he might show himself a man of weak will to be manipulated by the baser elements of the Republican party. Samuel Bowles of the *Springfield Republican* felt quite sure that Hayes' cabinet would be made up of "rotten timber."

"But the day the cabinet was announced, there were the names of William M. Evarts and Carl Schurz and John Sherman and Charles Devens, the strongest cabinet for many years and nobody representing the reactionary wing of the party. "I climbed to the editorial rooms of the *Republican*," writes Dr. Gladden, " 'How now,' I demanded! 'Well,' replied Bowles, 'it is too good to believe. I did not think they would let him do it. The fact is, parson, there is one element these fellows never count on and that is God.' It was no irreverence—it was his way of saying that the schemes of the politicians had been divinely overruled."

What a likable, human being Washington Gladden was in all the casual contacts of everyday life! One Saturday evening at my home in New Haven, the telephone rang. When I answered, a voice said, "Do you know a man by the name of Washington Gladden?" I replied that I knew him very well. "Do you know where he is now?" I answered that I did not know where he was at that moment, but that I knew where he would be the following Monday. He was coming to Yale to give several lectures in the Divinity School, and he was to be a guest in my home. "Why do you ask?"

Then the man explained that he lived in Hartford and that his son, a student at Harvard, had been coming home for the week-end. When the young man changed cars at Springfield, he had taken the suitcase which he supposed to be his, but when he reached home and opened it, he found it belonged to some stranger. Upon examining the contents, he found a bunch of letters addressed to "Rev. Washington Gladden." This man wished if possible to locate Mr. Gladden so that the suitcase might be returned to its owner.

I told him who Washington Gladden was and that in all probability he was considerably disturbed, because I presumed that he was to preach in some church the following day and the young man had his sermons as well as his other belongings. I suggested to the man that he telephone to several ministers in Hartford and in Springfield with the idea that some one of them would know where Dr. Gladden was to preach next day and thus his baggage might be sent to him in time to save him from further embarrassment. I heard nothing more from the gentleman, but knowing Dr. Gladden to be a manuscript preacher, I could, as a brother minister, readily appreciate his state of mind.

When I met him at the station in New Haven on Monday, I hurried forward to take his suitcase as I saw him getting out of the train. When I had it safely in hand, I said, "Is this your own?" He smiled and said, "What do you know about it?" I assured him that I made it my business to keep track of the men who lectured to the young theologs in the Yale Divinity School in order to be

sure that in coming to meet their engagements, they did not appropriate things which did not belong to them.

He laughed at my concern over his personal honesty and then told me his side of it. At Springfield, on Saturday afternoon, he had taken a suitcase which seemed to be near his seat on the train and did not discover, until he reached his hotel and opened it, that it contained the belongings of a much younger man—and most assuredly no sermons. There was no name in it or on it, so he was unable to do anything about it. He went out hastily and purchased a few of the things which were absolutely necessary for his personal comfort and appearance. He wore a full beard so that he did not have to shave. Then he sat himself down and worked late into Saturday night writing a sermon, on the theme he had in mind, to be used next morning.

Sunday afternoon the gentleman, who had telephoned me, finally located him at Hotel Kimball, Springfield, and apologized handsomely for his son's mistake and told him that the young man would be at the railroad station in Hartford, when Dr. Gladden passed through on his way to New Haven, Monday forenoon, to make the proper exchange of suitcases. I learned afterward that in the few minutes of conversation Dr. Gladden so captivated the interest and admiration of the young Harvard student that he said to his father, "I would give half a dozen suitcases, with all they had in them, any time to meet such a man as that." There was a Life once so filled with kindliness that when a sufferer brushed against Him in a crowded street, even the hem of His garment had healing in it.

One of the last letters I received from Dr. Gladden came in 1909, after he had published his last book of "Recollections," from which many of the quotations in this sketch are taken. I was living in California at the time, and he had sent me a copy of the book with his compliments. I wrote a review of it which appeared in several of the California newspapers, sending him copies of the papers.

This was his gracious letter to me. "It is a most generous estimate that you send me. The best thing you say is in your letter—that you have gotten a dozen sermons out of the book. If it can help you in any such way as that, I have not written in vain.

"The book is getting the handsomest kind of treatment thus far. I have said once or twice, that I wished I could believe half of the good things said about it and me. But that would not do. I should be so stuck up that nobody could live with me. I shall have to stick to my own rather moderate estimate. But I know that the book means well and am so glad that so many seem to get its meaning. Much love to both of you. Yours ever. Washington Gladden." A man of faith and hope and love! Some great men always think of themselves quite as highly as they ought to think,—Washington Gladden was not of that number.

In his recent book, "Religion in our Times," Glenn Atkins places this well-phrased and just appraisal upon him,—"Two men, Washington Gladden and Walter Rauschenbusch, one of whom always looked upon his world with grave eyes touched toward the end with sad-

ness, and the other who, though very deaf, heard the cry of the disinherited for justice very clearly, did more between them to direct the mind of the churches toward the social problem than any of their contemporaries. They cannot be credited with the discovery that Christianity is a social religion bearing upon every phase of life—that would seem to be as old as the Gospels. When young Gladden decided to become a minister, he chose the Congregational Church largely because of the attitude of the local church in Owego, New York, where he lived, toward slavery. He wanted 'a religion which laid hold of life with both hands and proposed, first and foremost, to realize the kingdom of God in this world.'

"His life task was 'to socialize the individual.' The next article in his creed, after the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, was the transforming power of Christian goodwill. He proclaimed that, taught it, lived it, came back to it in every contingency. He was radical in his demand for changed dispositions and idealisms, less radical in his constructive program. He preached his social gospel and then made books of it which were widely read. The younger generation of ministers came strongly under his influence. I doubt if the ministry of any preacher of his time reached further or was of a more pregnant quality."

We are being told these days, by men who are old enough to know better, that the young man who enters the Christian ministry will speedily find himself bound hand and foot and tongue, with no semblance of liberty accorded him to speak out his honest convictions. Alas,

for all such blind leaders of the blind! The vaunted "freedom of the press" is not in a position to throw any stones at the pulpit, aware as it must be of the glass house in which it lives, making its editorial obeisance to the urgent demands of the advertising counting room.

After a long and varied experience which carried him through the thick of many an economic, political, or theological fray, Washington Gladden had this to say about the freedom of the pulpit. "I do not believe that there is any place of influence in the world in which a man can be as free as in the Christian pulpit. There are preachers who wear the halter and wait to be told what they must not say. There is cowardice and subserviency in the pulpit, as everywhere else. But there need not be. A minister with a clear sense of his vocation and with a fair amount of common sense, who can make allowance for difference of opinion and discuss critical issues with a reasonable degree of moderation, can speak his mind more freely than most moral teachers.

"I have been saying things, with no sense of restraint, during the last fifty years, that I should not have been so likely to say if I had been a journalist or a college professor. I have not always commanded the assent of all my auditors, but they have recognized my right to speak and have never sought to muzzle me. I doubt if any other kind of work in which a living was to be made would have given me so large an opportunity as my churches in North Adams and Springfield and Columbus have given me to speak my deepest thought."

He never seemed for one moment to be edging his way

along, as if fearful that he might say something to which some reasonable or unreasonable soul might take exception. He would have shown the scantest sort of respect for that cautious fellow who made his timid effort to show himself, if not as wise as a serpent, at least as harmless as a dove. "I have always tried not to be extreme or bigoted in the utterance of my religious convictions. Some men say that there is a God, and some men say that there isn't. For my part, I hold that the truth lies in all probability somewhere between those two claims." Washington Gladden spoke out man-fashion.

How deeply, simply, and naturally religious he was! "Religion is friendship," he said,—"friendship first with the great Companion of whom Jesus told us, who is always nearer to us than we are to ourselves. Then turning manward, to be friends with everybody, to fill every human relation with the spirit of friendship. Is there anything more than this that the wisest and best of men can hope to do?"

He once summed up his whole philosophy of life in this fine way. "The great themes of the ideal life are the supreme interests; the anxieties and aspirations, the convictions and consolations, the purposes and hopes which flow into our lives from the realms about us and above us. We know ourselves to be the children of the Infinite. Elements enter into our lives which lift us out of the realms of time and space and reveal to us our larger parentage. Does anyone think that these things, which the eye cannot see nor the ear hear, are any less essential to human life to-day than they were in a former generation?

Can anyone imagine that any scheme of social reconstruction can be devised which would enable us to dispense with faith and hope and love, with the things we think about when we pray?"

Washington Gladden was a man of sturdy integrity and fearless in his opposition to wrong doing. He was both wise and just in his temperate, well-considered judgments. He was gentle in spirit and possessed of a certain sweet reasonableness which won the affections as well as the confidence of the lives he touched. Whenever I think of him, my mind goes back to those words of an ancient singer. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord and He delighteth in his way. . . . He is ever merciful and lendeth. The law of his God is in his heart."

X

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE GREATEST MAN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

When the new century was ushered in, the event was celebrated in San Francisco at a large banquet for men at the Merchants' Club. The Committee of Arrangements provided four addresses on "The Achievements of the Nineteenth Century." Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, was asked to speak on "The Greatest Scientific Discovery of the Nineteenth Century." He very naturally named "The Principle of Organic Evolution" and devoted his address to indicating the bearing of that principle upon scientific thought during the closing decades of the century. Professor Charles M. Gayley, the head of the English Department in the University of California, was asked to speak on "The Greatest Book of the Nineteenth Century." He at once excluded all scientific works as not belonging to pure literature. After discussing the merits of various authors he named Goethe's "Faust" as the greatest literary production of the hundred years. Mr. Fairfax H. Whelan, a business man in San Francisco, was asked to speak on "The Greatest Mechanical Invention of the Nineteenth Century." He surprised us all—no one knew in advance what choice any one of the four speakers had made. We expected something

of an electrical nature, but he named "Bessemer Steel," the cheaper process of converting pig iron into steel, on the ground of its wider utility. He maintained that the greatest invention was the one which served the interests of the largest number of people. I was asked to speak that evening on "The Greatest Man of the Nineteenth Century"; and the after-dinner speech that night has by that same process of "organic evolution" gradually shaped itself into this longer sketch.

It might seem a futile task to seek to name the greatest man in any century. It is not easy to compare one great man with another. And "Comparisons are odorous," Dogberry said. His English was a trifle lame, but he had a show of facts on his side. Those earnest debates held thirty or forty years ago in the country lyceums as to which was the greater man, Columbus who discovered this country or Washington who fathered it, did not really get anywhere. They gave the young budding orators a chance to get on their legs and try their powers, but the purpose of the discussion was defeated by the difficulty of reducing the various fractions of the total human achievement to a common denominator so that they might be compared. It is not easy to compare a great military commander with a man who is great in literature; or a great statesman with a great scientist. Yet straight in the face of all of those difficulties, I am undertaking to name the greatest man of the Nineteenth Century and, if I may, to justify my choice.

We live in an age of analysis and comparison. The heavens declared the glory of God to our remote ancestors who knew very little about them except that they were

beautiful. In these days we have learned to map out the paths the planets take. We know how to weigh accurately their huge bulk. We can measure the distances of those heavenly bodies from us and from each other. By our spectrum analysis, we can even determine the very fuel they burn. And because of this more competent knowledge which we possess, the heavens declare the glory of God to us yet more effectively. In like manner our appreciation of human excellence is heightened by the application of analysis and comparison to the essential elements in personal greatness.

In entering upon this discussion, I would offer these considerations as furnishing a valid principle of selection. We may say that a great man is a man who makes some significant period of history different from what it would have been apparently but for his influence. When we measure the size of that section of history, the value of the interests involved and the permanence of the work accomplished, we may determine the degree of his greatness. If in all those three regards he stands higher than any other man of his time, he may justly be regarded as the greatest man of the period.

We find in the Nineteenth Century a certain historic event which in my judgment was the most significant and influential occurrence of the hundred years. I refer to the Civil War fought out here in our own land. Measure that war any way you please—by the extent and value of the territory at stake; or by the number of men in the field, exceeding that of any modern war until the recent World War in Europe; or by the conscientiousness and enlight-

enment of the opposing hosts—it was a war fought not by paid mercenaries, but by citizens who knew why they were there and for what they were fighting; or by the far-reach of the principles involved in their bearing upon the fate of a great nation threatened with disruption, upon the interest of human freedom and upon the cause of democracy, touching as it does the development of the rank and file of the race—measure that war any way you please, it may well be regarded as the most significant occurrence of the century.

In bringing the various issues in that war to a successful conclusion—in freeing four millions of our fellow beings from slavery; in preserving a government which stands perhaps as the nearest approach to a successful democracy on such a large scale thus far in history; and in closing the debate upon certain questions which had troubled this Republic for decades and now trouble it no more—many great men wrought together, and the credit for the outcome does not belong solely to any one man of the group.

It was a gigantic task to bring a free, prosperous, resolute people, intelligently and conscientiously divided in their political judgment, to submit to the will of the majority as expressed on the field of battle and then to go on together. To go on in what has proved to be not slumbering hatred nor smoldering rebellion, but in actual, growing, joyous unity—it was a gigantic task! Seward and Chase and Stanton did their appointed work, and they did it well. Grant and Sherman and Farragut accomplished their terrible task with thoroughness. Henry Ward

Beecher, William Lloyd Garrison, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, to each one of these belongs a place of honor! And to a great unnumbered host of plain men and women who fought and thought, who gave and prayed for the Union, to each one of these our gratitude is due! But to one man more than all the rest belongs the highest place in that struggle, and I named him that night as the greatest man of the Nineteenth Century, the first martyred President, Abraham Lincoln.

I hope that this choice did not proceed simply from the fact that I am an American myself and love my own country and its people as I could love no other. And I feel that I am a good deal of an American. My family has been here a long time. My ancestors landed at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607. They had their trunks all unpacked and their household arrangements all in good running order when those Pilgrim Fathers finally got around in 1620. We were glad to see them when they came. They were good people and were destined to make an important contribution to the life of the nation. But we were here first. And we have not been moving away nor dying out. I do not know how it may be with other family stocks, but I feel thoroughly sure that when Gabriel blows his trumpet, in every telephone book and city directory from Eastport, Maine, to San Diego, California, there will still be pages and pages of "Browns."

I feel, therefore, that because I belong to a large family and to a family which has been here a long time, I am a good deal of an American. But nothing splendidly hu-

man is ever foreign to any lover of his race. I have tried to study the work of great men in other lands.

I hope the choice of Lincoln did not spring simply from the fact that he wrought with certain issues which interest my own mind and heart more than other issues might. I have tried to study the work of great men in other fields of endeavor. From that excursion into other lands and other lines of effort I came back all the more firmly persuaded that the highest place of honor in the Nineteenth Century belongs to that President of the United States.

The very title was his in a distinctive way. No man before his time had ever been "President of the United States" in the sense that Lincoln was, nor has any man been since. "United States" they were up to 1860! "United States" they were in his determined and insistent mind during all those troubled years of '61-5, for he maintained that the Southern States had not gone out of the Union and that they could not by any act of theirs go out. And "United States" they are to-day, thanks to him and to those who wrought with him—"United," as we trust, for all time! He was, in a very distinctive way, President of the United States.

It may be well to recall some of the difficulties which confronted him at the beginning of his administration. Has any President from the immortal Washington down to Woodrow Wilson or Franklin Roosevelt ever been confronted by a crisis more grave? Take into consideration these six important facts!

1. He found an empty treasury, the public credit sadly impaired by the secession of eleven prosperous states, and he had upon his hands one of the costliest wars of modern times to be fought through and paid for in honest money.

2. He found himself at the head of an inexperienced party. The Republican party, or the Whig party had been out of power. The Democratic party had been in control of the national government. It is one thing to stand off and criticize and find fault with the manner in which some other party or some other man is doing a certain thing. Almost anyone can criticize the other fellow, whether the performance is making a speech, or running a newspaper, or poking the fire. But to get in and do the thing better than the other man was doing it, is quite another matter. The Republican party suddenly found itself taken out of the attitude of opposition and criticism to be placed in the responsible control of the national government at a great crisis in our history. And it was for the most part without experience.

3. Lincoln found himself supported or burdened, according to one's point of view, by a set of counselors in his cabinet who were all suspicious of his ability. His secretaries felt at the outset that Lincoln did not know enough to be President of the United States. They said that he was "a raw Western man" who had come East. They insisted that his manners were awkward and that his clothes did not fit him. They maintained that he told too many stories and cracked too many jokes for a man in public life. And they were all profoundly sure at the start that he would be humbly grateful to them if they

would only tell him what to do. If Lincoln had not been so genuinely great, he would have been advised to death in the first year of his administration.

4. He found the public opinion of Europe on the whole unfriendly to the North. The European bankers were hesitating over our bonds, and the European governments, many of them, were on the very edge of acknowledging the Southern Confederacy as a sovereign nation. There seemed to be an ill-disguised feeling of satisfaction over what they regarded as "the collapse of the American experiment in popular government." The English aristocracy sympathized with the aristocrats of the South. The cotton operatives in Manchester were angry because the supply of raw cotton had been cut off by our blockading the Southern ports. The prevailing temper of Europe was hostile to the Union.

5. He found here at the North a powerful, influential section of the people who were thoroughly despondent. They were tired of the debate and the struggle over slavery and states' rights. They said, "If those Southern states do not want to stay in the Union, let them take their slaves and go out, rather than fight about it. Let us have peace!" The confusion and discouragement in the Northern mind was a serious obstacle in Lincoln's pathway.

6. He found a powerful, resolute section of the Union up in armed revolt against the government which he had sworn to protect and to preserve.

Take those six facts together—the empty treasury, the inexperienced party, the distrustful cabinet, the unfriendliness in Europe, the despondency in the North, and the

armed rebellion at the South—they present a combination of difficulties sufficiently grave to test the title to greatness of any man who might be called upon to meet them.

With those facts clearly in mind, let me name what I regard as the four main elements in Lincoln's greatness.

First, his combination of lofty idealism with practical sagacity in bringing things to pass. He had his ideals. They hung in his sky as definite and as illuminating as the visions of a seer. The abolition of slavery, the preservation of the Union, the healing of the breach between the North and the South, the welfare of the entire American people! Toward those ideals he steadfastly set his face. But he was always a concrete rather than an abstract idealist. He had a way of seeing what ought to be and of seeing how it could be. Then he showed himself able to get in and do it. This combination of lofty idealism, which gave him the moral passion of a saint or a reformer, together with the well-seasoned sagacity of a practiced diplomat, made him a statesman of the first order.

He was a great man and he was a good man. If we were starting out to canonize some of our American Protestant saints I should be in favor of beginning with Abraham Lincoln. But his goodness was always of the homely, useful type. It was not the abstract, doctrinaire, John the Baptist sort of goodness which demands for its exercise that it be taken off into the desert to live on locusts and wild honey without citizenship or business connections or any of the normal relationships of life. Like the Son of Man, Abraham Lincoln "came eating and

drinking." He came building his high ideals into an everyday order of plain fact.

He was just as desirous as Emerson ever was of hitching his wagon to a star. His Gettysburg Address and his Second Inaugural, classics they are in political utterance, show that he could hitch his wagon nowhere else than to the highest star in sight. But he was always willing to have all four wheels of the wagon on the ground. He was ready to get down and grease the axles so that his own particular wagon-load of effort might run with the least possible friction. He was there encouraging the team by such homely words of cheer as made him one of the plainest of men. He was, throughout his illustrious career, a concrete idealist.

He was accustomed to say to his cabinet, "The question, gentlemen, is not, 'Can anyone imagine anything better than this?' I have no doubt that any one of you can. The question before us is, 'Can we do anything better at this time?' " The ideal, as he saw it, must be a practicable, a feasible ideal. He was never disposed to sit down and cry for the moon.

He wrought in the spirit of his own century's greatest poet. You will remember how Browning puts it:

> The common problem, yours, mine, everyone's,
> Is not to fancy what were fair in life
> Provided it could be, but finding first what may be
> Then find how to make that fair, up to our means.

This quality of genius, not dwelling apart in the isolation of seeing visions and of dreaming dreams, but en-

gaged steadily in the accomplishment of certain useful ends, seems to rank Lincoln above all such men as Darwin, Spencer, Emerson, Goethe. These men were free to go into their studies or their laboratories or into the fields, to think and observe, to study and to write as they chose. There was no hurry. The "Origin of Species" did not have to be issued by a certain day. The fine chapters in "The Conduct of Life," or the noblest passages of "Faust," were not suddenly called out by a hostile, insistent line of bayonets.

But upon Lincoln during all the years of his public career there rested the pressure of the necessity for the immediate accomplishment of certain definite ends. The war must be carried along, with money, millions of it, and with hundreds of thousands of men. The men and the money must be forthcoming without delay. The men had to be fed, clothed, armed, transported, and made effective in the field. The public opinion of Europe must either be changed or held back until we had settled our difficulties here at home. The public opinion of this country, flickering like a candle in the wind, now blazing up into some promise of usefulness and now threatening to go out altogether, must be fed, sustained, and made equal to the terrible demands which were being made upon it.

To meet successfully a situation like that would seem to be a harder task than to write a book, or to announce an idea, or to sing a song. And the combination of administrative with intellectual ability in Lincoln may well serve to give him a higher place in the world's esteem

than that held by any of the great men whose names I have mentioned above.

I referred in passing to the difficulties confronting him at the beginning of his administration. It is enough to say, in a word, that he met and mastered them all. He did it, not by a few shrewd exploits which would put the enemy of our country's peace in a hole, only to come out again all the more determined because of that temporary check in his plans. He did it by years of patient, far-seeing statesmanlike effort which laid the foundation for converting the enemy of our country's peace into an abiding and an essential friend.

Before Lincoln died he had the joy of seeing the slaves freed by his Emancipation Proclamation. He saw the Union preserved without the loss of a single state. He saw the armed rebellion brought practically to an end. He saw the great volunteer armies of Grant and Sherman ready to be mustered out and returned to their homes and to peaceful industry. And he must have known that to this result he, more than any other one man, had contributed.

It had told tremendously upon his strength; body, brain, and heart had all been taxed to the utmost. If we were to measure his term in the White House, not by the lapse of days, but by the consumption of vitality, it would be drawn out into a considerable portion of the allotted threescore years and ten. I feel confident that I am correct in asserting that the assassin's bullet only anticipated an event which would not have been long postponed when once the reaction from the terrible stress of war times had set in.

And if Lincoln could have looked ahead and could have foreseen the speedy end of his career, he might have said, as did the prophet of old, "It is enough! Now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen the salvation of my people Israel." His great ideals had all become accomplished facts. I name, therefore, as the first element in his greatness the combination of lofty idealism with practical sagacity in bringing things to pass.

The second element I would name would be his power of comprehending men of extreme views. It was Frederick W. Robertson who used to maintain that the truth, as a rule, does not lie with either extreme. Nor does it lie (as many soft-hearted, soft-headed people like to think) with the golden mean, the half-way position, the compromise which misses the strength of both extremes. The truth, Robertson maintained, lies rather in the recognition of certain deeper underlying principles which make possible the strength of both the extremes.

In that quality of insight, Abraham Lincoln was a past master. He had come into prominence chiefly by his anti-slavery speeches in the Douglas debates. He had been elected to the Presidency by the votes of tens of thousands of men who knew very little about him, except that he was a man who hated slavery. But the moment he was elected, he refused to be regarded as the advance agent or the general manager of the abolition movement. He refused to wear the tag of any section or of any party or of any particular school of political opinion. He insisted that now he was President of the whole United States, North and South, loyal and rebellious, bond and

free. He was their President, and he was there to serve their interests as best he might.

He was roundly scolded for taking this broad view of the matter by the extremists of both types. Wendell Phillips, a finished Harvard scholar, a polished Boston gentleman, a wonderful orator, but a man singularly defective in good judgment, scolded Lincoln in most abusive fashion. He called him "a mere huckster in politics." He called him "the slave-hound from Illinois" because in the early years of his administration Lincoln allowed fugitive slaves to be returned to their masters in the border states.

And Horace Greeley, an earnest, warm-hearted, forcible, blundering man up to the day of his death, scolded Lincoln in the columns of the *New York Tribune,* making that paper a great hindrance when it could have been a mighty help. The *New York Tribune* at that time was the political Four Gospels, and Acts, and Epistles all bound into one, for a great many people here at the North. The old farmer out at the Four Corners did not know exactly what he did think about things until he got his "weekly *Trybune,*" as he called it, and sat down to read what Horace Greeley had to say about it all.

Lincoln listened to them all and was unmoved by them all. He had the abolition of slavery a good deal at heart, but he also had a responsibility which those gentlemen did not share, and which they were not always able to see. He had the Emancipation Proclamation in his heart a long, long time before his wise head approved its issuance or before his right hand wrote it out in firm

lines. He knew that its hour had not yet come. So he calmly waited for the fulness of time.

Away over at the other extreme in those days were the War Democrats and other men of their way of thinking. They believed in the Union, but they had no money to spend and no blood to spill in freeing slaves. They insisted that Lincoln was saying altogether too much about abolition and was moving altogether too fast in that direction. Their scolding was ofttimes only second to that of the extreme abolitionists like Wendell Phillips and Horace Greeley.

It is rather trying to human flesh to be censured at one and the same time for being "ultra" and "radical," and for being "lukewarm" and "hesitating." It is as confusing as the conduct of those people in the New Testament of whom it is said, "We piped unto you and ye did not dance. We wailed unto you and ye did not mourn." It required a good deal of insight in those days to know what kind of music would bring all the loyal people of this country into line. It stands to the undying credit of Abraham Lincoln that he knew. He comprehended men of extreme views and in the end was able to draw them together and utilize them by keeping to the front the deeper underlying principles.

He knew that the underlying principle in that great struggle was the preservation of the Union, the maintenance of the integrity of our country. He was accustomed to say, "If I could save the Union by freeing all of the slaves, I would do that. If I could save the Union without freeing any of the slaves, I would do that. If I could

save the Union by freeing part of the slaves and leaving the rest alone, I would do that. What I do, I do because I believe it serves the cause of the Union. And what I leave undone, I leave undone because I believe that serves the cause of the Union."

He knew full well that the Union would not "continue to exist half-slave and half-free." But he knew also that the only principle upon which he could draw together those men of extreme views was the preservation of the Union, the maintenance of the integrity of our common country.

There are people in every community who can see the flies on a barn door without ever seeing the barn door. Certain lively, buzzing details out in the foreground take up their entire attention and they miss the main fact. Lincoln could always see the barn door! He could see the main fact in any situation! He could recognize the deeper underlying principles which were at stake and when he saw them, he anchored to them.

The wisdom of his course is perfectly apparent now. It began to be apparent in the later years of the Civil War. In the Republican Convention of 1864, which renominated Lincoln, they very shrewdly put in as temporary Chairman, Mr. Robert C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. He was a Southerner. He was an orator of the old school. He was an aristocrat and his social affiliations were almost entirely with the slaveholders. But he believed in the Union and because of that faith he was there at that Convention.

On taking the Chair he said, "Gentlemen of the Con-

vention, as a Whig Party, or a Republican Party, or an Abolition Party, or an American Party, I would not go with you one step. But as a Union Party, I will go with you, if need be, to the ends of the earth or to the gates of death." He represented a very considerable element in this country at that time who were ready to go all lengths in the preservation of the Union.

Lincoln labored steadily to keep before the minds of the people the idea that the Southern States had not in any sense severed their connection with the Union. General McClellan reported to him on one occasion that in blocking the way so that the Army of Northern Virginia could not make any aggressive effort at that time he had, "made safe Pennsylvania and Maryland and all our soil." General Meade, after the victory at Gettysburg, delayed action and allowed Lee to get back safely across the Potomac. He then telegraphed to the President that at least "he had driven the invader from our soil."

"Our soil!" exclaimed Lincoln. "When will our Generals ever get that idea out of their heads! The whole country is our soil." His great main interest was in keeping to the front that fundamental principle in the struggle which was being made to preserve the integrity of the nation.

There was another political convention held that same year in Cleveland, Ohio. It was made up of those who desired to nominate some Northern man who would be able to defeat Lincoln at the polls. It was a mixed assemblage: The John C. Frémont men were all there. The "Peace-at-any-price" Party was well represented. The Ger-

man radicals from St. Louis, under the leadership of B. Gratz Brown, were on hand. The Convention made a great deal of noise, and the Democratic papers of the time affected to treat it with the utmost seriousness and dignity.

The delegates had a great deal to say about "the tyrant Lincoln." They denounced him for his "unconstitutional acts." They adopted many strenuous resolutions. During the Convention this resolution was introduced,—"Resolved, That we insist upon putting down the Rebellion at once." One pious delegate moved to amend it by inserting these words, "with God's assistance." This, however, was voted down with boisterous demonstrations of disapproval. They wanted no help from any quarter whatsoever. Then, after having denounced Lincoln repeatedly for being unconstitutional, they proceeded to nominate for President, John C. Frémont, and for Vice-President, a man who came from the same state, apparently forgetting that the Constitution of the United States expressly prohibits the electors of any state from casting their votes for a President and a Vice-President, both of whom shall come from the same state as themselves. Then having done this "unconstitutional" thing, they adjourned.

The people saw at once the futility of it all. Frémont had the good sense to withdraw his name. Very speedily the whole force of the opposition there expressed faded out. But if Lincoln had allowed himself to be side-tracked by some minor issue; if he had anchored to anything less than the great main fact in that heart-breaking struggle, his first four years in the White House might have re-

sulted in failure. He might not have been renominated or reëlected in 1864. And the whole history of our country for the last fifty years might have been a story of tragic disappointment.

His political sagacity had in it the quality of the X-ray. He could see all the way in and all the way through, and all the way down. Deep underneath the ruffling and the millinery which rested upon the surface of society in those days; deep within the warm throbbing flesh of popular feeling, he saw the solid backbone, the skeleton of political principle which alone would hold the Republic upright. And with that he cast in his lot. I name, therefore, as the second element in his greatness, his power of comprehending and, in the end, of utilizing men of extreme views by keeping to the front the deeper underlying principles.

The third element I would name would be his ability to keep close to the hearts of the people in sympathetic fashion and yet lead them steadily in those lines of action which he desired them to take. It was James Russell Lowell, in his essay on Lincoln, who said that there was "a certain tone of familiar dignity, a kind of fireside plainness" about the man not only in his conversation and in his speeches, but even in his state papers. He did not have the air of a man who was laying down the law to the country. He showed, rather, the attitude of one who was taking the whole country into his confidence and talking matters over with it, as one neighbor might discuss the questions of the day over the back fence with his

neighbor. His word was ever "Come, now, let us reason together about this matter."

He respected the people too much to bully them. He respected the people too much to flatter them. There was in him nothing of the demagogue. He reasoned with them in serious fashion, and in confident expectation that the same considerations which had persuaded his mind would persuade theirs. In that way he gathered to himself their consent and approval. On the day that he died, I suppose he was the most absolute ruler in Christendom. Never a Czar of all the Russias had such power over his people as Abraham Lincoln had over the loyal people of this land.

That is leadership of the highest type. The finest quality of leadership, whether it be in ward politics, or in a Woman's Club, or in a baseball nine, is not the leadership which goes about fussy and bossy insisting constantly on having its own way. It is the leadership which offers its suggestions and policies so quietly, unobtrusively, and winsomely that the people accept them and act upon them without realizing that they are being led. They see the whole matter so clearly that they feel as if they were merely following the wise dictates of their own judgment.

Napoleon Bonaparte was a great leader of men, but he depended for his power of leadership upon his personal magnetism, upon the brute strength of his own dominant will, and upon a rapid succession of victories. When the victories ceased, his power of leadership was gone. Lincoln knew that in a democracy, public sentiment would rule. He knew also that public sentiment to be

reliable must be informed and persuaded. He, therefore, proceeded in that cautious, sure-footed way which was characteristic of him. He was like "a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night." He was never in such a hurry as to run off and get out of sight of his Israelites. He did not, on the other hand, allow them to lag back. He kept himself in sympathetic relations with the people, but kept them moving steadily toward the goal he had in view.

The influence of this habit of mind had even penetrated the South. The fact that Lincoln was not the agent of any particular party or section, but the President of the whole United States, had come to be felt all over the land. A certain appreciation of his justice, fairness, wisdom and mercy had begun to weaken the morale of General Lee's army long before it reached Appomattox.

In the Fall of 1864, the Southern soldiers in the trenches around Richmond and Petersburg heard cheering over in the Northern lines. They knew what the Union soldiers were cheering about—they knew that they were cheering over the reëlection of Abraham Lincoln. They knew also that this meant the speedy downfall of the Confederacy. The leaders were still defiant but the common people were making ready to give up the unprofitable struggle. Their mood was reflected in the price of Confederate money. During the war it had taken thirty-five dollars of Confederate paper to purchase a dollar in gold. After the reelection of Lincoln, it took fifty, then sixty, then seventy, and then nobody wanted it. This registered the sober judgment of the business men of the South as to the effect

of the reëlection of Lincoln upon the fate of the Confederacy.

His leadership was much less showy and dramatic than the movements of Napoleon, but wherever Lincoln went, he took the country with him. When he died, the soul of the movement to which he had given his life went marching on. It had already become incarnate in that whole body of political sentiment and conviction which now ruled the North.

His successful maintenance of this sympathetic touch with the people was due, in large measure, to these three qualities: His integrity, high and holy enough for all its tasks, yet sufficiently simple to walk upon the ground! His common sense! We call it "common," I do not know why; it is anything but common. I mean the plain, straightforward way of looking at things and of saying things. When Lincoln talked, the people knew exactly what he was driving at. They did not have to have an English translation of it. He never used those long words which would not go into a suitcase without being folded twice. He used the short, terse, expressive words of the King James Bible and of Shakespeare, the two volumes which he read most. He was a man of great common sense. And in the third place, his sense of humor, of which he had a very abundant store! It sometimes became a source of irritation to serious-minded men like Seward and Stanton in the stress of war times. It was one of the ways in which Lincoln sought a momentary relief from the severe mental strain of his high office.

There is something about the psychology of an average American which warms up to a combination like that. Give a man integrity, common sense, and a sense of humor, and he has in him the main essentials necessary for leadership.

This combination enabled Lincoln to put things in a terse, meaty, sententious way which the common people would hear gladly and carry away readily in their minds. I will venture to recall a few striking instances of this quality of mind.

During the years preceding the Civil War much was said about "the natural inferiority of the colored race." The people were also sensitive about the idea of "negro equality" and the possibility of intermarriage between the negroes and the whites. A very common way to challenge the position of an abolitionist in New England was to say to him, "How would you like to have a negro woman for your wife? How would you like to have a negro marry your daughter?" In the famous Illinois debates, Stephen A. Douglas had harped upon the natural and permanent inferiority of the colored race.

At one of their meetings, Lincoln replied to these arguments against abolition in these words: "I agree with my friend Judge Douglas that the negro is not in all respects my equal—certainly not in color and perhaps not at this time in intellectual or in moral endowment. But in his right to eat the bread which his own right hand earns without asking the leave of any other man, he is my equal and the equal of Judge Douglas and the equal of every living man. As to intermarriage, I do not under-

stand that because I do not want a negro woman for a slave, I must necessarily want her for a wife. My understanding is that I can just let her alone. And I have no fears that I or that any of my friends would marry negro women even though there was no law to prevent it. But as Judge Douglas and his friends seem to have apprehensions that they might, I give him my word that I will stand to the last by the law of the State of Illinois which forbids the marriage of blacks and whites." These words were widely quoted in the North and after that we did not hear so much about the natural inferiority of the colored race, or about the possible social consequences of abolition.

The same quality of mind appeared in his treatment of the Mason and Slidell Affair. Those two Southern gentlemen on their way to Europe, were forcibly taken from the British ship *Trent* by one of our Northern cruisers. Great Britain insisted that her rights as a neutral had been invaded and demanded that the men should be given up. This was done and it was altogether right. But the people were sensitive and many felt that Great Britain had taken advantage of our unhappy civil strife to inflict upon this country an open insult.

When Lincoln came to a certain Cabinet meeting, he found his Secretaries angrily discussing the incident. They were in a mood to make an immediate demand upon Great Britain for reparation or at least for an apology. If this should not be forthcoming, they insisted that war should be declared upon England at once. Lincoln listened to the discussion for a time and then remarked quietly, "Gentlemen, doesn't it seem to you that one war at a

time is enough?" One war at a time! This was the headline in all the morning papers at the North next day, and it did more to cool the country off and to bring it to its senses than a state document as long as the book of Jeremiah would have done. The people decided that "one war at a time" was quite enough—and that was the last of that incident.

The President used great tact throughout in keeping the border states, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, in the Union. Their sympathies, in large part, were with the South, but it was much easier to bring the struggle to a successful conclusion with those three states in the Union than it would have been had they joined the Confederacy. Now and then their slaves ran off and the question of returning or of not returning fugitive slaves to their masters held tremendous possibilities of trouble. Lincoln once replied to an angry inquiry, touching some fugitive slaves who had escaped across the border, in these homely words: "You people are slowly finding out that two-legged property is a very poor sort of property to own."

In the early days of the war, the inactivity of General McClellan became a thorn in the flesh for all zealous Northerners. He was in command of the Army of the Potomac. He was a splendid drill master, a fine disciplinarian. He took good care of his men and improved the morale of the army from month to month. But he was forever calling for "more troops" and was not doing anything aggressive. "All quiet on the Potomac"—this was the report which came back and kept on coming back, until the people were sick of it. It was not "quiet on the

Potomac" which they desired. They had sent their husbands and their sons, their brothers and their lovers, to the front and they desired to hear about some decisive action against the army of General Robert E. Lee in northern Virginia.

The patience of Lincoln was finally exhausted—and I suppose since the time of Job, he might be written down as the most patient man in history. He sent out in very informal fashion this message to General McClellan: "If General McClellan is not going to use the Army of the Potomac for a while, I would like to borrow it for a day or two and see what I could do with it." This was not exactly a plan of campaign or an official order from the Commander-in-chief of the Northern forces, but it was a very suggestive message, very stimulating. From that time on, General McClellan found it in his heart to do something more aggressive against the army of Lee.

I will relate only one more—I have never seen this story in print. I would not undertake to say that it has not appeared in some form, because so many Lincoln stories are printed every year during the month of February in the newspapers and in the magazines of the country. I have read nearly all of the "Lives of Lincoln" which have appeared in book form and I have never seen this story published.

It was my good fortune once to make a long sea voyage on the same vessel with Mr. Frederick W. Seward. He was the son of William H. Seward, our Secretary of State during the Civil War. He was acting Secretary of State during his father's illness. One day in the Captain's

room, Mr. Frederick Seward related to a small group of us who had become acquainted with him a number of interesting stories about the closing months of Lincoln's administration.

There was a certain measure in which the President believed strongly. He brought it one afternoon into a Cabinet meeting. He found that his Secretaries, to the last man, were all strongly opposed to it. He spent considerable time explaining it and seeking to bring them to his way of thinking, but apparently without much effect. The time came, however, when some definite expression of their attitude had to be given. Lincoln said: "All those who favor this measure will indicate it." The Secretaries sat there as silent and as well-behaved as a company of nuns at Vespers. "All those who are opposed will say, No." Every man instantly uttered a stout, loud, "No." There came a look of disappointment in the President's face and then a twinkle in his eye. After a significant pause he remarked, "The Ayes seem to have it. The measure is approved."

The very audacity of the man! The undaunted strength of his own conviction awed them rather than offended them. They looked at him, leaned back in their chairs and laughed and allowed the measure to be put down in the minutes as having been "approved." It proved to be a wise measure, and before the month had passed, it won the hearty support of every man in the Cabinet. But I suppose Abraham Lincoln was the only man on earth who could have gotten that measure through that Cabinet that afternoon as having been carried.

"He knew what was in man and needed not that others should tell him." He knew where the cords of the human heart are and how he could play upon them to produce the music he desired to hear. He knew how to phrase a statement in such a way as to make it carry. I suppose outside of the Scriptures and Shakespeare no writer or speaker has ever been so widely quoted here in the United States as Abraham Lincoln.

As a leader of men he moved slowly, feeling his way at times rather than rushing ahead in pellmell fashion after the manner of ill-advised reformers. He kept ahead of the people, but not too far ahead. His method at this point has been finely indicated by Ralph Waldo Emerson:

"Here was place for no fair weather sailor—the new pilot was called to the helm in a tornado. In four stormy years his endurance, his fertility of resource, his magnanimity were sorely tried and never found wanting. By his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them, slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs, the true representative of this continent, an entirely public man, the father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue."

It requires study and reflection to appreciate adequately the true value of that type of leadership. History often appears simple and easy to those who read it from some safe distance. We can see exactly what the great men

ought to have done at every juncture and we can draw the appropriate moral. To the men who were making that history, the issues were not always so clear. For them it was not like steering one's boat in broad daylight through a well-charted stream.

We can turn back to-day and read the history of the Civil War with great peace of mind. Even in the darkest days, we know that Appomattox, reconstruction, and a reunited country are just ahead. We can come out into the open at any time, by simply turning over a handful of leaves. But to Abraham Lincoln, who did not know of a surety that Appomattox and a reunited country were on the way, the making of all that history a day at a time, an hour at a time, an act at a time, and the acceptance of the full responsibility for his course, was quite another matter. I name, therefore, as the third element in his greatness, his power of holding himself close to the hearts of the people, whom he trusted and served, and of guiding them steadily in those lines of action which he desired them to take.

The final element in his greatness which I would name was his political unselfishness and moral integrity. He was both great and good. The main issues with him were the preservation of the Union, the abolition of slavery, the welfare of the whole American people, rather than the success or the fame or the political advancement of Abraham Lincoln. He desired not that he might save the country but that the country might be saved, let the credit for the achievement go where it would.

He felt the full sense of his responsibility in that tenure of office. The South had said in 1860, "The election of Lincoln means secession." When Lincoln became President, the Southern States, according to their threat, began to pass their Acts of Secession. Lincoln must have asked himself: "Am I to end the line of Presidents of the United States? If so, what will be the verdict of history upon me? Or, on the other hand, am I to be that pivotal man upon whose wisdom and strength may turn the possibility of such a Union as we have never before enjoyed?" It was enough to make any man self-conscious and to fill him with an undue sense of his own importance.

It was a time of political selfishness. Even the gravity of the situation did not shame the petty ambitions of smaller men. When we take up the account of some of the military heartburnings and squabbles of that day they make sorry reading for a patriot. There were men who seemed to be thinking more about the amount of gold on their shoulder straps than of the service they might render in the field or the victories they might win for the flag.

It was not only in military life, but in political action as well, that men sometimes betrayed the quality of selfishness. Seward, Chase, Stanton, Gideon Welles, and almost every other man of the period seemed at times to have his own little axe to grind whenever the public grindstone was not otherwise engaged—and sometimes, alas, when it was. Among them all Lincoln bore himself steadily in the spirit of absolute disinterestedness.

He was a man of great simplicity and humility of mind.

When some Secretary would resign in a fit of resentment, Lincoln would take the letter, put on his hat, and go down to the Secretary's home. He would say to him in friendly fashion: "The public interest does not admit of my accepting your resignation at this time. I have come to beg you to retain your portfolio."

When I think of this quality in his character, I am always reminded of a certain story. It is a story which I enjoy all the more because it was told originally by a brother minister whose face was as black as my Sunday coat. I refer to the Rev. John Jasper, who for many years was pastor of a large colored Baptist Church in the city of Richmond, Virginia.

John Jasper had not enjoyed many educational advantages in his early life, but he was a shrewd negro. He saw that the colored men in Richmond were being used by the designing politicians in their own interests. Before the election, the candidates for office would go about addressing their "colored constituents" and making all manner of promises as to what would be done for the negro race if only these particular gentlemen were chosen to office. But when they were once safely elected, not one of them could see a colored man across the street.

On the Sunday night before the city election, Mr. Jasper preached a sermon on the political outlook and in the course of that sermon he told this story:

"Brethren, the other night I had a dream. I dreamed that I was dead. I went to heaven, but I found it a long way from Richmond, Virginia, to heaven. I toiled along through the brush and the briers and over the rocks until

at last, through much tribulation, I reached the Gate of Heaven.

"I knocked and St. Peter said, 'Who's theah?'

" 'The Rev. John Jasper, Richmond, Virginia.'

" 'Is you a-horseback or a-foot?"

" 'I'se a-foot, Sah.'

" 'Then you cahn't come in heah—no man can come in heah except he's a-horseback.' "

Mr. Jasper said that he felt profoundly disappointed. He had been striving to live a consistent, Christian life for many years. He had been preaching the Gospel of his blessed Lord with such ability as he possessed and now to be told that he could not be admitted to heaven because he had come on foot seemed harsh. He believed, however, in "the perseverance of the saints" and he started back to earth to get a horse that he might come up properly.

Again he toiled along through the brush and the briers and over the rocks until, about half-way down to the earth, he met General Mahone.

"Why, General," he said, "is you dead too? Whar you gwine?"

The General informed him that he was on the way to heaven. Then John Jasper explained that he would not he admitted because he was on foot. The two men stood there on the path discussing the matter until presently General Mahone said: "Now, John, I'll tell you what we will do. You get down on your hands and knees and I'll get on your back. Then I'll ride you up to the Gate of Heaven. When St. Peter asks me if I am on horseback or

on foot, I'll tell him I am on horseback. Then I'll ride you in and there we'll be."

This seemed like an admirable arrangement, and John Jasper, according to his dream, meekly got down on his hands and knees and took General Mahone on his back. Then once more he toiled along through the brush and the briers and over the rocks until again he was at the Gate of Heaven.

General Mahone knocked and St. Peter said: "Who's there?"

"General Mahone, Richmond, Virginia."

"Is you a-horseback or a-foot?"

"I'se a-horseback, Sir."

"All right, General," replied St. Peter, "hitch your horse outside and walk right in."

I do not need to make the application as John Jasper made it that night to his colored congregation. I tell the story as illustrating a quality which I fear has not entirely disappeared from some of our present-day politicians. There are still men in every community who like to have the public get down on all fours that these aspirants for office may ride them for their own advantage.

I tell this story as illustrating a quality of which not one shred can be found in the make-up of Abraham Lincoln. He had no desire that the American people should get down on all fours that he might ride them for his own advantage. He desired rather that he might take upon himself the form of a servant and stoop down in patient fashion to minister to their welfare. He lived in the spirit of that Book, which John Hay, his Secretary, tells us lay

always on his desk—a book in which he was accustomed to read every day. The Book says: "He that saveth his life shall lose it. But he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Lincoln found himself; he found his place in the hearts of his countrymen; and he found his secure niche in the Temple of Fame, because he lived and died to serve. He was a man of moral integrity and of sublime unselfishness.

How warm were his sympathies with the suffering and how delicately he could phrase them upon occasion! Read this letter written to Mrs. Byxbee, the mother of the five sons who had given their lives to the cause of the Union:

"I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from your grief for a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation which may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and the lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

How deeply religious the man was in all the essential attitudes of his spirit! His closing words in the Second Inaugural might, in their sweep and finish, in their moral tone and their spiritual insight, have come from one of the greatest of the old Hebrew prophets.

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills

that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondmen's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right—let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Somehow Lincoln seemed to combine the intellectual, the administrative, and the moral to a greater degree than any other man in the Nineteenth Century. His combination of lofty idealism with practical sagacity in bringing things to pass; his ability to comprehend and in the end to utilize men of extreme views by keeping to the front the deeper underlying principles and the main issues; his power of holding himself close to the hearts of the people in sympathetic fashion and yet of guiding them steadily and wisely in those lines of action he desired them to take; his political unselfishness and moral integrity—he invested these high qualities in a momentous era of our nation's history and in the light of what he was and of what he did, I am led to ascribe to him more of personal greatness than to any other man of the period.

In this discussion, I have tried to free my mind altogether from any partisan feeling or sectional prejudice or

personal bias. I ought to be able to do this very readily. I come from the other side of Mason and Dixon's line—I was born in the old state of Virginia. My father believed in the Union, but his father, my grandfather, sympathized fully with the slaveholders and believed in the principles of the Confederacy as long as he lived. Some of my earliest recollections as a child are of seeing that aged grandfather as he sat reading Pollard's "Lost Cause," one of the favorite Southern histories of the Confederacy in that day. I have seen the tears stream down his cheeks over what had been to him the greatest disappointment of his life, the failure of the Southern Confederacy. I remember how there hung in his bedroom up to the day of his death that picture which is so well known throughout the South, the picture of General Robert E. Lee at the grave of "Stonewall" Jackson.

It was into that family and into the midst of those sentiments and traditions, that I was born. In the family gatherings during my childhood I heard the events of recent history discussed from a point of view far removed from that held by anyone who may read this book. But when I became old enough to read history for myself and to think and to compare, I came gradually to believe that the greatest man in the Nineteenth Century, and one of the greatest men in all the centuries, was that same Abraham Lincoln who defeated the desires of my Southern ancestors and kept all our stars together in one common field of blue.

The great humanity of the man! How it has touched the heart of the whole world. North, South, East, and

West! I have given this address in Tennessee, meeting with the same response there that I have enjoyed in Massachusetts, in Iowa, or in California. The great humanity of the man had begun to touch the heart of the whole world at the time of his death. In those strange sad days of April, 1865, wherever men had learned to read, the feeling was that the human race had lost a friend.

Queen Victoria, departing from the stately etiquette of her English Court, wrote out with her own right hand a message of condolence to Mrs. Lincoln: "As a widow to a widow, I write," she said, thinking of her own bereavement in the death of the good Prince Albert. This was the feeling at one end of the social scale. Away down at the other end, there grew up among some of the simple, untutored, superstitious people who lived in a certain community not far from Springfield, Illinois, this tradition which persisted for decades—they said that the brown thrushes in the hedges out there did not sing for a whole year after Lincoln was shot. The great humanity of the man was touching the heart of the whole world.

In closing this sketch, let me suggest a certain parallel! I do it with the utmost reverence, and I trust, without the slightest offense to the religious sentiments of anyone who may read these lines. I am not instituting a comparison, but I would suggest a certain parallel between the life of the greatest man of the Nineteenth Century and the life of the Greatest of all the Centuries, the Son of Man.

Both were of humble birth. God makes his great ones

from the dust of the ground, breathing into their nostrils the breath of his own mighty life as they become living souls.

Lincoln's birthplace was a log cabin, and Jesus was born in the manger of a stable.

Lincoln's father was a carpenter by trade, and Jesus is referred to in the Gospels as "the son of the carpenter."

The words which Jesus used in his opening address there in the synagogue at Nazareth might have been incorporated bodily into Lincoln's First Inaugural. "The spirit of the Lord is upon me because He has anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor. He has sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised."

Both Lincoln and Jesus were lovers and users of the story, the parable, the homely saying, which the common people would hear gladly and readily carry away in their minds.

Both Lincoln and Jesus were hindered in their work by the moral extremists and bigots on the one hand and on the other hand by the moral dullards and slow of heart to believe the good things which God had in store for his people.

Of Lincoln's personal appearance, it might have been said as it was said of the promised Messiah: "There is no form nor comeliness in him that we should desire him."

The characteristic gravity of Lincoln's face and the sadness which sat upon him almost overpoweringly during his years in the White House reminds us incessantly of the One who was called "A Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief."

And to complete that significant parallel, it was on Good Friday, the anniversary of the Crucifixion of the Savior of Mankind, that Lincoln met his death. It would seem that in the Nineteenth Century as in the First, there could be no remission of the dreadful sin of slavery without the shedding of blood, and the most precious blood we had.

What a strange, suggestive parallel! It seems no accident that the American Lincoln bore the Hebrew name of Abraham, Father of the Faithful, in whose work for righteousness all the nations of the earth have been blessed. It seems no accident that when Lincoln entered the city of Richmond near the close of his life, as Jesus entered the city of Jerusalem in the last week of his earthly life, the colored people of Richmond were almost ready to fall down and hail him as a kind of second Messiah to their race. He surely marks one of the highest reaches of that Christian civilization which the coming of the Son of Man made possible.

In that Convention of 1864 which renominated Lincoln, the long nominating speeches which we know to-day had not come into vogue. When the time came for the presentation of the names of candidates, the Chairman of the Illinois Delegation stood up and without coming forward, said this: "The people of the State of Illinois present to the people of the United States as candidate for the Presidency the name of Abraham Lincoln—God bless him!" Then he sat down. I would present as candidate for the place of highest honor in the Nineteenth Century, the name of Abraham Lincoln—God bless him!

Princeton Theological Seminary Libraries
1 1012 01343 6755

DATE DUE

HIGHSMITH #45115